MEMORABLE EDINBURGH HOUSES

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MEMORABLE

EDINBURGH HOUSES

BY

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AUTHOR OF 'MEMORABLE LONDON HOUSES,' 'MEMORABLE DUBLIN HOUSES,' ETC.

REVISED AND ENLARGED BY

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ILLUSTRATED

333429
25. 11. 36.

PUBLISHED BY

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON AND FERRIER

SAINT MARY STREET, EDINBURGH, AND

21 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, LONDON

1898

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1897

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

THE success attending the production of the author's work on *Memorable London Houses*—two large editions having been nearly exhausted in six months—has induced the belief that a 'Handy Guide' to Edinburgh on a similar plan would meet with an appreciative reception. The purpose and scope of the book is to indicate the abodes of eminent persons in the past; and, where 'improvements' have eradicated these, their former situation in those cases where the immediate vicinity is unchanged or but slightly altered; so that the surroundings of their former tenants retain at least sufficient characteristics of the past to feed the imagination of the visitor. Such biographical incidents and anecdotal illustrations of character and conduct are introduced as may lend additional interest to particular houses, or bring the personality of their former occupants the more vividly before the reader. The works of Chambers, Wilson, Grant, and others have of course been consulted; but the book is largely the result of independent inquiry and research, and many houses are indicated to which attention has not been directed in any work dealing with the subject.

W. H.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

THE reception given to the first edition of this book both by the public and the press was most gratifying. The whole edition was sold in a few weeks, and the criticisms were most cordial and friendly. The publishers were thereby encouraged to prepare a new edition embodying all the contents of the first volume as prepared by Mr. Wilmot Harrison, correcting a few press errors which had crept in, and bringing the story of the different houses up to date.

A large amount of new matter, prepared by Mr. Oliphant Smeaton, has been added, and the volume is now believed to be a very complete guide to the houses with which are associated the names of the prominent citizens of Edinburgh of former days.

June 1898.

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ROUTE I.

THE OLD TOWN.

STARTING from the Esplanade of the Castle to descend

CASTLE HILL,

the site of **Ramsay Lodge**, the residence of 'honest ALLAN RAMSAY,' which he built for himself in 1743 as a cosy bield to which he might retire in old age from the cares of business, is seen on the slope of the hill to the north. But the 'goose-pie,' as it was designated, to the poet's infinite indignation, is now no more to be viewed crowning the grassy ridge. Within the past five years it has been 'incorporated' into the 'University Hall' of Professor Geddes's residential scheme for students. The memory of the old building must, however, be fresh in the minds of many readers, and a view of it as it was up to the end of 1893 is here given. Daniel Wilson, in *Memorials of Edinburgh*, says: 'Ramsay applied to the Crown for as much ground from the Castle Hill as would serve him to build a cage for his *burd*, meaning his wife, to whom he was warmly attached, and hence the octagon shape it assumed, not unlike an old parrot-cage. If so, she did not live to share its comforts, her death having occurred in 1743. Here the poet retired in his sixtieth year.' Further, we learn that he was extremely proud of his new mansion, and appears to have been somewhat surprised that its fantastic shape rather excited the mirth than the admiration of his fellow-citizens. The wags of the town compared it to a goose-pie, and on his complaining of this one day to Lord Elibank, his lordship replied, 'Indeed, Allan, when I see you

RAMSAY LODGE.

in it, I think they are not far wrong.' Ramsay died in 1758, at the age of seventy (see RAMSAY, p. 20).

ALLAN RAMSAY, portrait painter to the King and Queen, and son of the poet, enlarged the house on coming into possession of it on his father's death. The elder Ramsay writes to an artist friend: 'My son Allan has been pursuing your science since he was a dozen years old; was with Mr. Halliday at London for some time about two years ago; has been since at home, painting here like a Raphael; sets out for the seat of the Beast beyond the Alps within a month hence, to be away two years.' The artist was a man of exceptionally attractive manner. Allan Cunningham says: 'He led the life of an accomplished man of the world and public favourite' (*Lives of the Painters*), and Dr. Johnson said of him: 'You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction and elegance than in Ramsay's.' Chambers refers in the *Traditions* to the romantic character of his marriage as apparently unknown to his biographers. 'In his early days, while teaching the art of drawing in the family of Sir Alexander Lindsay of Evelick, one of the young ladies fell in love with him; captivated, probably, by the tongue which afterwards gave him the intimacy of princes, and was undoubtedly a great source of success in life. . . . A marriage with consent of parents was impossible. The young couple nevertheless contrived to get themselves united in wedlock.' Ramsay settled in London, and died at the age of seventy-one in 1784.

A succession of distinguished tenants occupied the house after the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*. Among those who resided in it for a time were MRS. GRANT of Laggan before she went to Kirkbrachead; SIR ADAM FERGUSON, 'the merry knight,' as his friend Sir Walter Scott termed him; and JOHN GALT the novelist. The latter wrote the greater portion of the *Annals of the Parish* there.

The REV. DR. BAIRD, Principal of the University, lived, at a much later period, in Ramsay's house. Anderson (*History of Edinburgh*) says: 'He was a man of kindly and benevolent disposition, and took an active part in the General Assembly's schemes for educating the inhabitants of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland.' He lived 1761-1840.

In **Blair's Court**, on the right-hand side of the Castle Hill, coming down towards the Assembly Hall, there is a handsome Gothic doorway, surmounted by an ogee arch, within which is a large coronet supported by two deerhounds. This

was the arms of the Gordon family. Here resided the LADY ELIZABETH HOWARD, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, and wife of George, Duke of Gordon—that duke who made the memorable defence of the Castle against the troops of William of Orange. Grant says: 'The internal fittings of the mansion are in many respects unchanged since its occupation by the Duchess. It is wood-panelled throughout, and one large room which overlooks the Esplanade is decorated with elaborate carvings, and with a large painting over the mantelpiece, the production of Norrie, a famous house decorator of the eighteenth century, whose genius for landscapes entitles him to a place among Scottish painters' (*Old and New Edinburgh*).

In this house was born (Dec. 6th, 1757) SIR DAVID BAIRD, the victor over Tippoo Saib, and here he spent his earlier years, the mansion having been purchased from the Gordons by the Bairds of Newbyth. Here also abode that remarkable old lady, the mother of the hero, whose expression regarding her son's probable restlessness under captivity—an opinion derived from his fondness for the 'bickers' or street fights of the period—has become matter of history, 'Lord pity the chiel that 's chained to oor Davie!' From this dwelling the chimney-pots of the houses of the Grassmarket offered a tempting mark. Chambers relates that on Sir David returning years after to visit the place of his birth, which had long since passed into other hands, the individual then occupying it received him with great respect. After showing him through the house, the tenant ushered the hero into the little garden behind, where some boys were mischievously throwing cabbage stalks at the chimneys in the Grassmarket. On one going plump down a vent, they set up a shout of joy. Sir David laughed and entreated the father of the lads not to be too angry:—'he and his brother,' he added with some emotion, 'when living here at the same age, had indulged in precisely the same amusement, the chimneys then, as now, being so provokingly open to attack, that there was no resisting the temptation.'

Then the next house to this, which presented to the street a fine façade of polished ashlar surmounted by dormer windows, but which has been modernised within the last few months, was the town mansion of the EARLS OF BOTHWELL (Vide *Municipal Records*). The close which pierces the front of the building (called Boswell's Court, from a doctor who lived there last century, a cousin of Johnson's biographer) has one of those Scriptural mottoes over it that are found everywhere in Edinburgh: 'O LORD, IN THE IS AL MI TRAIST.'

In **Sempill's Close** we have still standing the old town mansion of the LORDS SEMPILL of Castle Sempill. It is furnished with a projecting octagonal turnpike stair, over the door of which is the script: 'Praised be the Lord my God, my Strength and my Redeemer—Anno Dom. 1638,' while over a second doorway is the inscription *Sedes Manet optimo Caelo*, with the above date repeated and the coat-of-arms of the ancient family of Bruces of Brownknowes. The Sempills originally lived in the Canongate, but HUGH, the eleventh holder of the title, purchased the house from two merchant burgesses in 1743, and made one large mansion out of the two houses. Here Lord Sempill lived for many years. He was a distinguished soldier, having seen long service during the wars of Queen Anne in Spain and Flanders. He was Major of the Cameronians, as Grant tells us, in 1718; then in 1743 he commanded the 'Black Watch,' and held the town of Aeth when besieged by the French, while in 1745 he was Colonel of the 25th or Edinburgh Regiment, and commanded the left wing of the Hanoverian army at Culloden. In 1755 the mansion was sold to Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, who resided a good deal in it.

The next house of interest is the one fronting the Lawnmarket on the north side immediately adjoining Mylne's Court. Here, on the second story, where is to be noted the date 1690, was the shop—until only a very few years ago—'where that venerable drug called "Grana Angelica," but better known as "Anderson's Pills," were sold.' They were originally compounded by a physician who lived in Charles the First's time, and bestowed his name on them. 'For two hundred and fifty years,' says Chambers, 'their fame has lasted.'

In **Mylne's Court**, the principal house forming the north side, which has, moreover, a handsome doorway peaked in the centre with ornate mouldings, was the residence of the builder of the Court, ROBERT MYLNE, who erected the later portions of Holyrood Palace, and who was also the seventh royal Master Mason, as his uncle's tomb in Greyfriars Churchyard records:

> 'Sixth Master Mason to a Royal race
> Of seven successive kings sleeps in this place.'

The dwelling in the north-west corner, which presents a very irregular but picturesque façade with dormer windows above the line of the roof, was long the residence of BARTHOLOMEW SOMERVILLE, to whose liberality Edinburgh largely owes the fact that it has a University. He was one of its earliest benefactors.

On the left of Castle Hill is **James's Court.** The building facing the first entrance, and bearing the date 1690, stands on the site of a 'land'[1] that possesses a triple celebrity. Its first memorable occupant was DAVID HUME. Burton, in his *Life of Hume*, says: 'By ascending the western of the two stairs facing the entry of James's Court, to the height of three stories, we arrive at the door of Hume's house, which, of the two doors on that landing, is the one towards the left.' This was the residence of Hume from 1762, when he removed from Jack's Land. After his absence in France he returned hither, and afterwards removed to the house he built for himself in St. Andrew Square. 'Of the first impression made on a stranger at that period,' says Burton, 'when entering such a house, a vivid description is given by Sir Walter Scott in *Guy Mannering*; and in counsellor Pleydell's library with its collection of books, and the prospect from the window, we have probably an accurate picture of the room in which Hume spent his studious hours when he was in his own house in Edinburgh.' Boswell writes: 'I always lived on good terms with Mr. Hume, though I have frankly told him I was not clear that it was right of me to keep company with him: "but," said I, "how much better you are than your books!" He was cheerful, obliging, and instructive. He was charitable to the poor, and many an agreeable hour I have passed with him.' Burton repeats an anecdote of him to the effect that having once given by a mistake a guinea to a beggar, the man, 'who was a respectable member of his trade,' returned it, and explained the mistake. He was permitted to keep the coin, the philosopher observing, 'O Honesty—how poor a dwelling-place hast thou found!' (see HUME, pp. 8, 37, 90).

The REV. DR. HUGH BLAIR occupied Hume's house during his absence in France. Blair was at this time in the prime of life, and enjoying the reputation derived from the delivery of his *Lectures on Rhetoric and the Belles Lettres*. Later on he was astonished to find that, as a result of Dr. Johnson's good opinion of his first volume of sermons, a publisher was prepared to pay him £100 for it, and frankly expressed his astonishment to that gentleman. This was a foretaste only of the ultimate advantages, which included a pension from George III. of £200 as a result of some of the sermons having been read to him by the eloquent Lord Mansfield. The Editor

[1] A term which the uninitiated reader may be informed is a synonym for the English word 'house,' while the term 'house' is often applied to a flat or story.

of *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits* says that the worthy Doctor 'indulged to a considerable extent in light reading, *The Arabian Nights* and *Don Quixote* being among his especial favourites. . . . He was vain, and very susceptible of flattery. His taste and accuracy in dress were absolutely ridiculous. . . . He was so careful about his coat that, not content with merely looking at himself in the mirror to see how it fitted in general, he would cause the tailor to lay the looking-glass on the floor, and then, standing on tiptoe over it, he would peep athwart his shoulder to see how the skirts hung.' Having requested the artist who painted his portrait to depict him with 'a pleasing smile,' and assumed that expression at the artist's request, the literal representation proved to be so idiotic a grin that the picture was destroyed, and a second painted, in which no special effect was attempted. In *Kay's Portraits* the following anecdote is given: 'During the latter part of his life almost all strangers of distinction who visited Edinburgh brought letters of introduction to Dr. Blair. . . . On one of these occasions, when he had collected a considerable party at dinner to meet an English clergyman, a Scotchman present asked the stranger what was thought of the Doctor's sermons among his professional brethren in the south. To his horror, and to the mortification of Mrs. Blair who sat near, and who looked upon her husband as a sort of divinity, the Englishman answered, "Why, they are not partial to them at all." "How, sir?" faltered out the querist, "how should that be?"—"Why," replied the southron, "because they are so much read, and so generally known, that our clergy can't borrow from them."' 'Blair was timid and unambitious,' writes Dr. Alexander Carlyle of Inveresk (*Autobiography*), 'and withheld himself from public business of every kind; and seemed to have no wish but to be admired as a preacher, particularly by the ladies. His conversation was so infantine that many people thought it impossible, at first sight, that he could be a man of sense or genius. He was as eager about a new paper to his wife's drawing-room, or his own new wig, as about a new tragedy or a new epic poem.' Blair died in 1800, aged eighty-two (see BLAIR, p. 76).

JAMES BOSWELL, the third noteworthy tenant of James's Court, was also an occupant of the third flat, having rented it of Hume, and here he received SAMUEL JOHNSON as his guest. 'On Saturday, the 14th of August 1773,' he writes, 'late in the evening I received a note from him that he was arrived at Boyd's Inn, at the end of the Canongate. . . . I went to him directly. He embraced me cordially, and I

exulted in the thought that I now had him actually in Caledonia. Mr. Scott's [his travelling companion] amiable manners, and attachment to the Socrates, at once united me to him. He told me that before I came in, the Doctor had unluckily had a bad specimen of Scottish cleanliness. He then drank no fermented liquors. He asked to have his lemonade made sweeter; upon which the waiter, with his greasy fingers, lifted a lump of sugar and put it into it. The Doctor in indignation threw it out of the window. Scott said he was afraid he would have knocked the waiter down. Mr. Johnson and I walked arm-in-arm up the High Street. . . . It was a dusky night: I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh.' Burton, Hume's biographer, suggests that the 'arch-intolerant' would probably not have been able to 'sleep o' nights' if he had known that the previous tenant of the rooms in which he had been enjoying Boswell's hospitality was the man who, as is reasonably conjectured, was the subject of the remark at Mrs. Piozzi's 'that he had the *lumières*,' and of Johnson's rejoinder: 'just enough to light him to hell.' It is related that Boswell, while showing his hero about, met Henry Erskine in the Potterrow, and introduced him to his friend. Erskine having heard of the kind of reputation the good Doctor had acquired since his arrival in the city, returned his bow with nothing more than 'Your servant, sir,' and passed on, taking care, however, to slip a shilling into Boswell's hand, 'for the sight of the *bear* with which he had been favoured.'

The second story of the northern side of the Court was for many years the residence of Sir Ilay Campbell, Lord President. He was admitted to the bar in 1757, and, says Grant, 'he was one of the counsel for the defender in the famous Douglas case. On the decision of the House of Lords being given, he posted to Edinburgh ere the mail could arrive, and was the first to announce to the crowds assembled at the Cross the great intelligence. "Douglas for ever!" he cried, waving his hat in the air. A shout from the people responded, and untracing the horses from his carriage, they drew him in triumph to his house in James's Court, probably the same in which his father resided, who was long one of the principal Clerks of Session.'

James's Court is of course that immense pile of buildings, the back of which faces the top of the Mound. It was erected between 1725 and 1727 by James Brownhill. 'For years afterwards,' says Chambers, 'it was deemed a fashionable quarter,

and one of the greatest dignity and importance. The inhabitants, who were all of consequence in Society, although each had but a single floor of four or five rooms and a kitchen, kept a clerk to record their names and proceedings, had a scavenger of their own, clubbed in many public measures, and had balls and parties among themselves exclusively.' In those days it must have been quite a step in life when a man was able to fix his family in one of the flats of James's Court.

At the foot of Castle Hill is the

LAWNMARKET.

Riddle's Close is on the right or south side. Entering, we find a projecting turret-stair belonging to the land which has its front windows on the street. This was the first residence of DAVID HUME as an independent householder in Edinburgh. He removed hither from Ninewells in 1751, and here he produced his *Political Discourses*, and, from a comparison of dates, little doubt can exist that he commenced his *History of England* here, though it was written, for the greater part, in Jack's Land. Writing of his removal here, Hume says: 'I have now at last—being turned of forty . . . arrived at the dignity of being a householder. About seven months ago I got a house of my own, and completed a regular family, consisting of a head, viz. myself, and two inferior members—a maid and a cat. My sister has since joined me, and keeps me company' (Burton's *Life of Hume*).

RIDDLE'S COURT.

The building facing the visitor on passing through the second large archway, accounted 'a fair sample of the houses of the better sort at the end of the sixteenth century,' and reported to have received King James VI. as a guest, is identified, as regards the first floor above the street, with the worthy Bailie and rich merchant, JOHN MACMORAN, who had the honour to play the host to royalty, and the misfortune to come by his death from a pistol-shot fired by

a schoolboy (afterwards Sir William Sinclair of Mey, the husband of Catherine Ross of Balnagowan, and the ancestor of the present Earls of Caithness), on going with a posse to force the door of the High School. The pupils, being discontented in respect of their holidays, having barred themselves up, and, being duly provisioned, refused to surrender until their demands were complied with. The aristocratic connections of the young homicide served to protect him from the punishment of his rash and foolish, if not criminal, escapade.

In this house also a famous banquet was held. Quaint old Moyse relates that 'When the brother of the Queen Consort (Anne of Denmark, wife of James VI.), the Duke of Holstein, visited Edinburgh in March 1593, he was received and welcomed very gladly by her Majesty, and used every way like a prince. After sundry entertainments at Holyrood, Ravensheugh and elsewhere, a grand banquet was given him in the house of the late Bailie Macmoran by the city of Edinburgh.' 'The King and Queen were present with great solemnity and merriness,' says Birrel. On the 3rd June the Duke embarked at Leith under a salute of sixty pieces of cannon from the bulwarks, and departed with the gifts that had been given him at the banquet, to wit, 1000 five-pound pieces and 1000 crowns, a hat and string valued at 12,000 pounds (Scots?), and many rich chains and jewels.'

Riddle's Close was of old an eminently aristocratic quarter. Bailie Macmoran's house, after passing through several generations of his descendants, became the residence of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik. When the latter purchased Lord Sempill's house, 'it was sold,' says Wilson, 'to Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Preston Hall, appointed a Senator of the College of Justice in 1702, who resided in the upper part of the house at the same time that Sir John Mackenzie, Lord Royston, third son of the celebrated Earl of Cromarty, one of the wittiest and most gifted men of his time, occupied the low flat. Here in all probability his witty and eccentric daughter Anne was born and brought up. This lady, who carried her humorous pranks to a length scarcely conceivable in our decorous days, married Sir William Dick of Prestonfield. She sallied out occasionally in search of adventures like some of the maids-of-honour of Charles the Second's Court, dressed in male attire, with her maid for a squire.'

Recrossing the Lawnmarket we enter

Lady Stair's Close.—Here is 'a substantial old mansion on the west side of the Close, presenting, in a sculptured stone over the doorway, a small coat-armorial with the

initials "W. G." and "G. S.", the date 1622, and the legend "Fear the Lord and depart from evil." The letters refer to Sir William Gray of Pittendrum, the original proprietor of the house, and his wife' (Chambers's *Traditions*).

Sir William was a man of great influence in the time of Charles I., and though the ancient title of Lord Gray reverted to his family, he devoted himself to commerce and became one of the wealthiest Scots merchants of the age. But troubles came upon him; he was fined 100,000 merks for corresponding with Montrose, and was imprisoned first in the Castle, and then in the Tolbooth, until the mitigated penalty of 35,000 merks was paid. Other exorbitant exactions followed and these hastened his death, which happened in 1648. Here, on the second flat of a common stair, lived ELIZABETH, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF STAIR, the leader of Edinburgh society in the early part of last century, and the first to keep a black domestic servant. Her matrimonial adventures: how she had to leap half-dressed from an open window to escape the savage brutality of her first husband, Viscount Penrose; how a fortune-teller subsequently showed her, in a 'magic mirror,' her absent lord about to marry another woman, and the prevention of the ceremony by her own brother—events which were afterwards found to have occurred at the precise time of the vision; how on Lord Penrose's death Lord Stair contrived to compel her to break her vow of remaining single by gaining admission to her house and exhibiting himself at a prominent window *en déshabille* to the possible injury of her reputation; how he knocked her down after marriage in a drunken fit, and repentantly agreed when sober to drink no more in future than she permitted—are to be found recorded in the *Traditions of Edinburgh*, and will be recognised by readers of Scott as the foundation of his story *My Aunt Margaret's Mirror*. Lady Stair died in 1759. The close was originally named Lady Gray's Close, until the advent of Lady Stair, when it took her name. In her time the house had a terraced garden descending to the North Loch. It has recently been restored by Lord Rosebery.

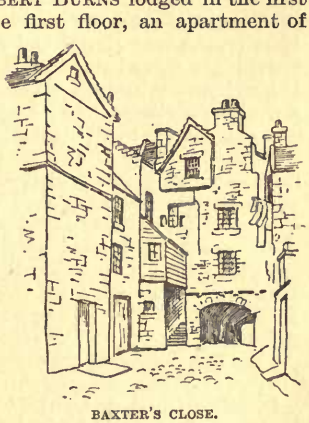
The house immediately adjoining Lady Stair's was the lodging of SIR RICHARD STEELE of the *Spectator*, when he visited Edinburgh in 1717 on the business of the Forfeited Estates Commission. In this close also he gave that supper in the 'Ball' Tavern (situated on the east side exactly opposite Lady Stair's house) to all the eccentric-looking mendicants in the city. He gave them an abundant feast, and

repaid himself in the amusement their oddities afforded him. Richard Sheils records the circumstance, and states that Steele said that 'he had drunk enough of native drollery to compose a comedy.'

In this close lived 'honest JOHN PATON,' who contrived, on eighty pounds a year, as clerk in the Custom House, to live until eighty-seven years of age, and accumulate a collection of books, manuscripts, coins, etc., which it took nearly six weeks to sell by auction: who, if the account of his mode of life be strictly accurate, took no food until four in the afternoon, when a cup of coffee and a slice of bread served him till the nine o'clock supper at John Dowie's tavern—'a bottle of ale, and a gude buffed herring or roasted skate and ingans.' A vision of his 'neat plain dress and black wig' haunts us as we quit the court, and 'the sound of his cane upon the pavement as he descended'—his signal always for admittance—seems to ring in our ears.

Prior to the opening of Bank Street, Lady Stair's Close was the chief thoroughfare for foot passengers taking advantage, as Grant says, of the half-formed 'Earthen Mound' to reach the New Town.

Baxter's Close.—Here ROBERT BURNS lodged in the first stair to the left and on the first floor, an apartment of fair dimensions. 'Having met with Professor Dugald Stewart, then one of the leading celebrities of Edinburgh, Burns was induced to set out on a visit to the Scottish capital, where he arrived on the 28th of November of the same year [1786] and shared with an acquaintance, John Richmond, a writer's clerk, a humble lodging in Baxter's Close, Lawnmarket, of which the weekly rent was three shillings sterling' (Anderson's *Scottish Nation*). 'The tradition of his residence,' says Wilson, 'has passed through very few hands; the predecessor of the present tenant . . . learned it from Mrs. Carfrae [the landlady], and the poet's room is pointed out,



BAXTER'S CLOSE.

with the window looking into Lady Stair's Close' (*Memorials of Edinburgh*). Lockhart (*Life of Burns*) says: 'During the winter Burns continued to lodge with John Richmond, and we have the authority of this early friend of the poet for the statement that while he did so "he kept good hours." He removed afterwards to the house of Mr. Nicoll (one of the teachers of the High School of Edinburgh), in Buccleuch Place; and this change is, I suppose, to be considered a symptom that the keeping of good hours was beginning to be irksome. . . . With a warm heart the man united a fierce, irascible temper, a scorn of many of the decencies of life, a noisy contempt of religion, at least of the religious institutions of his country, and a violent propensity for the bottle.' In April 1787 Burns wrote to Dr. Moore: 'I leave Edinburgh in the course of ten days or a fortnight. I shall return to my rural shades, in all likelihood never again to quit them. I have formed many intimacies and friendships here, but I am afraid they are all of too tender a construction to bear carriage of a hundred and fifty miles.' Cockburn, in his *Life of Jeffrey*, describes him, on one occasion, when a boy of thirteen, as standing in the High Street staring at a man whose appearance struck him as remarkable; when a person tapped him on the shoulder, and said, 'Ay, laddie, you may weel look at that man!—that's Robert Burns.' Scott says of the poet: 'His person was strong and robust, his manner rustic, not clownish, a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. . . . I think his countenance was more massive than it looks in any of his portraits. There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poet's character and temperament. It was large, and of a cast which glowed, I say literally *glowed*, when he spoke with feeling or interest. His conversation expressed perfect self-confidence, without the slightest presumption. . . . I have only to add that his dress corresponded with his manner. He was like a farmer dressed in his best to dine with the laird' (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*). Burns died in 1796, at the age of thirty-seven (see BURNS, p. 137).

Once more crossing the street we reach

Brodie's Close or Court. It takes its name from one of the most notorious of Edinburgh criminals, to wit, Deacon WILLIAM BRODIE, whose house was that on the first floor overlooking the Lawnmarket, the first door up the first turnpike stair on the right-hand side. The door in question,

which is remarkable for the ingenious mechanism of its lock, is said to have been the workmanship of the Deacon. Brodie, who was Deacon of the Wrights and Masons of Edinburgh, lived a kind of a dual existence, says Grant, for he stood high in repute as a pious, wealthy, and substantial citizen until the daring robbery of the Excise Office in Chessel's Court in 1788 brought to light a long-continued system of secret housebreaking and suspected murder unsurpassed in the annals of cunning and audacity. After escaping detection for a considerable time, one of his associates betrayed the gang. Brodie fled to the Continent, but was arrested in Amsterdam and brought back. He suffered the last penalty of the law, along with his accomplice George Smith, on the 1st October 1788, and is buried at the north-east corner of the Buccleuch burying-ground.

THE HIGH STREET.

Once more crossing the street, and at this point leaving the Lawnmarket and entering the High Street, the first Close which still contains any historic houses is **Advocates' Close.** This alley took its name from Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees (now Moredun, in the parish of Liberton). He was Lord Advocate of Scotland from 1692 until 1713. The first door on the right-hand side with the sculptured script, 'In Thee, O Lord, is all my Traist,' gave access to the house of the famous ANDREW CROSBIE, one of the most famous advocates of the closing years of last century. He was a man of great wit and sarcastic humour, and was the only individual who paid back Dr. Johnson during his memorable visit to Edinburgh in his own coin, so much so that the *Ursa Major* of literature treated him thereafter with marked respect. Crosbie enjoys the further distinction of having been the original of Scott's 'counsellor Pleydell.' Crosbie removed from this house to No. 35 St. Andrew Square.

Coming farther down the High Street and passing the Royal Exchange, we pause for a moment at **Craig's Close.** Here the second door on the left-hand side gave entrance to one of the most famous taverns in the Edinburgh of last century, to wit *The Isle of Man Arms.* In this hostelry, then kept by James Mann, was inaugurated the celebrated 'Cape Club,' one of the most noted of those convivial societies wherein the leading men of the town were wont to seek relaxation. As we learn from Fergusson's poems—himself a member of the association—'high jinks' were kept up here

long after they had been abandoned in all other societies. From the minutes, which are preserved in the Antiquarian Museum, the Club appears to have been formally constituted in 1764—though it existed long before—and it uninterruptedly maintained its vitality until 1825. In Wilson's *Memorials* we read: 'Provincial Cape Clubs, deriving their authority and diplomas from the parent body, were successively formed in Glasgow, Manchester, London, and in Charleston, South Carolina; each of which was formally established in virtue of a royal commission granted by the sovereign of the Cape. The American offshoot of this old Edinburgh fraternity is said to be still flourishing in the Southern States.'

Let us cross the street for a moment to peep into **Fish-market Close.** Down at its first turn, where now is Neill's Printing Office, was the site of a famous tavern where the Poker Club long held its meetings. Lord Woodhouselee, in his *Life of Lord Kames*, says: 'The Club met at our old landlord of the *Diversorium*, Tom Nicholson's, near the Cross. The dinner was on the table at two o'clock; we drank the best claret and sherry, and the reckoning was punctually called at six o'clock. After the first fifteen, who were chosen by nomination, the members were elected by ballot, and two black balls excluded a candidate.' With regard to the name of the Club, Dr. Carlyle ('Jupiter') of Inveresk in his *Autobiography* states that 'about the third or fourth meeting of the Club after 1762 the members were at a loss for a name for it, and wished one that would be of uncertain meaning and not so directly offensive as that of the "Militia Club," its first designation. Whereupon Professor Adam Ferguson, the eminent historian and moral philosopher, suggested the name of Poker, which the members understood, but which would be an enigma to the public.' The Poker Club comprehended all the literati of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, most of whom, as Grant states, had been members of 'The Select Society.' So long as the Club met in the Fishmarket Close it prospered, but, says Chambers, 'after a time the Club removed its meetings to Fortune's Tavern at the Cross-Keys, in the Stamp Office Close, where the dinners became so showy and expensive that attendance began soon to decrease, and the famous Club became extinct in 1788.'

Speaking of the **Old Stamp Office Close,** our next visit must be paid there. The doorway flanked by heavy pillars is that which formerly gave entrance to Edinburgh's most fashionable hostelry. From 1758 to 1774, 'the gay men of the city, the scholarly and the philosophical, with the

common citizens, all flocked hither, and here the Royal Commissioner for the General Assembly held his levees and hence proceeded to Church with his cortége, then additionally splendid from having ladies walking in it in the Court dresses as well as gentlemen.'

But it is for another reason that I ask special attention to be paid to this house. Here resided in former times ALEXANDER, ninth EARL of EGLINTON, and his famous Countess, SUSANNA, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy. She was one of the co-heiresses of David Leslie, Lord Newark, the Covenanting general, whom Cromwell defeated at Dunbar. She was six feet in height, extremely handsome, with a brilliantly fair complexion and a face of the most bewitching loveliness. She had many admirers, Sir John Clerk of Penicuik among the number, but her friends always predicted that she would marry the Earl of Eglinton, in spite of their disparity of age—his lordship was forty years her senior—for while walking one day in her father's garden at Colzean, there alighted on her shoulder a hawk with his lordship's name upon its bells, which was considered an infallible omen of her fate. Just at this time Lord Eglinton's second wife was sick unto death. When therefore Sir John Clerk made an offer for the hand of his daughter to Sir Archibald Kennedy, the latter consulted Lord Eglinton, as an old friend and neighbour, as to what he thought of the subject. Short and decisive was the reply:—'Bide a wee, Sir Archy: my wife 's unco sickly,' said his lordship, and the suit of the elegant baronet of Penicuik was declined. Two or three weeks after, Lady Eglinton died, and within a few months the lovely Susanna Kennedy became Earl Alexander's third Countess. The old peer was exceedingly anxious for an heir, as otherwise the line would be extinct, and his previous wives had borne him only daughters. Judge, then, of his chagrin when in place of a son, to Susanna were born no fewer than seven daughters! He was so grieved at the lack of an heir that he threatened to divorce his lady. The Countess replied that he need not do that, for she would readily agree to a separation provided he would give back what he had with her. His lordship, supposing she alluded only to pecuniary matters, assured her she should have her fortune to the last penny. 'Na, na, my lord, that winna do; return me my youth, beauty, and virginity, and dismiss me when ye please.' His lordship was so tickled with this sally that he dropped the subject, and to his great delight, before the year was out his lady brought him a son, who re-established the mutual affection of his parents on a

sure basis. The Countess was remarkable for a demeanour and carriage quite peculiar to herself, which was remembered as the *Eglinton air* long after her death. In the Stamp Office Close she received all the literati of the time, among them Allan Ramsay, who dedicated to her his *Gentle Shepherd*. Dr. Johnson and Boswell also visited her, and the former was delighted with his reception. Her principles in Church and State were congenial with his. Though she was then eighty-five she retained all her majesty of figure and distinction of mien, which duly impressed the lexicographer. In the course of conversation it came out that Lady Eglinton was married the year before Dr. Johnson was born, upon which she graciously said to him that she might have been his mother, and now adopted him. Her ladyship died in 1780, aged ninety-one, having preserved her stately mien and beautiful complexion to the last. 'The latter was a great secret, but as it may be of service I divulge it in kindness to the sex. *She never used paint, but washed her face periodically with sow's milk*' (Chambers's *Traditions*).

The **Anchor Close**, which is the next alley to Craig's Close, was last century one of the busiest in the city, and it yet retains some traces of its departed greatness. A few yards down the close, and on the left-hand, we note a turnpike stair with the script above it, 'The Lord is only my suport,' while adjoining it is another and an older door, inscribed with the familiar declaration that meets us over the doorways in Edinburgh, 'O Lord, in The is al my traist,' while on an architrave we observe a line from the psalm, 'Be merciful to me.' This gives us entrance to another of the famous Edinburgh taverns, viz. that of Daniel, or as he was better known, 'Dawney' Douglas. This, says Grant, was an establishment second to none in its time for convivial meetings and noted for suppers of tripe, mince-collops, rizzared haddocks, and fragrant hashes that never cost more than sixpence per head; yet on charges so moderate Dawney Douglas and his gudewife contrived to grow extremely rich before they died. Here met the famous club called the Crochallan Fencibles, to which Burns was introduced by William Smellie the printer, himself a genius of indisputable originality. Burns spent many nights here; again and again he must have passed through that doorway, and he has left many references to the 'Crochallans' scattered throughout his works.

Coming down to the **Fleshmarket Close**, the first turnpike

stair on the left-hand gave entrance to the house of HENRY DUNDAS, afterwards LORD MELVILLE, where he began to practise as an advocate. His dwelling was situated on the third floor of the old land, with its windows looking into the close. 'The Right Hon. Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville and Baron Dunira, was born in the year 1741. He was the son of the first and brother of the second Robert Dundas of Arniston. After receiving the preliminary branches of education at the High School and University of Edinburgh, he was admitted to the Faculty of Advocates in 1763.' It is related of him in *Kay's Portraits* that after paying the expenses of his education and his admission to the Faculty, he had only £60 of his patrimony remaining. 'He commenced his professional career in chambers situated at the head of the Fleshmarket Close of Edinburgh, and such was the moderate accommodation of Scottish lawyers in those days, that his rooms did not even front the High Street' (*Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*). Dundas obtained great success at the bar, entered Parliament in 1774 as a supporter of Lord North's administration, became Lord Advocate therein, as also in the Rockingham ministry, Treasurer to the Navy in the Shelburne Cabinet, as also in that of Mr. Pitt in 1784, to which were added, in 1794, Secretary of State for War and Presidency of the Board of Control. He was raised to the peerage in 1802. In 1805 he was impeached for a breach of the statute which he himself had introduced, whereby the Treasurer of the Navy was prohibited from converting to his own use and emolument any part of the public money voted for the service of the navy. He was, however, triumphantly acquitted. He died on the 27th May 1811. In Tomline's *Life of Pitt* we read: 'Though the whole business of the nation rested on him (Pitt) as the sole minister in the House of Commons, it would be injustice not to mention that he had a most able adviser and supporter in Mr. Dundas, who had been accustomed to take an active part in Parliament during Lord North's administration, and who now exerted his vigorous understanding and manly powers of debate in a manner highly useful to Mr. Pitt. On him he could always rely to argue judiciously and with effect any point which might be brought into discussion' (*Life of Pitt*, vol. i. p. 567).

The little vegetable-booth in a 'laigh cellar' at the foot of this stair is the identical cellar where the famous WILLIAM CREECH started in business as a bookseller.

Once more we must cross the street to **Old Assembly Close.**

The great fire of 1824 swept away nearly the whole of the old Assembly Rooms of Edinburgh, with the exception of the great dancing-hall, which has, however, in the 'renovation' of the building, been subdivided into three or four houses consisting of one room apiece. Here was the Assembly Room, then, where the fashionable society of Edinburgh met from 1720—when they removed from their first hall in the West Bow—to 1758, in which year they removed farther down the High Street to Bell's Wynd. There they remained until they migrated to the present hall in George Street. But in the days of which we speak, Miss Nicky Murray, sister to Lord Mansfield, and directress of ceremonies, was in all her glory. The whole arrangements were of the most rigid character, with a general tending to the promotion of dulness, as Grant remarks. Only one set being allowed to dance at a time, it was seldom that any person was twice on the floor in one night. 'The most of the time was spent in acting the part of lookers-on; which threw great duties in the way of conversation on the gentlemen. These had to settle with a partner for the year, and were on no account permitted to change even for a single night. The appointment took place at the beginning of the season, usually at some private party or ball given by a person of distinction, when the fans of the ladies were all put into a gentleman's cocked hat. The gentlemen put in their hands and took a fan, and to whomsoever the fan belonged that was to be his partner for the season' (Chambers's *Traditions*). Oliver Goldsmith when in Edinburgh attended one of these assemblies, and thus records his impressions: 'On entering the dancing-room one end of it was seen to be taken up by the ladies, who sat dismally in a group by themselves. At the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be, but there is no more intercourse between the sexes than between two countries at war. The ladies, indeed, may ogle and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce.' Sir Alexander Boswell also versifies the scene:

'The Assembly Close received the fair,
Order and elegance presided there;
Each gay Right Honourable had her place,
To walk a minuet with becoming grace.
No racing to the dance with rival hurry,
Such was thy sway, O famed Miss Nicky Murray!
Each lady's fan a chosen Damon bore,
With care selected many a day before.'

Again crossing the street and passing Cockburn Street we reach

Milne Square. Among the celebrated personages who lived in Milne Square was LORD JUSTICE CLERK ALVA (born 1680, died 1763), who had his residence on the second and third floors of the large building on the west side of the square. 'It gives a curious idea of the habits of such a dignitary before the rise of the New Town, that we should find him content with this dwelling while in immediate attendance upon the Court, and happy during the summer vacation to withdraw to the shades of his little villa in Drumsheugh. He was frequently visited in Milne Square by the notorious Lord Lovat, who, on account of his numerous law pleas, paid great court to his lordship. Mrs. Campbell of Monzie, Lord Alva's daughter, used to tell that when she met Lord Lovat on the stair he always took her up in his arms and kissed her, to her great annoyance and horror—*he was so ugly!* So far did he carry his exquisitely refined system of cunning, that in order to curry favour with the father he actually accompanied the children to a schoolgirls' ball, and fed them with comfits or *sweeties* all the time. From this Milne Square mansion also Lord Alva's two step-daughters were married—the one to become Countess of Sutherland and the other Lady Glenorchy, so remarkable for her piety and her liberal endowment of a church in the heart of Edinburgh. It is not unworthy of notice that Lord Justice Clerk Alva's house was amongst the last to retain the old *pin* or *risp* in place of a knocker' (Maitland's *Edinburgh*, and Chambers). Afterwards in this same building the EARL OF HOPETOUN (Sir James Hope), whose equestrian statue stands in front of the Royal Bank in St. Andrew Square, held vice-regal state while Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly. The writer of the obituary notice in the *Annual Register* of 1823 says: 'As the friend and companion of Moore and as acting under Wellington in the Pyrenean campaign, he had rendered himself conspicuous. But it was when, by a succession to the earldom, he became the head of one of the most ancient houses in Scotland, and the possessor of one of its most extensive properties, that his character shone in its full lustre. . . . An open and magnificent hospitality, suited to his place and rank, without extravagance or idle parade, a full and public tribute to the obligations of religion and private morality without ostentation or authority . . . a kind and generous concern in the welfare of the humblest of his dependants—

these qualities made him beloved and respected to an extreme degree, and will cause him to be long remembered.' He died in 1823, at the age of fifty-seven.

Below North Bridge, on the left, giving itself 'bold advertisement,' stands the remains of the House of ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1758), to which he brought his young bride, Christian Ross, in 1712. The two upper stories were removed about forty years since. Here, 'at the sign of the Mercury,' the author of the *Gentle Shepherd* lived and laboured first as wigmaker, then as author, printer, editor, and publisher; issuing his poems singly in sheets or half-sheets, in which shape they had a ready sale. They were sold at a penny, and the worthy citizens would send their children with the coin for 'Allan Ramsay's last piece.' From this place also was issued the first quarto edition of his works in 1721, and nearly all his original publications were issued at the 'Mercury.' In 1725 he removed from here to the Luckenbooths, since abolished. This building is now in process of demolition (see RAMSAY, p. 1).

ALLAN RAMSAY'S HOUSE.

Passing Halkerston's Wynd, Carrubber's and Bailie Fyfe's Closes, we reach **Chalmers' Close**, and there over the doorway of a turnpike stair in large Old English characters appears the name 'John Hope,' cut out of the stone, with a coat of arms now completely obliterated, and on the bed-corbel of the crow-stepped gable another shield, sculptured with a coat-armorial and the initials 'I. H.' Moulded mullions and transoms divide the large windows, a rather uncommon feature in Scottish domestic architecture, and from the general remains of decayed magnificence, this is supposed to be the mansion of the founder of the house of Hopetoun, JOHN DE HOPE, who came from France in the retinue of Magdalene of Valois, the first queen of James V.,

and who, with his son Edward, had two booths eastward of the 'Old Kirk Stile' (Moyse's *Memoirs*).

In **Monteith's Close** is situated the house which tradition assigns as the residence of that learned and munificent prelate JAMES KENNEDY, Bishop of Dunkeld, Lord High Chancellor, and the upright counsellor of James II. and James III. Chambers adds, the building is that large stone tenement of great antiquity on the east side of the close. The form and decorations of the doorway all prove an early date, and the whole appearance of the building is consistent with the supposition that it had been Bishop Kennedy's town residence.

Dickson's Close is nearly opposite to Ramsay's house. On entering the close, the first house on the left was, in 1788, the residence of DAVID ALLAN, 'the Scottish Hogarth.' Here he took aristocratic pupils at a guinea per month for three lessons in the week, while fulfilling his functions as Master of the Academy established by the Board of Trustees for Manufactures and Improvements. In the year above-named he published an edition of the *Gentle Shepherd*, with characteristic drawings. From Brown's edition of that work we extract the following description of the artist, of whom it may be premised that he came prematurely into the world, and had the misfortune in early infancy to be dropped out of a basket into the road, severely cutting his head, while being conveyed a long distance to a nurse whose capabilities for affording him the requisite nourishment were of the exceptional nature required by the extreme smallness of his mouth. 'He was under the middle size; of a slender, feeble make, with a long, sharp, lean, white, coarse face much pitted by the smallpox, and fair hair. His large, prominent eyes, of a light colour, were weak, near-sighted, and not very animated. His nose was long and high, his mouth wide, and both ill-shaped. His whole exterior to strangers appeared unengaging, trifling, and mean; and his deportment was timid and obsequious. The prejudice naturally excited by these disadvantages at introduction was, however, dispelled on acquaintance, and as he became easy and pleased, gradually yielded to agreeable sensations. . . . When in company he esteemed, and which suited his taste, as restraint wore off, his eyes imperceptibly became active, bright, and penetrating; his manner of address quick, lively, and interesting—always kind, polite, and respectful; his conversation open and gay, humorous without satire, and playfully replete with benevolence, observation, and anecdote.' He died in 1796, at the age of fifty-two.

On the same side of the street, but a little farther down, is **Strichen's Close**, formerly called Rosehaugh's Close, after the famous lawyer, SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE of Rosehaugh. In this alley are the remains of some very ancient buildings which, though modernised, have still some parts of their walls dating back to pre-Reformation times. The large house at the upper end of the close was formerly the town house of the mitred abbots of Melrose. 'The whole building has evidently undergone great alterations,' says an account of the mansion in 1847; 'a carved stone bears a very boldly cut shield with two coats of arms impaled, and the date 1600. There seems no reason to doubt, however, that the main portion of the abbots' residence still remains. The lower story is strongly vaulted and is evidently the work of a very early date. The small quadrangle also is quite in character with the period assumed for the building, and at its north-west angle is Cant's Close, where a curiously carved *fleur-de-lis* surmounts the gable; a grotesque gargoyle of antique form serves as a gutter to the roof.' ABBOT ANDREW DURIE, who was nominated to the Abbacy in 1526 by James v., resided here, and, as Knox says, died through horror and dismay caused by the sacking of St. Giles' in 1558.

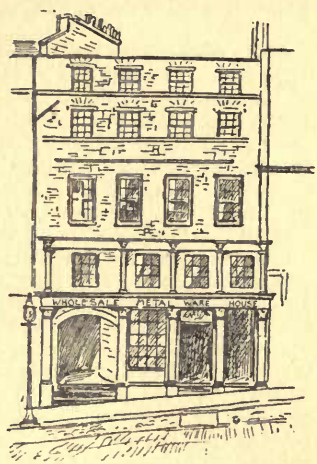
This house and that immediately adjoining to the Abbot of Melrose's was the mansion occupied by Sir George Mackenzie when he was Lord Advocate, and gave those splendid entertainments which for fifty years to come were spoken of with wonder. Mackenzie has still a place in the popular imagination of Edinburgh (says Chambers) as 'the Bluidy Mackenzie,' his office having been to prosecute the Covenanters. He lies in a beautiful mausoleum which forms a conspicuous object in the Greyfriars Churchyard. It used to be a feat for a set of boys, on a still summer evening, to march up to the ponderous doors, bedropt with white tears on a black ground, and cry in at the keyhole—

> 'Bluidy Mackenzie, come oot if ye daur,
> Lift the sneck, and draw the bar,'

after which they would run away as if some hobgoblin were in chase of them.

No. **58** High Street, at the head of South Gray's Close, bearing a memorial tablet—an example which might be followed elsewhere with advantage—was the residence of Henry David, tenth Earl of Buchan. Here HENRY ERSKINE and his younger brother THOMAS, afterwards LORD CHAN-

CELLOR ERSKINE, were born in 1746 and 1749 respectively. 'The present tenants,' writes Colonel Fergusson, the biographer of Henry Erskine, in 1872, 'of the Erskine mansion have a tradition of its former greatness, and of the *débris* of the title-deeds of a former tenant—a certain Lady Mary Hamilton—having been found under the remains of an ancient marble hearthstone.' The fortunes of the Buchan family are described as having been far from flourishing, and comfort was maintained only by a careful economy. 'Lady Buchan had a housekeeper who regulated all out-goings very rigidly, and called forth the indignation of the boys by often telling them, when some dainty dish was set upon the table, "Noo, boys, ye're no to tak ony o' yon: I've just sent it up for the lo'e o' my lord." This frugality on the part of the old housekeeper was probably the cause of the following effusion from the pen of Thomas Erskine; the first specimen extant of those *Thread-paper Rhymes* for which the Lord Chancellor enjoyed a certain reputation:



HEAD OF GRAY'S CLOSE.

'"Pa is going to London,
And what will be got then, oh!
But santless kail, and the old cow's tail,
And half the leg of a hen, oh!"'

The mansion of the Earl of Stirling, known also as 'Argyll's Lodging'—having passed to the family of Argyll about 1640—in South Gray's Close, and having its entrance in Hyndford Close, has disappeared along with the latter locality, redolent formerly of memories of Dr. Rutherford, uncle of Scott, and of the poet's boyhood; of Lady Anne Lindsay, author of *Auld Robin Gray*, and of Lady Maxwell, whose daughter, afterwards to become the famous Duchess of Gordon, was once encountered mounted on a sow of which she had made capture, when despatched to fetch a 'kettle' of water from

the 'Fountain Well in front of John Knox's house,' while her sister, Miss Betty, afterwards Lady Wallace, 'thumped it with a stick'—as recorded in Fergusson's *Life of Henry Erskine.*

Again crossing the street, and before reaching the house of John Knox, I should like to call attention to the first shop on the right-hand side of Trunk Close. This was the place where the celebrated ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE, one of the most eminent publishers Scotland has ever produced, began that business which soon was to expand into one of the largest in the kingdom. His reputation as a publisher may be said to have commenced with the appearance in October 1802 of the first number of *The Edinburgh Review.* His conduct towards the contributors of that famous quarterly was alike discreet and liberal. In *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,* those admirable pictures of the Edinburgh of the early decades of the century, in which Lockhart first showed his powers, the writer remarks:—'Constable's shop is situated in the High Street in the midst of the Old Town, where indeed the greater part of the Edinburgh booksellers are still to be found lingering (as the majority of their London brethren also do) in the neighbourhood of the same old haunts to which long custom has attached their predilections. On entering one sees . . . a low, dusky chamber inhabited by a few clerks and lined with an assortment of unbound books and stationery. . . . The bookseller is himself a good-looking man apparently about forty, very fat in his person, with a face having good lines and a fine healthy complexion. He is one of the most jolly-looking members of the trade I ever saw, and, moreover, one of the most pleasing and courtly in his address.'

'John Knox's House,' unquestionably the most 'memorable' of Old Town houses, was considered by Chambers (*Traditions of Edinburgh*) to be 'perhaps the oldest stone building of a private nature now existing here: for it was inhabited, before Knox's time, by George Durie, Abbot of Dunfermline, promoted to Dunfermline by James v. in 1539.' Knox occupied it during his incumbency as minister of Edinburgh from 1560 till his death, receiving £200 a year Scots money and living rent-free. His first wife died soon after, and here he brought his second spouse, whose affections his defamers affirmed he gained by sorcery. Chambers (*Traditions of Edinburgh*) infers 'from the size of the house and the variety of accesses to it,' that Knox occupied only a portion of it, and that this was probably the first floor. From the

window in the angle of the building containing his effigy, the great Reformer is said, by tradition, to have addressed the people beneath. M'Crie (*Life of Knox*) tells how in 1571, when he was obnoxious to the adherents of Queen Mary, 'one evening a musket-ball was fired in at his window, and lodged in the roof of the apartment in which he was sitting. It happened that he was sitting at the time in a different part of the room from that which he had been accustomed to occupy, otherwise the ball, from the direction it took, must have struck him.' In confirmation of the view that Knox occupied the first floor, Chambers remarks that 'the second floor is too high to have admitted of a musket being fired in at one of the windows. A ball fired in at the ground floor would not have struck the ceiling.' It was here that the great Reformer received the messengers of Queen Mary, the nobles of the court, and the leaders of the Congregation. Over nearly the whole front extends a long inscription, but concealed in great part by sign-boards. The word 'as' in brackets is obliterated: LVFE GOD ABOVE AL AND YOVR NICHTBOVR [AS] YI SELF. Dr. M'Crie, in his *Life of Knox*, thus refers to his physical characteristics: 'There are perhaps few who have attended to the active and laborious exertions of Knox, who have not been led insensibly to form the opinion that he was of a robust constitution. This is, however, a mistake. He was of small stature, and of a weakly habit of body; a circumstance which serves to give a higher idea of the vigour of his mind. His portrait seems to have been taken more than once during his life, and has been frequently engraved. It continues still to frown in the bedchamber of Queen Mary, to whom he was often an ungracious visitor. We discern in it the traits of his characteristic intrepidity, austerity, and keen penetration. Nor can we overlook his beard, which, according to the customs of the time, he wore long, and reaching to his middle; a circumstance which I mention rather because some writers have assured us that it was the chief thing which procured him reverence among his countrymen. A popish author has informed us that he was

JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

gratified at having his picture drawn, and expresses much horror at this, after he had caused all the images of the saints to be broken.' He lived 1505-1572.

The **Fountain Close**, immediately opposite, is also famous for having been the birthplace of one of Scotland's most delightful minor poets, WILLIAM FALCONER, author of *The Shipwreck*. His father was a wigmaker and barber in the locality in question, and there the poet was wont to amuse himself 'playing at sailors with his brother and sister,' as tradition records, thus showing the bent of his inclination even in the earliest years. Here also resided the famous ADAM FULLERTON, one of the bailies of the town in the great riot of 1561 over the craftsmen of Edinburgh playing *Robin Hood*—an unpardonable offence in the eyes of the Presbyterian fathers of the day, for which they would have hanged one of the ringleaders, only he was rescued by his fellows. In January 1571 Fullerton sat as Commissioner for the city in the General Assembly which met at Leith, and in the summer of the same year he was made captain of two hundred armed citizens who formed themselves into a band or company and joined the forces of the Regent and his cause, for which he was denounced as a traitor to his Queen. By an Act of the Estates sitting in the Tolbooth, and presided over by the Duke of Chatelherault, many rebels to the Queen, 'formaist amang quhilk is Adam Fullerton,' were declared to have forfeited their lives, lands, goods, and coats of arms. His house in the Fountain Close (part of which is still visible on the left-hand side) was seized and a battery erected on the summit thereof to assail the King's men. In the *Historie of Jhames Sext* we are told that the Regent, the Earl of Mar, brought nine pieces of ordnance up the Canongate to assail the Netherbow Port; but changed their position to a faubourg of the town called the Pleasance, 'from whence to batter the Flodden Wall, and to oppose a platform of guns erected on the house of Adam Fullerton.' In Fountain Close also, at the foot of it, was built the Library of the College of Physicians, afterwards sold and converted into St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, now St. Patrick's Catholic Church. As Grant says, 'Till the erection of St. Paul's in York Place, the Fountain Close formed the only direct communication to this the largest and most fashionable Episcopal Church in Edinburgh, that which was built near the Cowgate Port in 1771.' From this close issued, in 1579, the first Bible printed in Scotland—that of Thomas Bassendyne.

Tweeddale Court is reached by a passage nearly opposite

to Knox's House. The mansion of the MARQUESS OF TWEEDDALE is at the foot of the close, now in the occupation of Messrs. Oliver and Boyd, publishers. It was first built and occupied by DAME MARGARET KERR, LADY YESTER, daughter of Mark, first Earl of Lothian. She was born in 1572, and was wife of James, the seventh Lord Yester, in whose family occurred, in 1595, a singular event. His page, Hepburn, accused his Master of the Horse of a design to poison him; the latter denied it; the affair was brought before the Council, who agreed that it should be determined by single combat, and this is supposed to have been the last of such judicial trials by battle in Scotland. Victory declared for Hepburn. Wilson (*Memorials*) says it is 'mentioned by Defoe among the princely buildings of Edinburgh, "with a plantation of lime-trees behind it, the place not allowing room for a large garden" . . . latterly its gardens extended to the Cowgate. Successive generations of the Tweeddale family have occupied the house till the general desertion of Edinburgh by the nobility soon after the Union.' The fourth Marquess was Secretary of State for Scotland; a predecessor, described as 'perhaps as good a specimen as could be selected of the weathercock politicians of uncertain times,' was High Chancellor of Scotland under William III. He died here.

The mansion afterwards became the head office of the British Linen Company's Bank, and here the BEGBIE TRAGEDY took place in November 1806.

It is stated in Wilson's *Memorials* (1868) that 'the question remains as interesting as ever, "Who murdered Begbie?"' William Begbie, the porter and messenger of the Bank, while making his usual journey from the Leith branch of the institution to the head office, was stabbed to death in this close and robbed of notes and gold to the amount of nearly £5000. The murder had been accomplished with the utmost deliberation, and the arrangements connected with it displayed care and calculation. The weapon used had a broad thin blade, carefully pointed, with soft paper wrapped round the hand in such a manner as to prevent any blood from reaching the person of the assassin and thus leading to his detection. Though a sentinel of the Town Guard was always on duty close by, yet he saw nothing of the event. Doubtless, in these bustling days, the question has less interest than it had; but mention may be made in passing that, according to Wilson, the mysterious murderer of the ill-fated bank-porter in 1806 probably pounced out upon his victim

from the entry to a stair on the right-hand side of the close on entering.

The **World's End Close**, originally called Stanfield's Close, is the gloomy alley, the last on the south side of the street, which formerly adjoined the Netherbow. At the foot of this close there is an ancient tenement with a shield of arms on its lintel with the legend: PRAISZE THE LORD FOR ALL HIS GIFTES. M. S. This, and a rich Gothic niche built into an adjoining 'land,' is all that remains of the town mansion of SIR JOHN STANFIELD, whose name is associated with his supposed murder by his own son. This was the last occasion on which a person's guilt was virtually assumed on the evidence of the 'ordeal of touch.' The servants also were tortured to induce them to confess, but nothing could be elicited beyond the fact that the youth had cursed his father and linked the royal name (James VII.) with those of the Pope, the devil, and the Lord Chancellor. His execution in 1689 created such a revulsion of feeling against the old system of 'probation,' as it was called, that mainly by the efforts of Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh the law on the subject was amended.

High Street now merges into the

CANONGATE.

Morocco Land, No. 275 Canongate, an antique gabled façade with stone basement, and a curious figure of a turbaned Moor occupying a pulpit projecting from a recess over the second floor, derives its name and interest from the legend which assigns its occupancy to ANDREW GRAY, a younger son of the Master of Gray—Gray of Kinfauns, the family of the present Earl of Moray—who escaped the gallows as a leader of a riotous attack on the Provost's house, to become the prisoner of pirates, a slave, and ultimately in favour with the Emperor of Morocco. He laid the city of Edinburgh under contribution as a pirate in his turn, and finding the Provost of the time to be a relation of his own, cured his daughter of the plague, which was then (1645) raging in Edinburgh, married her, and settled down as a peaceable citizen. Having vowed, however, never to enter the city but sword in hand, he kept the vow till his death, having never again passed the threshold of the Netherbow Port.

'We have had the curiosity to obtain a sight of the title-deeds of the property, which prove to be of recent date. The earliest, a disposition of 1731, so far confirms the tale that the proprietor at that date was John Gray, merchant, a descendant, it may be, of the Algerine rover and the Provost's daughter. The figure of the Moor has ever been a subject of popular admiration and wonder, and a variety of legends are told to account for its existence. Most of them, though differing in almost every other point, seem to agree in connecting it with the last visitation of the plague' (Wilson's *Memorials*).

Crossing the street we take a look at **Chessel's Court**, where for long was the Excise Office, the robbery of which brought the notorious DEACON BRODIE to the gallows. 'It was then customary for the shopkeepers of Edinburgh to hang their keys upon a nail at the back of their doors, or at least to take no pains in concealing them during the day. Brodie was accustomed to take impressions of them in putty or clay, a piece of which he used to carry in the palm of his hand. He kept a blacksmith in his pay, who forged exact copies of the keys he wanted, and with these it was his custom to open the shops of his fellow-tradesmen during the night. This was what was done in the case of the Excise Office' (*Kay's Portraits*).

Turning out of the Canongate on the left is

NEW STREET.[1]

This was first called Young Street, according to Kincaid, and was the first fashionable improvement prior to the idea of the New Town.

At the first house on the right, standing in the rear of No. 247 Canongate, formerly 'the self-contained house at the head of New Street fronting the Canongate on the east side,' presumably with a garden in front—a house then considered one of the first in the city—lived HENRY HOME, LORD KAMES, who became a judge of the Court of Session in 1752. His biographer, Tytler, says of him: 'Lord Kames

[1] Since the first edition of this book was published the wholesale clearance of tenements, closes, and streets by the North British Railway Company for their new Station has swept away several of these houses. But as they are still remembered by many, and their historic interest is so great, the text is allowed to stand as originally written.—O. S.

was in his person extremely tall, and of a thin and slender make. In his latter years he had a considerable stoop in his gait; but when in the vigour of life, and particularly when in his dress as a barrister, his appearance is said to have been uncommonly becoming. His countenance, although not handsome, was animated.' 'He possessed the dangerous and powerful engine of sarcasm,' says a writer in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*, 'but he used it to heal, not to wound. The following instance of his reluctance to give pain, to be found in a letter to Mr. Creech, is so characteristic of a truly worthy man that we cannot abstain from quoting it. "In the fifth volume of Dodsley's collection of poems, there is one by T—— D—— at page 226, which will make a good illustration of a new rule of criticism that is to go into a new edition of the *Elements*; but as it is unfavourable to the author of that poem, I wish to know whether he is alive; for I would not willingly give pain."' Tytler says that in every period of life he 'was fond of social intercourse; and with all his ardour of study and variety of literary and professional occupation, a considerable portion of his time was devoted to the enjoyments of society.' The following anecdote is from the same source: 'Mrs. Home, who had a taste for everything that is elegant, was passionately fond of old china; and, soon after the marriage, had made such frequent purchases that way as to impress her husband with some little apprehension of her extravagance. But how to cure her of this propensity was the question. After some consideration he devised an ingenious expedient. He framed a will, bequeathing to his spouse the whole china that should be found in his possession at his death; and this deed he immediately put into her hands. The success of the plot was complete: the lady was cured from that moment of her passion for old china.' This story illustrates the statement in *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits* that 'notwithstanding the general gravity of his pursuits, his lordship was naturally of a playful disposition and fond of a harmless practical joke.' 'Not more than four days before his demise,' says the same writer, 'a friend called on his lordship and found him, although in a state of great languor and debility, dictating to an amanuensis. He expressed his surprise at seeing him so actively employed. "Would ye have me stay with my tongue in my cheek till death comes to fetch me?" A day or two after this he told the celebrated Dr. Cullen that he earnestly wished to be away, because he was exceedingly curious to learn the nature and manners of another world. He added, "Doctor, as I never could be idle in this world, I shall willingly perform

any task that may be imposed on me in the next."' Lord Kames died in 1782, at the age of eighty-six.

The house at the lower corner of the first lane on the left is of interest as the residence of LORD HAILES (SIR DAVID DALRYMPLE), who died here in 1792. He was elevated to the bench in 1766. Robert Chambers, in *Traditions of Edinburgh*, says: 'When Lord Hailes died, it was a long time before any will could be found. The heir-male was about to take possession of the estate to the exclusion of his eldest daughter. Some months after his lordship's death, when it was thought that all further search was vain, Miss Dalrymple prepared to retire from New Hailes, and also from the mansion in New Street, and while a maidservant was closing the window-shutters Lord Hailes's will dropped out upon the floor from behind a panel, and was found to secure her in the possesion of his estates, which she enjoyed for upwards of forty years.' Paterson, however, in *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits*, says that this account is incorrect. 'The conveyance was found, not by a female servant while cleaning out the house in New Street, but by persons properly authorised on the first or second day after the funeral. It was carefully wrapt up in one of the drawers of a small chest in his lordship's dressing-room.' The library described as the 'fine room which held his books' was shown to Robert Chambers in 1825. It still contained them. He was also told that Lord Hailes 'wrote most of his works by the parlour fireside, where sat his wife and children.' 'His constitution, of which he was careful, as well as his principles and habits, rendered him averse to every kind of dissipation. After he was constituted a judge he considered it unbecoming his character to mingle much with the fashionable and gay world. He is described as affectionate to his family and relations, simple and mild in his manners, pure in his morals, enlightened and entertaining in his conversation' (Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*). Lord Hailes was born in 1726, and died at the age of sixty-six.

CHRISTIAN RAMSAY, the daughter of the author of the *Gentle Shepherd*, lived for many years in No. 11. She was an amiable and kind-hearted woman, and, according to Grant, possessed somewhat of her father's gift of verse. In her seventy-fourth year she was thrown down by a hackney coach and had her leg broken, yet she recovered and lived to be eighty-eight. 'Leading a solitary life she took a great fancy to cats, and besides supporting many in her house,

cosily disposed of in bandboxes, she laid out food for others around her house. Not a word would she listen to against the species, alleging when any wickedness of a cat was spoken of that the animal must have acted under provocation, for by nature, she asserted, they were harmless. Often did her maid go with morning messages to her friends, inquiring, with her compliments, after their pet cats. Good Miss Ramsay was also a friend to horses, and indeed to all creatures. When she observed a carter ill-treating his horse she would march up to him, tax him with cruelty, and by the very earnestness of her remonstrances arrest the barbarian's hand. So also when she saw one labouring in the street with the appearance of defective diet she would send rolls to its master entreating him to feed the animal' (Chambers's *Traditions*).

Nearly opposite New Street in the Canongate are the **Playhouse Closes**, wherein was the cradle of the legitimate drama in Scotland. The walls of the tenement which extends from the former to the latter alley are the original walls of the theatre; the buildings have been converted into private dwelling-houses. In 1746 the foundations of a theatre were laid here, and in the following year the house was opened. It was capable of holding about £70, the box-seats being half a crown and the pit one and sixpence. For several years excellent acting was to be witnessed here when Lee, Digges, Mrs. Bellamy, and Mrs. Ward were in their prime. Here on the night of the 14th December 1756 was brought out the tragedy of *Douglas*, written by a minister of the Church of Scotland named John Home. In consequence of this the daring cleric was compelled to resign his charge of Athelstaneford.

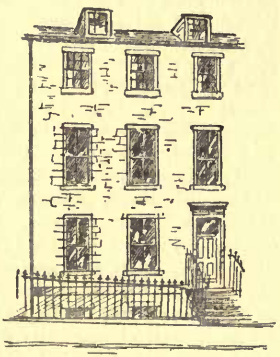
ST. JOHN STREET.

In No. 8 Lord Eskgrove (Sir David Rae), one of the famous bibulous, eccentric judges of last century, lived for many years. With all his oddities he was a 'man of high ability and strict integrity.' On the bench he was distinguished by that depth of legal knowledge and general talent for which he was eminent as an advocate. He was one of the judges before whom the Reformers of 1793, Margarot, Skirving, and Gerald were tried, and making due allowance for the difference of sentiment held on the principles involved in these trials it must be admitted that

in delivering his opinions on the various points brought under the review of the bench, his arguments were acutely logical and in strict accordance with existing laws. Lord Eskgrove was born in 1729 and died in 1804 (*Kay's Portraits*).

The first house on the west side of the street was the meeting-place of the old Canongate Kilwinning Lodge, where Burns was affiliated and crowned as 'poet laureate,' in presence of Lord Napier and many other Masonic worthies of the day. A house a little to the south of this, having a gable to the street and a garden to the south, was in 1780 the residence of the EARL OF WEMYSS, whose brother, Lord Elcho, was attainted after the battle of Flodden. Another notable personage was the LADY BETTY CHARTERIS, who occupied the farthest house to the south on the same side. She had a romantic and melancholy history, being thwarted in an affair of the heart. She lay in bed for six-and-twenty years, till removed by death (Grant's *Old and New Edinburgh*).

At **No. 10**, in the second decade of the century, lived JAMES BALLANTYNE. In Lockhart's *Life of Scott* we read: 'James Ballantyne then [1818] lived in St. John Street, a row of good old-fashioned and spacious houses, adjoining the Canongate and Holyrood, and at no great distance from his printing establishment. . . . I have occasionally met the poet in St. John Street when there were no other guests but Erskine, Terry, George Hogarth, and another intimate friend or two; and when James Ballantyne was contented to appear in his own true and best colours, the kind head of the family, the respectful but honest schoolfellow of Scott, the cosy landlord of a plain comfortable table. But when any great event was about to take place in the business, especially on the eve of a new novel, there were doings of a higher strain in St. John Street, and to be present at one of these scenes was truly a rich treat even—if not especially—for persons who, like myself, had no more knowledge than the rest of



10 ST. JOHN STREET.

the world as to the authorship of *Waverley*. There were congregated about the printer all his own literary allies, of whom a considerable number were by no means personally familiar with the GREAT UNKNOWN—who, by the way, owed to him that widely adopted title:—and *he* appeared among the rest with his usual open aspect of buoyant good-humour, although it was not difficult to trace in the occasional play of his features the diversion it afforded him to watch all the procedure of his swelling confidant, and the curious neophytes that surrounded the well-spread board.' Lockhart's estimate and opinion of Ballantyne respecting the financial difficulties of Sir Walter Scott seem in no way based on his eminent father-in-law's opinion; for Scott writes: 'I have been far from suffering from James Ballantyne. I owe it to him to say that his difficulties as well as his advantages are owing to me.' It is said that Scott originated projects which proved unprofitable for the interest of the publishing firm, and that they were carried out in opposition to Ballantyne's judgment. 'Na, na, Mr. Scott, you are clean wrong,' said the Ettrick Shepherd to Scott on one occasion, in a conversation reported in Hogg's *Domestic Manners and Private Life of Scott*, 'for Johnnie Ballantyne tauld me, an' he couldna but ken.' 'Ay, but ye should hae ascertained whether it was leeing Johnnie or true Johnnie who told you that before you avouched it; for they are two as different persons as exist on the face of the earth. Had James told you so, you might have averred it, for James never diverges from the right-forward truth.' 'James,' says Hogg, 'was a man of pomp and circumstance, but he had a good affectionate heart. It was too good and too kind for this world; and the loss, first of his lady, and then of his great patron and friend, broke it; and he followed him instantly to the land of forgetfulness.' Lockhart described James Ballantyne as 'a short, stout, well-made man, and would have been considered a handsome one, but for those grotesque frowns, starts, and twistings of his features, set off by a certain mock majesty of walk and gesture, which he had, perhaps, contracted from his usual companions, the emperors and tyrants of the stage. His voice in talk was grave and sonorous, and he sang well (theatrically well) in a fine rich bass.' Ballantyne was born 1772, died 1833 (see BALLANTYNE, pp. 163, 175).

At No. 13 lived JAMES BURNETT, LORD MONBODDO, of whom Cockburn wrote that his peculiarities were 'classical learning, good conversation, excellent suppers, and ingenious though unsound metaphysics.' 'The admiration of classic

literature,' says the editor of *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits*, 'led Lord Monboddo to get up suppers in imitation of the ancients. These he called his *learned* suppers. He gave them once a week, and his guests were Drs. Black, Hutton, and Hope.' Anticipating Darwin, he asserted in his work on the *Origin and Progress of Language* that the human race were originally endowed with tails; and in Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh* we read: 'So convinced is he said to have been of the truth of his fantastical theory of human tails, that whenever a child happened to be born in his house he would watch at the chamber door, in order to see it in its first state; having a notion that the midwives pinched off the infants' tails.' It was in allusion to this extraordinary discovery that Lord Kames, to whom he would on a certain occasion have given precedency, declined it by saying: 'By no means, my lord, you must walk first that I may see your tail.' He first arrived in Edinburgh on the forenoon of the day which terminated with the public murder of Captain Porteous; and it is said that when about to retire to rest, the tumult in the street attracted him to the door, half-undressed. He got entangled in the crowd of passers-by, and hurried along to the Grassmarket, where he was a witness to the last act of the tragedy. Conceiving this to be the normal condition of things in the city, as he lay sleepless through the night, he seriously contemplated leaving Edinburgh forthwith, as a place unfit for a civilised being to live in. 'Almost every year he visited London,' writes R. P. Gillies, 'performing, of course, the whole journey on horseback. . . . King George III. happening to inquire of his lordship, and of a military man successively, how they had come to town, found reason to remark on the answers: "Very odd, very odd! my judges gallop to town on horseback, and my cavalry officers travel snugly in the mail-coach"' (*Reminiscences of a Literary Veteran*). Riding was his sole means of locomotion; his objections to the use of a carriage being twofold. First, that it was not consistent with the dignity of human nature to be dragged at the tails of horses; and second, that the ancients did not commonly use such effeminate conveyances. 'The manners of Lord Monboddo,' says Chambers (*Traditions*), 'were not more odd than his person. He looked rather like an old stuffed monkey draped in a judge's robe, than anything else. His face, however, bore traces of high intellect.' Dean Ramsay, in his *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, remarks that 'he was a very powerful man, and could walk fifty miles a day; his usual refreshment on the road being a bottle of port wine, poured into a bowl, and

drunk off at a draught.' We conclude our notice of this singular man with a second extract from Lord Cockburn's *Memorials*: 'Some offence made him resolve never to sit on the same bench with President Dundas; and he kept this vow so steadily that he always sat at the Clerk's table, even after Dundas was gone. . . . It is more common to hear anecdotes about his maintaining that men once had tails, and similar follies, than about his agreeable conversation and undoubted learning. All who knew him in Edinburgh concur in describing his house as one of the most pleasant in the place.' Burns was a frequent guest here. He commemorates the early death of Miss Burnett in one of his poems. Monboddo died in 1799, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

In No. 15 lived the famous Dr. John Gregory, well-known as Professor of the Practice of Physic in Edinburgh University and father of the compounder of the well-known medicine, 'Gregory's Mixture.' The latter, Dr. James Gregory, succeeded his father both in his University Chair and in the occupancy of the St. John Street house. The elder doctor married in 1752 the celebrated Miss Elizabeth Forbes, daughter of Lord Forbes, a lady of extraordinary wit, beauty, and intellectual endowment. But she only lived nine years, during which he enjoyed all the pleasure which domestic happiness could afford. He regretted her death exceedingly, and, as he says himself, for the amusement of his solitary hours he wrote that inimitable little work, *A Father's Legacy to his Daughters* (*Eminent Scotsmen*).

SMOLLETT'S HOUSE.

The house at the head of the street, and facing the Canongate, No. 22, was the residence of the Earl of Hopetoun at one period; but has acquired a more interesting celebrity as the abode of Tobias Smollett during his second visit to Edinburgh in 1766, with his sister, Mrs. Telfer, who occupied

the first floor. Smollett was in an infirm state of health, but mixed occasionally in the best society of the town. Dr. Alexander Carlyle, who was very intimate with him and introduced him to several persons, whose characteristics afterwards amused the readers of *Humphry Clinker*, says of him: 'Smollett was a man of very agreeable conversation, and much genuine humour; and, though not a profound scholar, possessed a philosophical mind, and was capable of making the soundest observations on human life, and of discerning the excellence or recognising the ridiculousness of every character he met with' (*Autobiography*). Mrs. Telfer 'is described,' writes Chambers, 'as a somewhat stern-looking specimen of her sex, with a high cast of features; but in reality a good-enough-natured woman; and extremely shrewd and intelligent. One passion of her genus possessed her—whist. A relative tells me that one of the city magistrates, who was a tallow-chandler, calling upon her one evening, she said, "Come, bailie, and take a trick at the cartes." "Troth, ma'am," said he, "I have ne'er a bawbee in my pouch." "Tut, man, ne'er mind that," replied the lady; "let's e'en play for a pund o' candles!"' (*Traditions of Edinburgh*).

CANONGATE—(*Continued*).

No. 229, the house on the north side, opposite to St. John Street, stands on the site of **Jack's Land**. It was to one of the flats here that DAVID HUME removed from Riddle's Close, and here he finished his *History of England*. In 1762 he removed to James's Court. Lockhart's description of Hume's portrait in *Peter's Letters* may fitly find a place here. 'The face is far from being in any respect a classical one. The forehead is chiefly remarkable for its prominence from the ear, and not so much for its height. . . . His eyes are singularly prominent, which, according to the Gallic system, would indicate an extraordinary development of the organ of language between them. His nose is too low between the eyes, and not well or boldly formed in any other respect. The lips, though not handsome, have in their fleshy and massive outlines abundant marks of habitual reflection and intellectual occupation. The whole has a fine expression of intellect, dignity, candour, and serenity.' Dr. Alexander Carlyle, in his *Autobiography*, says: 'At this period, when he first lived in Edinburgh, and was writing his *History of England*, his circumstances were narrow, and he accepted the offer of

librarian to the Faculty of Advocates. [This brought him £40 yearly: subsequently he gave the salary away. See BLACKLOCK, p. 60.] . . . His economy was strict, as he loved independency; and yet he was able at that time to give suppers to his friends in his small lodgings in the Canongate.' Hume, Adam Smith, Adam Ferguson, Lord Elibank, and Drs. Blair and Jardine would meet occasionally at a tavern to sup together. 'I remember one night,' says Dr. Carlyle, 'that David Hume, having dined abroad, came rather late to us, and directly pulled a large key out of his pocket, which he laid on the table. This, he said, was given him by his maid Peggy (much more like a man than a woman), that she might not sit up for him, for she said when the honest fellows came in from the country he never returned till after one o'clock.' The other members of the supper party were resident outside the town. Hume lived 1711-1776 (see HUME, pp. 5, 8, 90).

LADY EGLINTOUN, already referred to, was a tenant of Jack's Land during her latter years. Taming rats was the eccentric amusement of her old age. She had a panel in the oak wainscot of her dining-room, which she tapped upon and opened at meal-times, when a dozen rats came forth and partook of her meal with her. They were so tame as to feed from her hand. When living in Jack's Land she had no less than seven daughters resident with her, all beautiful women, and all, with one exception, fortunate in their marriage. A striking picture is drawn in Fergusson's *Life of Henry Erskine* of 'a procession of eight sedan chairs, each with its couple of liveried bearers, carrying a lady in full ball costume of feathers, sacque, etc., on their way to the Assembly Rooms . . . in broad daylight. Great is the excitement as the procession emerges from Lady Eglintoun's house in the Canongate, threads its way up the crowded High Street till it reaches the Assembly Rooms'; and, later on, 'when these fair ladies returned from the ball, with the addition of flaming torches, and to each chair a gentleman in attendance, drawn sword in hand, and hat obsequiously in the other, according to custom, who guard the party till they descend at their house in the aristocratic neighbourhood of Jack's Land. As this goodly caravan winds its way down the slopes of the Canongate, with wealth of cackle and silvery laughter over the incidents of the ball, what fitter subject for a last century picture than such a combination of sedans, torches, swords, cocked-hats, and full-dressed wigs; with flashes from bright eyes more deadly than from

swords; while from under the outside stairs the aroused swine stare forth and wonder.'

In **Big Jack's Close** was formerly situated, and remained until within the last few years, the town mansion of that grim old fire-eater, GENERAL SIR THOMAS DALYELL of Binns, Commander-in-Chief of the Scottish forces, whose beard remained uncut after the death of Charles I. He raised the Scots Greys on the 25th November 1681, clad them first in grey uniform, and at their head served as a merciless persecutor of the outlawed Covenanters. With Claverhouse and Grierson of Lag his name is still a synonym among Scotsmen for all that is brutal and heartless.

Farther on below St. John Street stands, conspicuous with its stone balcony, **Moray House,** until 1835 part of the entailed estates of the house of Moray, in whose possession it remained exactly two hundred years. 'It presents,' as we read in Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh*, 'more striking architectural features than any other private building in Edinburgh, and is associated with some of the most interesting events of Scottish history.' It was built by Mary, Countess of Home, in 1618, in the reign of James I. In 1648 OLIVER CROMWELL 'took up his residence at "the Lady Home's lodging in the Canongate," as it then continued to be called.' According to Guthrie, he communicated to the noble leaders of the extreme party of the Covenanters 'his design in reference to the King, and had their assent thereto,' in consequence of which 'the Lady Home's house in the Canongate became an object of mysterious curiosity from the general report at the time that the design to execute Charles I. was there discussed and approved.' Two years after Cromwell's visit, the festivities attending the marriage of the unfortunate Earl of Argyll, then Lord Lorne, with Lady Mary Stuart, eldest

MORAY HOUSE.

daughter of the Earl of Moray, took place here; and the wedding guests, with the bride and bridegroom, passed out on to the old stone overhanging balcony to gaze on their old prostrate enemy, the Marquis of Montrose, as he passed in a low cart, bound, and preceded by the hangman with a band of meaner prisoners, to his doom, and 'shrank back discomfited before the calm gaze of the captive.' Wilson remarks: 'This remarkable incident acquires a deeper interest, when we consider that three of these onlookers, including the gay and happy bridegroom, perished by the hand of the executioner on the same fatal spot to which the gallant Marquis was passing under their gaze.'

The ancient building with a three-gabled front, below Moray House, and bearing four Latin inscriptions, a translation of which, with other particulars, the non-classical visitor may purchase for a penny at the stationer's shop now occupying part of the premises, is identified with the families of Huntly and Gordon, and dates from the middle of the seventeenth century.

But while here let us tarry a moment before the **Canongate Tolbooth.** Though scarcely a residential house in the proper sense of the word, it has held within its walls many illustrious prisoners. It is a fine example with its sombre tower and spire of the old Scoto-French style, the corbelled turrets, projecting clock, dark-mouthed archway, moulded windows, and sculptured stones. Above the archway is the inscription, 'S. L. B. PATRIAE ET POSTERIS, 1591,' while in a niche are the usual insignia of the burgh, the stag's head and cross. Built during the reign of James VI., it is a fine example of the architecture of the period. Adjoining is the gateway to the Canongate Churchyard, containing monuments to Adam Smith, Dr. Horatius Bonar, and specially the monument erected at the expense of Robert Burns to the memory of his predecessor, Robert Fergusson.

Immediately opposite to the Canongate Tolbooth is the mansion of the MARQUIS OF HUNTLY. It still presents a picturesque row of timber-fronted gables to the street resting on a row of carved corbels and a cornice projecting from the basement, while a series of sculptured tablets adorn it filled with certain pious phrases which, as Claudero said, were always on the lips but seldom in the hearts of our fathers of the sixteenth century. Here resided GEORGE, sixth Earl and first Marquis, who was suspected of conspiring with Spain. Here, too, lived his son the second Marquis, who was deprived

of his estates by the Covenanting Parliament in 1645 for his steady adherence to the king, and after being deprived of his stately castles of Gight and Strathbogie lost his head on the block at the Market Cross in 1649. Ten years before, as Spalding informs us, this Marquis, who in youth had commanded the Scottish Guard of Louis XIII., was residing in this old mansion wherein, in the month of November, two of his daughters were married with great solemnities—the Lady Anne, who was 'ane precèse Puritan,' to the Lord Drummond; and Lady Henrietta, who was a Roman Catholic, to Lord Seton, son of the Earl of Winton. These ladies had each 40,000 merks Scots as a portion, their uncle, the Earl of Argyle, being cautioner for the payment.

Eastward from Moray House is the site of **Milton House**, a large and handsome mansion, though sombre in style, built in what was formerly the garden of Lord Roxburghe's house, during the eighteenth century, by ANDREW FLETCHER of Milton (nephew of the great Fletcher of Saltoun), raised to the Bench in 1724 in succession to the famous Lord Fountainhall. He sternly discouraged all informers, and was greatly esteemed for the mild and gentle manner in which he used his authority when Lord Justice-Clerk after the battle of Culloden. Lord Milton was the guardian of the family of Susanna, Countess of Eglinton, for many years, and took a warm and fatherly interest in her beautiful girls after the death of the Earl in 1729. The terms of affectionate intimacy in which he stood with them are affectionately shown in 'The Petition of the Six Vestal Virgins of Eglinton,' signed by them all and addressed to the 'Honourable Lord Milton, at his lodgings, Edinburgh,' in 1735—a curious and witty production, printed in the *Eglinton Memorials* (*Old and New Edinburgh*). Milton House was demolished in 1890 in order to erect a school, but some of the walls of the old building have been retained.

Panmure Close formerly led to Panmure House at the end of the close, the town residence of the EARLS OF PANMURE, the fourth of whom, James, who distinguished himself as a volunteer at the siege of Luxembourg, and was Privy Councillor to James VI., a bitter opponent of the Union, lost his title and estates after the battle of Sheriffmuir, and died an exile in Paris. His nephew, WILLIAM MAULE, obtained an Irish peerage in 1743 as Earl Panmure of Forth, and was the last who possessed the house, in which he was resident in the middle of last century. It was also the residence for many years of DR. ADAM SMITH, author of *The Wealth*

of Nations. Here Adam Smith lived from 1778 till his death in 1790, after he came to Edinburgh as Commissioner of the Customs, an appointment secured for him by the friendship of the Duke of Buccleuch. A few days before his death he gave orders to destroy all his MSS. except some detached essays which were afterwards published by his executors, Dr. Joseph Black and James Hutton, and his library, a valuable one, he left to his nephew, Lord Reston. From that old mansion the philosopher was borne to his grave in an obscure corner of the Canongate Churchyard (*Life*, by Dugald Stewart). The house was removed in the middle of the year 1889.

In **Little Lochend Close**, farther down on the right-hand side, stands the house which was occupied towards the close of last century and the beginning of this by MRS. HANNAH ROBERTSON, well-known in her time as a reputed grand-daughter of Charles II. She was the daughter of a burgess of Edinburgh named George Swan, son of Charles II., and Dorothea Helena, daughter of John Kirkhoven, Dutch baron of Ruppa, the beautiful Countess of Derby, who had an intrigue with Charles II. during the protracted absence of her husband in Holland. According to her narrative the child was given to nurse to the wife of Swan, a gunner at Windsor, a woman whose brother, Bartholomew Gibson, was King's farrier at Edinburgh. The old lady, who was the widow of Robert Robertson, a merchant in Perth, was a great favourite with all those of Jacobite proclivities, and at the dinners of the Jacobite Club always sat on the right-hand of the president till her death, which occurred in the house in question in 1808, in her eighty-fourth year. A vast concourse attended her funeral, which took place at the Friends' burial-place at the Pleasance. Unusually tall in stature and beautiful even in old age, her figure, with black velvet capuchin and cane, was long familiar in the streets of Edinburgh (*Autobiography* published in 1792—10th edition 1806). From a passage in the *Edinburgh Historical Register* for 1791 she would appear to have been a futile applicant for a pension from the Lords of the Treasury, though she had many powerful friends, including the Duchess of Gordon and the Countess of Northesk, to whom she dedicated a book, *The Lady's School of Arts.*

Whiteford House stands back from the end of Galloway's Entry, opposite the school built on the site of Milton House. This mansion occupies the place where of old stood the

house of GEORGE SETON, fourth EARL OF WINTON, but familiarly known to lovers of Scott's novels as 'Lord Seton's lugeing in the Cannagait,' whither Roland Graeme went to inquire for the father of the woman he loved. Here also were lodged successive parties of the French Ambassadors who came to the Court of Mary and James VI.

Here, from about 1806 to 1812, lived DUGALD STEWART. 'There was, and perhaps is,' wrote R. P. Gillies in his *Reminiscences of a Literary Veteran*, in 1851, 'an old mansion in the regions of the Canongate, called Whiteford House, so commodious that it could be conveniently divided into two family residences, each complete in itself: one was the abode of Lord Bannatyne, the other of Dugald Stewart. It stood comparatively retired from the noise of the street, on a large ground, more than an acre, I think, shut in by walls and gateways. Within this enclosure there were some tall old trees. . . . His library was to the rear, and its windows looked to the grey rocks of Calton Hill.' Stewart, says Lord Cockburn, 'was about the middle size, weakly limbed, and with an appearance of feebleness which gave an air of delicacy to his gait and structure. His forehead was large and bald, his eyebrows bushy, his eyes grey and intelligent, and capable of conveying any emotion, from indignation to pity, from serene sense to hearty humour, in which they were powerfully aided by the lips, which, though rather large perhaps, were flexible and expressive. The voice was singularly pleasing; and, as he managed it, a slight burr only made its tones softer. . . . His gesture was simple and elegant, though not free from a tinge of professional formality; and his whole manner that of an academical gentleman' (*Memorials of My Time*). In another place we read of 'an unimpeachable personal character, devotion to the science he taught, an exquisite taste, an imagination imbued with poetry and oratory, liberality of opinion, and the loftiest morality.' In his *Life of Jeffrey*, Cockburn quotes Mackintosh, who said that 'the peculiar glory of Stewart's eloquence consisted in its having breathed the love of virtue into whole generations of pupils.' He was troubled with a slight asthmatic tendency, which made it often necessary to clear his throat. When told of a remark that 'there was eloquence in his very spitting,' he said, 'I am glad, at least, that there is one thing in which I had no competitor.' Stewart died in 1828, aged seventy-five (see STEWART, pp. 153, 154).

SIR WILLIAM MACLEOD, LORD BANNATYNE, who lived here till his death, is described by Wilson as 'a remarkably

pleasing specimen of a gentleman of old Edinburgh, before its antique mansions and manners had altogether fallen under the ban of modern fashion. . . . He was raised to the Bench on the death of Lord Swinton, and took his seat as Lord Bannatyne in 1799. He was the last survivor of the Mirror Club, and one of the contributors to that early periodical. His conversational powers were great, and his lively reminiscences of the eminent men and the leading events of last century are referred to by those who have enjoyed his cheerful society, when in his ninetieth year, as peculiarly vivid and characteristic' (*Memorials of Edinburgh*).

Queensberry Lodge, a large gloomy building enclosed in a court, and now used as a Refuge for the Destitute, was the town mansion of the DUKES OF QUEENSBERRY, and was built by William, the first Duke (died 1695), 'who exercised almost absolute power in Scotland during the latter years of the reign of Charles II.; and presided as High Commissioner in the first part of the reign of James VII., and afterwards took an active share in the revolution that placed the Prince of Orange on the throne. . . . A great miser, yet magnificent in buildings and pleasure-grounds; illiterate, yet a collector of books; and commanding in his letters—which he dictated to a secretary—a style that is admirable' (Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh*). From the same source we learn that his son, the second Duke, 'the active promoter of the Union, and the Lord High Chancellor, under whose auspices it was accomplished, kept court here during that stormy period; and frequently found his huge mansion was surrounded by the infuriated mobs who so pertinaciously pursued every abettor of that hated measure.' Chambers (*Traditions of Edinburgh*) relates a 'tale of mystery and horror,' preserved by tradition, about the eldest son of the second Duke, 'an idiot of the most unhappy sort—rabid and gluttonous, and who early grew to an immense height,' and was kept confined in an apartment on the ground floor of the western wing. Being on one occasion left alone in the house with a little kitchen boy who turned the spit, and free from the customary restraint, he found his way to the kitchen, killed the lad, and placed his body where the meat had been before the fire, half roasted it, and was found devouring it on the return of the family.' CHARLES, the third Duke, was born here; and here his Duchess, LADY KATHERINE HYDE, the famous beauty of the court of George I., whom Horace Walpole celebrated in her old age as 'Prior's

Kitty ever fair,' and whose sprightliness and wit have been commemorated by Prior, Pope, and Swift, entertained the poet GAY, who stayed for some time here as a guest. 'Duchess Katherine,' writes Chambers, was 'eccentric to a degree bordering upon madness. . . . It is an undoubted fact that, before her marriage, she had been confined in a *strait jacket* on account of mental derangement, and her conduct in married life was such as to entitle her to a repetition of the same treatment. . . . Her Grace was no admirer of Scottish manners. One of their habits she particularly detested—the custom of eating off the end of a knife. When people dined with her at Drumlanrig, and began to lift their food in this manner, she used to scream out, and beseech them not to cut their throats; and then she would confound the offending persons by sending them a silver spoon or fork on a salver. . . . When in Scotland she always dressed herself in the garb of a peasant girl. Her object seems to have been to ridicule and put out of countenance the stately dresses and demeanour of the Scottish gentlewomen who visited her' (*Traditions of Edinburgh*). In 1747 the famous MARSHAL, EARL OF STAIR, died there, and in 1784 it was the residence of the RIGHT HON. JAMES MONTGOMERY of Stanhope, Lord Chief Baron of Exchequer, the first Scotsman who held that office after the establishment of the Court at the Union. The successor to 'the Good Duke' was the EARL OF MARCH, the sporting character and debauchee, who became known as 'Old Q.,' and who caused Queensberry House to be stripped of its ornaments and sold in 1801. Chambers states that, 'with fifty-eight fire-rooms, and a gallery seventy feet long, besides a garden, it was offered at the surprisingly low upset price of £900. The Government purchased it for a barrack.'

Passing onward a little down the street we reach, on the same side and at the head of Reid's Close, a mansion whose projecting turret corbelled out over the pavement at once arrests attention. This was the town mansion of the Nisbets of Dirleton, in East Lothian. Here resided the famous SIR JOHN NISBET, raised to the Bench under the title of Lord Dirleton, and the author of the well-known legal work, *Dirleton's Doubts*. 'He was a man of great learning both in law and in many other things, chiefly in Greek,' says Burnet; who adds that 'he was a person of much integrity and always stood firm to the law' (*History of His Own Time*). On the other hand, Wodrow states he was a tool of the bishops and rendered himself unpopular by his zeal in persecuting the

unfortunate Covenanters. Of this the historian relates an instance:—'A man named Robert Gray had been brought before the Scots Privy Council and examined as to his knowledge of the hiding-places of the fugitives. But without success: he would reveal nothing. Sir John Nisbet then artfully and cruelly took a ring from his finger and sent it to Mrs. Gray with a message that her husband had revealed all he knew of the Whigs. Deceived by this, she told all that she knew of their lurking-places and thus many were arrested, which so affected her husband that he sickened and died a few days after.'

Crossing the street we come to a house situated almost immediately opposite Queensberry House, the history of which will appeal strongly to the imagination of latter-day golfers. It is a narrow, old-fashioned edifice with a coat of arms on the wall, and over the door a Latin quatrain written by the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn, with the English motto, 'I hate no person.' The latter is an anagram on the name of the builder, John Paterson, and the tradition concerns James VII. when as Duke of York he held his Court at Holyrood. The tradition is thus related:—Two English nobles at Holyrood had a discussion with the royal duke as to the native country of golf, which he was frequently in the habit of playing on the links of Leith with the Duke of Lauderdale and others, and which the two strangers insisted to be an English game as well. No evidence of this being forthcoming, while many Scots Parliamentary edicts, some of them as old as the days of James II. in 1457, could be quoted concerning the said game, the Englishmen, who both vaunted their expertness, offered to test the legitimacy of their pretensions on the result of a match to be played by them against his Royal Highness and any other Scotsman he chose to select. After careful inquiry he chose a man named John Paterson, a poor shoemaker in the Canongate, but the worthy descendant of a long line of illustrious golfers. The strangers were ignominiously beaten. The heir to the throne had the best of this practical argument, while Paterson's merits were rewarded by the stake played for, with which he built the house in the Canongate, on which he placed as his crest a dexter hand grasping a golf club, with the motto, 'Far and Sure.'

Whitehorse Close.—Here are the remains of the Whitehorse Inn, so called, a tradition reported, according to Chambers, after a white palfrey belonging to Queen Mary. Wilson (*Memorials of Edinburgh*) puts its age at that of the

date cut over a dormer window on the south front—1623, and says: 'The interest is much more legitimate which associates it with the Cavaliers of Prince Charles's court, as the quarters of Captain Waverley during the brief sojourn in the capital. It forms the main feature in a small paved quadrangle. . . . A broad flight of steps leads up to the building, diverging to the right and left from the first landing, and giving access to two singularly picturesque timber porches which overhang the lower story, and form the most prominent features in the view. A steep and narrow alley passes through below one of these, and leads to the north front of the building.' The old 'Whitehorse Inn' was one of the most celebrated of the Edinburgh hostelries. It was at this place that the famous 'Stoppit Stravaig' occurred. In 1639, when Charles I. had made his first peace with the Covenanters and came temporarily to Berwick, he sent messages to the chiefs of the Covenanting party to meet and have a conference with him. In obedience to this, with their various retinues the Scots nobles were all mounting their horses in the yard of this inn, to which a kind of arched *porte-cochère* gives access from the main street, when a mob, taught by the clergy to distrust a monarch who was under English influences, compelled them to desist and abandon their intended journey. The Earl of Montrose alone broke through all restraint, and from henceforth was lost to the cause of the Covenant (Grant, *Old and New Edinburgh*). The invariable mode of a gentleman setting out for London in those days was to go to the 'Whitehorse Inn' with his saddlebags, boots, and gambadoes, and engage a suitable roadster to convey him the whole way. When the 'Whitehorse' ceased to be an inn is unknown, but in 1745 it was still well known as a leading house of entertainment. This building must not be confounded with Boyd's Whitehorse Inn, at which DR. JOHNSON lodged, and the site of which is commemorated by a tablet at the corner of St. Mary Street, and opposite the office of Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.

In the vicinity of Holyrood Palace there is one house which should be noted by the lover of antiquity, and that is **Croft-an-Righ**, which was long supposed to be one of the dwellings of Mary of Guise. But this can hardly be the case. It was, however, undoubtedly the residence of the good Regent, and many years after his death was 'gifted along with several of the adjoining properties by James VI. to a favourite servant named French.'

ROUTE II.

THE OLD TOWN—(*Continued*).

Our starting-point is the western extremity of the Cowgate, and is reached from the western end of the New Town by King's Stables Road, at the back of the Castle, and the Grassmarket; or from the middle of Princes Street by the Mound, Bank Street, and Melbourne Place, leaving the latter at Victoria Street.

COWGATE.

At the juncture of the Cowgate and Candlemaker Row on the north side is a tall stone land, the windows of the third floor of which look straight up the Row. This flat is interestingly associated with the events preceding the birth of Lord Brougham in 1778. In some guide-books it is incorrectly stated that he was born here, and that he pointed out the window of the room (on the third floor) to Sir Robert Peel on one occasion. What he really did, doubtless, was to indicate the window of one of the rooms occupied by his parents at the time of their marriage, his birth having taken place, as expressly stated in his autobiography, at Lord Buchan's house in St. Andrew Square. Chambers (*Traditions of Edinburgh*) says: 'The Edinburgh tradition on the subject was that Henry Brougham of Brougham Hall in Cumberland, in consequence of a disappointment in love [his intended bride died on the eve of the day appointed for the wedding], came to Edinburgh for the diversion of his mind. Principal Robertson, to whom he bore a letter of introduction, recommended the young man to the care of his sister, Mrs. Syme, widow of the minister of Alloa.' Indicating the third floor as the residence of Mrs. Syme, the writer proceeds: 'It would appear Mr. Brougham speedily consoled himself by falling in love with Eleonora, the daughter of Mrs. Syme; and a marriage, probably a hurried one, soon united the young pair' (see Brougham, p. 92). Brougham's father is buried in Restalrig Churchyard,

while a maiden aunt of his continued to occupy this flat until 1794.

Here also, above or below Mrs. Syme's floor, lived HENRY MACKENZIE, with his father Dr. Mackenzie. Mrs. Blacklock told Dr. Johnson (on an occasion when he consumed nineteen cups of tea at her table) that 'although Dr. Mackenzie had a large family, and was married to a lady who was his son's stepmother, nevertheless the son lived with his own wife and family in the same house, and the greatest harmony obtained among all the parties.'

No. 8 Cowgate was the residence of a man who made some noise in his day, viz. JOHN NIMMO, the nominal editor of the *Beacon*. 'This,' says Anderson in his Annals, 'was a severely satirical newspaper, which in 1821 was started in Edinburgh, and when it was suppressed a similar one under the name of the *Sentinel* appeared in Glasgow. To both of these Sir Alexander Boswell had contributed some severe personal squibs which gave great offence to James Stuart, younger of Dunearn, who had been one of those satirised. Stuart first horse-whipped Nimmo in Parliament Close, then fought a duel with Boswell, in which the latter was killed. In consequence of this sad tragedy, after a debate in the House of Commons on the subject, the Speaker's warrant was issued for the arrest of Nimmo; but the latter hearing of the fact before the document reached Edinburgh, made himself scarce and proceeded to Paris, where for over thirty years he was connected with Galignani's *Messenger*.'

The site of the Public Library, a little farther along the street, and abutting on George IV. Bridge arch, occupies the spot where stood the mansion of the celebrated SIR THOMAS HOPE, King's Advocate of Charles I. in 1626. This house was one of the most splendid of its day in Edinburgh, and in its tapestried chambers were held many of the councils which led to the formation of the noble Army of the Covenant, the camp of Dunselaw, and the total rout of the English troops at Newburnford. Hope was held by the Cavaliers in special abhorrence. 'Had the d——d old rogue survived the Restoration, he would certainly have been hanged,' wrote C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

Crossing the street here and proceeding back to the junction of the Cowgate with the Grassmarket, we note first the **Chapel of St. Mary Magdalene**, where we may

still behold in the windows the only specimens of the ancient painted glass of pre-Reformation times which escaped the fury of the mob at the time of the Reformation. It was left in trust to the Hammermen of Edinburgh, and now belongs to the Protestant Institute of Scotland. Here the General Assembly of 1578 met; and on the 30th June 1685 the headless body of the Earl of Argyll, whose skull was placed on the north gable of the Tolbooth, was deposited here, prior to its conveyance to Kilmun, the tomb of the Campbells in Argyllshire.

Nearly in a line with the Parliament House, which towers up on the crest of the ridge overhead, we reach an archway surmounted by an ornamental tablet decorated with a huge pair of shears, the insignia of the craft, and bearing the date 1644, with the following:

ALMIGHTIE GOD WHO FOVND-
ED BVILT AND CROVND
THIS WORK WITH BLESSINGS
MAK IT TO ABOVND.

This is the entrance to the old hall of the Corporation of Tailors —though now occupied by a brewer's stores—and here on 27th February 1638 the Assembly of three hundred clergymen met to consider the terms of the National Covenant which was to be presented to the public next day in the Greyfriars Churchyard. Until comparatively recent years a garden surrounded the hall, and the Earl of Rothes records that 'there were some of the clergymen who objected to certain points in the document, but that they were taken aside into the garden attached to the hall, and there addressed specially on the necessity for mutual concession for the general good of the national cause, and they soon gave their entire consent' (Rothes' *Relation*). The Tailors' Hall occupies the south and east sides of the court, off the archway from the Cowgate. It was also used in 1656 as the Court-house of the Scottish Commissioners whom Cromwell appointed to look after the administration of the forfeited estates of the Royalists. Subsequent to 1726 it was used as a theatre by itinerating companies.

To the westward of this is a house of the time of Charles I., with a moulded doorway and bearing the inscription:

R. H.—O MAGNIFIE THE LORD WITH ME—J. H.
AND LET US EXALT HIS NAME TOGETHER.
ANNO DOM. 1641.

The doorway here is only three feet three inches wide. I believe, from a careful study of the titles of the place, that this was the original residence of the CARMICHAELS, afterwards Earls of Hyndford. At any rate, this was the house where the wizard John Trevira—the Italian—lived towards the close of the seventeenth century, concerning whose marvellous powers tradition indicates so much vaguely and so little specifically. He appears to have occupied the house when the Carmichaels went to live in their new mansion in the Earl of Stirling's Close.

Keeping steadily along the street we reach the lower end of **College Wynd**, now called **Guthrie Street**. Here, an ancient building on the right-hand side, was where the famous Beau Forrester lived for a time, who affected to act for Edinburgh the part Beau Brummel played for London. He was accustomed to be dressed by his valet each morning at an open window, in order that the 'barbarous natives might learn how a gentleman ought to dress.' His toilet occupied three hours in duration, and as he dressed twice a day, a fourth part of his time was spent before the glass.

Turning back along the Cowgate until we reach its western end once more, we begin to ascend the

CANDLEMAKER ROW.

This is simply (as Maitland records) the first portion of the old thoroughfare which led from the Grassmarket and Cowgate Head to the lands of Bristo, and thence on to Powburn; and it was down this way that a portion of the routed Flemings, with Guy of Namur at their head, fled towards the Castle Rock after their defeat on the Burghmuir in 1385. Half-way up the Row there is a curious building with a dumpy, turret-shaped entrance and an outside stair. This is one of the few existing examples of pre-Flodden architecture. For a long time the insignia of the Observantine Order of Franciscans surmounted its doorway, and this therefore was a part of the monastic buildings of the Greyfriars. Here WILLIAM DUNBAR was reported to have resided for a time. The house bears evidence of being of great antiquity. But immediately before coming to this house we should have remarked an example of the ancient booths or *krames* which originally were clustered all round St. Giles' Church and other places. In these the early Edinburgh burgesses drove a thriving trade, though their size

would certainly not have permitted that exercise always associated with limited space—'swinging a cat.' This one was in use until twenty years ago.[1]

The eye next catches, as we walk up the steep ascent, a projecting turnpike stair with a coat of arms over the doorway. This was the hall of the ancient Corporation of Candlemakers, which has long since been dissolved. Here, in one of the houses on the right-hand side of the doorway on the topmost story, resided the notorious ruffian and footpad, JOHN BOYD, for killing whom Dr. Symons of the 51st or Edinburgh Regiment of Militia was tried for his life in 1810. 'Dr. Symons, after being at a dinner-party in Buccleuch Place, was returning home through Candlemaker Row to the Castle, accompanied by Lieutenant Ronaldson of the same regiment. When they were opposite Paterson's Inn, which was located in the high tenement next to the Corporation of Candlemakers, they were attacked by two men, one of whom, the notorious Boyd, struck the doctor a blow behind the neck, and subsequently attempted to wrest his sword away, knocking him down and kicking him at the same time. Staggering to his feet, and burning with rage, the doctor drew his sword and pursued his assailant down the Row to Merchant Street, where a fresh struggle ensued, and Boyd was run through the body and left bleeding in the gutter, where he was found dead. The jury returned a verdict of "Not Guilty" on the doctor being brought up for trial.'

Crossing George IV. Bridge we take a passing glimpse at all that remains of the famous fashionable quarter,

BROWN SQUARE,

built by and named after the architect, GEORGE BROWN, a brother of Brown of Lindsaylands and Elliston. He was also the projector and builder of George Square and Buccleuch Place. Brown Square is now merely a part of Chambers Street. The last house on the north side of the Square, before reaching Crombie's or Scott's Close, now occupied by the Medical College for Women, was the residence of LORD PRESIDENT MILLER, the interior of which, with its frescoes and panellings, is now one of the finest specimens remaining of a fashionable Edinburgh mansion of the eighteenth century. Here also lived and died his son, LORD GLENLEE, who retained until within a

[1] It was removed, while this edition was passing through the press, in May 1898.—O. S.

few years of his death the practice, at one time so general among lawyers, of walking daily to Court hat in hand, and with his powdered wig well arranged. Lord Glenlee was in the habit of walking in this manner through Brown Square, down Crombie's Close, across the Cowgate, and up the back stairs to the Parliament House, attended by his valet and always scrupulously dressed in black. In 1838, when nearly eighty years of age, this grand lord of the old school was compelled to have recourse to a sedan chair, by which he was wont to be carried to Court by George IV. Bridge.

The house on the south side, until lately occupied by Leggat's Whip and Thong establishment, was the dwelling where HENRY MACKENZIE, the author of *The Man of Feeling*, and the *doyen* of Scots literary men in the days of Scott, lived for some time. He was born in Candlemaker Row, as we have seen, and possibly moved hither after the death of his father. Mackenzie was probably living here when *The Man of the World* was written in 1777, and later, during his editorship of *The Mirror* and *The Lounger* in 1778 and 1785. He was born in 1745, and died 1831. His works are now wholly forgotten. 'The principal object of all his novels has been to reach and sustain a tone of moral pathos by representing the effect of incidents, whether important or trifling, on the human mind, and especially on those which are not only just, honourable, and intelligent, but so framed as to be responsive to those finer feelings to which ordinary hearts are callous' (Scott, *Lives of the Novelists*).

Passing up out of Chambers Street for a moment we enter another of the old fashionable quarters of Edinburgh in pre-New Town days. This fact is notified in its name,

SOCIETY.

The tall house on the west side, and facing the gable end of the Museum, was occupied for some years by the celebrated LORD HAILES after he had left Todrig's Wynd, and before he settled in New Street. Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes) was born in Edinburgh, October 28, 1726, and died in 1792. He was an excellent judge and a historian of much merit. 'As a man of general erudition, he stands, if we except Warburton, almost without a rival in the age he lived in. His skill in classical learning, the *belles lettres* and historical antiquities, especially those of his own country, have been universally admitted, and had popularity been

his intention—and it was of too many of his contemporaries—there cannot be a doubt that he could have made himself the most shining meteor among them' (Chambers's *Eminent Scotsmen*).

Striking through 'Society' and coming out into **Lindsay Place** through the *pend* called 'The Hole i' the Wa',' by which is commemorated one of the old taverns which stood here, and whose name is still borne by that public-house situated on the left-hand side of the archway as we pass out, we turn sharply to the left and reach the place where BRISTO PORT stood, one of the *five* great ports or gates which gave ingress and egress to the city of Edinburgh.

This was at one time a favourite place of residence—JAMES, second EARL OF ROSEBERY, for example, living here in 1739—Bristo being regarded as one of the suburbs of Edinburgh. In Bristo Port, now allocated to Messrs. Donald & Co.'s China Warehouse, was the old George Inn, whence the coaches from about 1775 to 1795 were wont to start daily for Carlisle and London, also for Glasgow, Greenock, and the West of Scotland. The signboard which spans the narrow lane is said to be the same as occupied that position in the days of this grand old coaching hostelry.

No. **18** is still the entry to the first Secession Church in Edinburgh, congregated by Ralph Erskine, and of which Adam Gib was first minister. This same congregation was ministered to by Drs. James and William Peddie, whose united ministries covered the long period of 128 years, the father having been 63 years and the son 65, only a short collegiate term having existed. In the congregation families still exist to the fifth generation.

In **Hamilton's Entry** existed till recent days the schoolhouse attended by Sir Walter Scott, though in the end degraded to the uses of a blacksmith's shop. Here in 1778 Mr. Luckmore had his school, a very worthy preceptor, who was much esteemed by Scott's father, at whose table he was for many years a weekly guest.

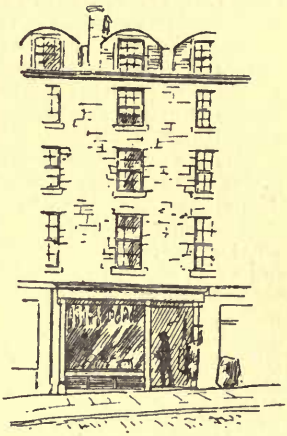
In No. **44** Bristo, and running through to Potterrow, is **General's Entry**, where Burns's CLARINDA resided, and where she received the poet in December 1787. From this place emanated her share of the famous Clarinda-Sylvander correspondence. She was the cousin-german of Lord Craig (who allowed her an annuity), and had been deserted by a

worthless husband. She continued to reside here until 1840, when she died at the age of eighty-two.

After reaching the end of Bristo Street we retrace our steps to where this thoroughfare is intersected by

LOTHIAN STREET.

At No. 42, one of the flats was the residence of THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Dr. Japp (*Life and Writings of De Quincey*) says: '42 Lothian Street was an address very familiar to De Quincey's friends or to curious persons for a long series of years. . . . The Lothian Street life ran alongside the Mavis Bush life in a very unique way.' 'My first lodging in Edinburgh,' writes R. Rowe (*Episodes of an Obscure Life*), 'were the rooms in Lothian Street in which De Quincey died. I was, in fact, their next tenant. The good people of the house, a widow, her maiden sister, and a niece, had a very worshipful recollection of their "nice little gentleman"—that was their phrase for him. They evidently liked him, and said that he was "bonnie and soft spoken." . . . This maiden sister seems to have been really a mature guardian angel to De Quincey. More than once she said she had "put him out," when he had fallen asleep with his head on the table, and overturned a candle on his papers. She used to buy his apparel for him piecemeal: now a pair of socks, now a pair of boots, now a coat, now a waistcoat—never a whole suit.' 'I am somewhat weary of Lothian Street,' De Quincey wrote to his daughter, 'but should Lothian Street spitefully retort that she is weary of me, *that* happens to be impossible, as I can prove, for she has never seen me. At the end of the penultimate (not the ultimate) week of May 1856, did I, the underwritten, enter upon these Wilsonian rooms or room; out of which stirred have I not in any street or streetlet, once only excepted, three or four weeks back, when I went to the theatre for the purpose



LOTHIAN STREET.

of seeing and hearing Grisi.' In a letter of February 1855 is an indication of more healthful habits than those above described: 'I am in deadly depression of nervousness, spite of which, however, I meditate great exertions; and (with the benefit of a daily nine or ten miles' excursion) I believe I could accomplish my plans.' T. J. Hogg, quoted by Page, describes De Quincey as 'a noticeably small figure, attired in a capacious garment which was made too large, and which served the purpose of both under and overcoat. . . . It was some time before the extreme refinement of his face was noticed—not, indeed, till the voice, gentle, clear, and silvery, began to be heard, when the eye ceased to be diverted by a certain oddity in the general appearance and was attracted by the brow, which, from its prominence, gave an aspect of almost childlike smallness to the under face, and by the eyes, which, combined with a singular power of quiet scrutiny, suggested something of weariness.' The latest period of De Quincey's addiction to opium in large quantities, drinking it, as Thomas Hood said, as another would drink claret, was in the period 1841-44, at which latter date the physical suffering, which was the original cause of his resorting to it, seems to have greatly abated. De Quincey was born at Greenhay, Manchester, August 15th, 1785. His best-known works are *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, one of the finest pieces of impassioned prose in the language. His works have been collected in sixteen volumes, published by Messrs. A. & C. Black, but consist almost entirely of contributions to periodicals. He died in this Lothian Street house in December 1859, having, in spite of the extraordinary trials to which his constitution had been subjected, attained the age of seventy-four.

In No. 21, the second floor, is a house which ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON often frequented in his student days. Several of his college friends lodged here, and many were the *noctes cœnaque deorum* held there by this group of light-hearted young men. Only one of these, alas, survives now—the writer!

At No. 11 'CHARLES DARWIN and his brother Erasmus took lodgings in October 1833, at Mrs. Mackay's house, four flights of steps from the ground floor.' This information was given by Mr. Francis Darwin to the writer of an article in the *Edinburgh Dispatch* for May 22, 1888. The Darwins were then attending the medical classes at the University.

South College Street, at the end of Lothian Street, leads into Nicolson Street, a short distance southward in which is

NICOLSON SQUARE.

At No. 3 was living in 1804-1816, DR. J. BORTHWICK GILCHRIST, the eminent Oriental scholar, who, though trained for the medical profession, in the exercise of which he went out to India, earned his degree as LL.D. by the remarkable lingual acquirements which gave an impetus to the study of Hindustani among the servants of the East India Company previously unknown. His health compelled him to return home in 1804. Of his peculiar character an interesting account is furnished in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*: 'On returning home, Dr. Gilchrist set up his residence in his native Edinburgh, and there his fiery Eastern temper, his liberal opinions in politics, which trenched upon republicanism, and his eccentricity of conduct, as well as of opinion, astonished the gravity of his wondering fellow-citizens. Being too impatient to be idle, he instituted, in conjunction with Mr. James Inglis, a bank in the Scottish capital . . . but the other banks, doubtful of its management, looked so unfavourably upon it, that the establishment after some time was closed. He set up an aviary at his house on the north side of Nicolson Square, the building being largely trellised with wire-work, and stored with all manner of bright and curious birds; and the natives, who gazed and marvelled, thought it the strangest of Noah's arks, or the best of raree-shows. From his strong language, especially at civic meetings, and his aptitude to take offence, he was liable to be involved in serious quarrels. . . . Such was Dr. Gilchrist in Edinburgh, and where these singularities were perhaps more vividly remembered in later periods than his talents, his kindliness and benevolence, by which they were more than counterpoised.' In 1816 he settled in London, where he derived a good income from tuition in Hindustani and Persian. 'At this time his bushy head and whiskers were as white as Himalayan snow, and in such contrast to the active expressive face which beamed from the centre of the mass, that he was likened to a royal Bengal tiger—a resemblance of which he was proud.' He died in Paris in 1841, having reached the age of eighty-two.

The house at the north-west corner of the square was long occupied by DAVID, EARL OF LEVEN AND MELVILLE, who in 1782 became Commissioner to the General Assembly, an office which he held until 1801.[1]

[1] It is somewhat of a curious coincidence that exactly one hundred years subsequent his collateral descendant should hold the same office in May 1898.—O. S.

NICOLSON STREET.

No. 58, the Asylum for the Blind, was the residence of DR. JOSEPH BLACK, 'the illustrious Nestor,' as he was called by Lavoisier, 'of the chemical revolution,' whose discovery of latent heat may, it has been remarked, be said, through James Watt, who studied it, to have laid the foundation of the practical use of steam. As successor to Dr. Cullen in the Chair of Chemistry in Edinburgh in 1766, he rendered chemistry a fashionable study in Edinburgh, and it came to be considered an essential part of the education of a gentleman. He is said to have been unambitious of distinction, and of an indolent temperament, of delicate health, frugal and methodical, but hospitable to the extent permitted by his physical infirmities. Among his associates were Smith, Hume, Carlyle, Home, and Hutton. Cockburn (*Memorials*) says of him: 'He was a striking and beautiful person: tall, very thin, and cadaverously pale; his hair carefully powdered, though there was very little of it, except what was collected into a long thin queue; his eyes dark, clear, and large, like deep pools of pure water. He wore black speckless clothes, silk stockings, silver braces, and either a slim green umbrella, or a genteel brown cane. The general frame and air were feeble and slender. The wildest boy respected Black. No lad could be irreverent towards a man so pale, so gentle, so elegant, so illustrious. . . . He died seated with a bowl of milk on his knee, of which his ceasing to live did not spill a drop; a departure which it seemed after the event happened might have been foretold of this philosophical gentleman.' Cockburn gives also an amusing picture of Black and his relative Sir Adam Ferguson—the two philosophers—'rioting over a boiled turnip.' Black never married. His fortune was disposed of in a most singular fashion, being 'divided into one hundred shares, and parcelled out to a numerous list of relatives in numbers or fractions of shares, according to the degree in which they were proper objects of his care or solicitude' (Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*). He died in 1799 at the age of seventy-one. The building, which formerly had two windows on either side of the raised entrance, was purchased for the Asylum in 1807.

At No. 94 the REV. THOMAS M'CRIE was living prior to 1821. We have given him the title which he himself preferred, though possessing the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The biography of John Knox, a work undertaken at a time 'when he had the weekly and daily toil of a Scottish Secession

minister to interrupt him, as well as its very scanty emoluments, to impede his efforts, and limit his literary resources,' was published in 1811, and, highly praised by both the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Review*, at once achieved a widespread success. But the production of this and other works, and the intensity with which he entered into the ecclesiastical controversies of the time, combined with the loss of his wife in 1821, so affected his health, while his sight was so much impaired with long examination of the dim and difficult manuscripts which formed a large part of his biographical researches, that he spent a long time abroad, and in 1822 settled, on his return, in Salisbury Place. Lockhart, in *Peter's Letters*, describes him as 'a tall slender man, with a pale face, full of shrewdness, and a pair of piercing black eyes—a shade of deep-secluded melancholy passing ever and anon across their surface, dimming their brilliancy. His voice, too, had a mild but very unpleasant shrillness in it sometimes.' Born in 1772, he died in 1835.

Turning to the left when reaching the intersection of West Richmond Street with Nicolson Street, and proceeding down the former a little distance, we reach **Simon Square**, where in No. 28 THOMAS CARLYLE lodged when he first came to Edinburgh. This was the period described in the *Reminiscences*, where the future author of *Sartor* passed through those experiences which he has so graphically pictured as befalling his Teufelsdröckh. Those were the years also of which Carlyle spoke to Mr. Moncure Conway. 'Very little help did I get from any one, and, as I may say, no sympathy at all, in all this old town. And if there was any difference it was found least where I might most have hoped for it. There was Professor [Leslie]. For years I attended his lectures at all weathers and all hours. Many a time when the class was called together, it was found to consist of one individual—to wit, of him now speaking—and still oftener, when others were present, the only person who had at all looked into the lesson assigned was the same humble individual. I remember no instance in which these facts elicited any note or comment from that instructor. He once requested me to translate a mathematical paper, and I worked at it through the whole of one Sunday, and it was laid before him, and it was received without remark or thanks. After such long years I came to part with him and to get my certificate. Without a word he wrote on a bit of paper, "I certify that Mr. Thomas Carlyle has been in my class during his College course, and has made good progress

in his studies." Then he rang a bell and ordered a servant to open the front door for me. Not the slightest sign I was a person whom he could have distinguished in any crowd' (Moncure Conway's *Carlyle*).

In a narrow alley called **Paul Street**, in the house on the south side, now marked No. 3, DAVID WILKIE took up his abode on his arrival in Edinburgh in 1799. The room he occupied was the small back one on the flat at the top of the common stair. He was then in his fourteenth year, and so little was thought of his turn for art that it required all the powerful influence of the kindly old Earl of Leven to obtain him admission as a student at the Academy of the Board of Trustees, then under the direction of John Graham, and where he had Sir William Allan and James Burnet as fellow-students. Here he went through great privations in order to prosecute his design of becoming a great Scots artist—privations which permanently weakened his health. From this (says Grant) he removed to a better lodging in East Richmond Street.

Retracing our steps and crossing the tramway lines in Nicolson Street, we reach

WEST NICOLSON STREET.

In a house at the west end of West Nicolson Street, looking towards St. Cuthbert's Chapel of Ease burying-ground, THOMAS BLACKLOCK, the blind poet, occupied the two upper flats on coming to Edinburgh in 1764. He had, however, been resident in Edinburgh ten years before, when his poems were first published, and when, after his leaving the city, Hume wrote to Matthew Sharp of Hoddam: 'I have enclosed this letter under one to my friend Mr. Blacklock, who has retired to Dumfries, and proposes to reside there for a time'; and requests him to 'send for a cargo' of the poems which Blacklock had just published by subscription, and many of which he pronounces to be 'extremely beautiful,' and 'to engage your acquaintance to purchase them.' Burton, Hume's biographer, says that Hume 'busied himself with many schemes for enabling his unfortunate friend to gain a subsistence, which might make him enjoy "the glorious privilege of being independent," but with small success.' He presented Blacklock with his salary as librarian of the Advocates' Library for two or three years, during which he retained the office—for his own convenience of having access

to the books—while under censure from the committee for introducing certain French works on his own responsibility. Blacklock's settlement here in 1764 was subsequent to his rejection by the parishioners of Kirkcudbright as a pastor on account of his infirmity, and the adjudication of a moderate annuity as compensation. His ministerial career thus cut short, he resorted to receiving boarders into his house, some of whom also conducted their studies under his supervision. It was in consequence of the letter which Blacklock wrote to Burns on the first appearance of his poems that Burns relinquished his emigration scheme and came to Edinburgh, where Blacklock introduced him to many friends. This was in 1786. Dr. Johnson was entertained here at tea by Mrs. Blacklock in 1773. Blacklock is described as a man of most amiable disposition and gentle manners, warm to intensity in his feelings, and witty and entertaining in his conversation. He was fond of music and carried a flageolet in his pocket, the use of which he said had been suggested to him in a dream. A curious story of somnambulism is told in the memoir prefixed to his works in Anderson's *British Poets*, as having occurred at an inn at Kirkcudbright on the day of his ordination, when Blacklock, having fallen asleep after dinner, 'was called on by a friend, answered his salutation, rose and went with him into the dining-room, where some of his companions were met. He joined with two of them in a concert, singing as usual, with taste and elegance, without missing a note or forgetting a word. He then went to supper and drank a glass or two of wine. His friends, however, observed him to be a little absent and inattentive; by and by he began to speak to himself, but in so slow and so confused a manner as to be unintelligible. At last, being pretty forcibly roused, he awoke with a sudden start, unconscious of all that had happened, as till then he had continued fast asleep.' Blacklock died in 1791, at seventy years of age.

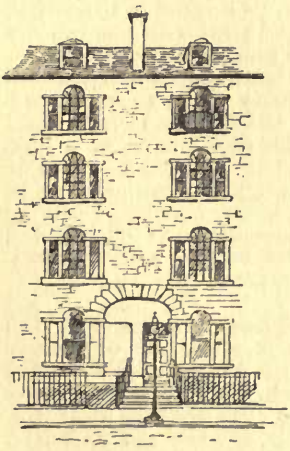
In **Palmer's Buildings**, on the right-hand side, there is an attic room overlooking the street, where the well-known Scots painter RUNCIMAN lived, and where Robert Fergusson the poet was wont to repair when sitting to the painter as his model for the picture of 'The Prodigal Son.' Dr. A. B. Grosart says, with manly sincerity and an honest indignation that will raise an echo in every breast that hates injustice: 'There was nothing in the life of Robert Fergusson to warrant the hideous and unhappy words of Stevenson (even though appropriated by himself), of "drunken" and

"vicious." With reference to the latter and Irving's representation that his associates led him down "through all the stages of vice," there is not one jot or tittle of evidence. In a time of licence and fast living, no so-called love *liaisons* ever came up against him, no "woman's skaith" was ever laid at his door' ('Robert Fergusson' in *Famous Scots Series*).

Windmill Street, at the end of West Nicolson Street, and Windmill Lane, going south, lead into

BUCCLEUCH PLACE.

No. 18 possesses a strong literary interest. FRANCIS JEFFREY brought his newly married wife here in 1801. 'A bold step,' writes Brougham, in his own *Life*, 'for his father was unable to assist him; his wife (Miss Catherine Wilson) had no fortune; and his professional income did not exceed £100 a year. They took a house—or, to speak more correctly, a third floor or a flat in Buccleuch Place,'—'Not in either the eighth or ninth story, neither of which ever existed, but in the third story of what is now No. 18.' This reference of Cockburn's (*Life of Jeffrey*) is to Sydney Smith, who, probably prompted by a humorous impulse to indicate the enormous elevation of many Edinburgh houses, wrote of the first discussion of the *Edinburgh Review* as follows: 'Towards the end of my residence in Edinburgh, Brougham, Jeffrey, and myself happened to meet in an eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place. I proposed that we should set up a review: this was received with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number. The motto I proposed was "*Tenui musam meditamur avena*"—"We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." This was too near the truth to be admitted. . . . When I left, the *Review* fell into the stronger hands of Jeffrey and Brougham, and reached the highest point of popularity and success'



18 BUCCLEUCH PLACE.

(*Preface to Collected Writings of Sydney Smith*). On this statement, Brougham remarks: 'Nothing can be more imaginative than nearly the whole account. In the first place, there never was a house eight or nine stories high in Buccleuch Place, or in any of that portion of the New Town of Edinburgh. No house at that time exceeded three stories. In the second place, Smith was never appointed editor.' He admits, however, that he superintended the production of the first number. Later on, Brougham writes: 'I can never forget Buccleuch Place, for it was there, one stormy night in March 1802, that Sydney Smith first announced to me his idea of establishing a critical periodical, a review of works of literature and science. I believe he had already mentioned this to Jeffrey and Horner; but on that night the project was for the first time discussed by Smith, Jeffrey, and me.' Jeffrey removed from here to Queen Street (see JEFFREY, pp. 79, 105, 123, 156, 186).

In No. 28, the third flat, in December 1815 was born the late WILLIAM HENRY GOOLD, D.D., one of the most eloquent of Edinburgh preachers. Here also he lived until his marriage, when he took the flat above his father's as the place wherein to begin his wedded life. Dr. Goold for many years was one of the leading ornaments of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and after its union with the Free Church in 1876, he attained to a high position in the counsels of the latter. For upwards of fifty-six years Dr. Goold was minister of Martyrs Church. He died in 1897, widely regretted. His labours as Eastern Secretary of the National Bible Society of Scotland were of a most self-denying character.

No. 29 was the residence in youth of the REV. DR. JAMES HAMILTON of Regent Square Church, London. Mr. Josiah Livingston in his interesting booklet, *Our Street*, says, 'We had our attention called one day to the arrival of a family to occupy the street door of No. 29. They were evidently from the country, and the furniture had come a long way. From the number of packages filled with books it appeared to be the family of a clergyman, and it turned out to be the widow and family of Dr. Hamilton of Strathblane. Besides the mother and two daughters, there were three lads in the family, one much older than we were, one not so much older, and one somewhat younger than we; but they were all shy of mixing with us street boys, for no doubt we would seem rough to lads brought up in a rural manse. We came to know the eldest best, although he was nearly done with his

terms as a divinity student, for he was a thorough boy although a big one, and liked an excursion on a Saturday to Blackford or Braid or Bonally as well as any; and knew better than we did the birds and the flowers and the plants which we saw in the Hermitage Dell, or on the hills. We used to see in his little room some men of whom the world has since heard something, mostly Glasgow men, for James had gone through his arts course in Glasgow College. Arnot was often there, for he and James had been close companions in Glasgow, as happy and boylike as James himself, only as fat as James was thin. And we once saw Robert M. M'Cheyne there, and often there was a Glasgow lad in delicate health, of whom James remarked as he introduced us to each other, "This is Halley, the man who beat Tait" (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury). Of all the men of his years in both Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities, there was no one who gave so much promise of great things as James Halley, son of the Coal Check at the East End of Glasgow, who beat all the men of his time in their own departments, but died of consumption ere he was licensed for the ministry.'

In No. 30 there also resided for a time in his boyhood 'the HONOURABLE GEORGE BROWN, at one time Prime Minister of Canada. George went from "Our Street" to America under disadvantageous circumstances, and by sheer force of character and indomitable perseverance made himself one of the first men in Canada, and perhaps the best-known man in the Dominion. He came to an untimely end by violence, and his funeral in Toronto was the most remarkable display of public mourning Canada ever saw' (Josiah Livingston's *Our Street*).

It should be mentioned here that the large and isolated tenement facing the south-east entrance to George Square, and embracing Nos. 14, 15, 16, was built and used for many years as Assembly Rooms for the aristocratic denizens of this quarter. 'In these beautiful rooms were to be seen the last and lingering remains of that stately courtesy and rigid ball-room discipline which characterised the preceding age' (*Cockburn's Memorials*).

A short passage at the west end of Buccleuch Place leads into

GEORGE SQUARE.

No. 5 (now the site of George Watson's School for Young Ladies) was where ADMIRAL LORD DUNCAN, the hero of

Camperdown, lived. Here his family resided while he hoisted his flag on board the *Venerable* and blockaded the Texel until the mutiny at the Nore compelled him to bear up for the Yarmouth Roads. 'Britain was then at war with France and Holland (1797), and had De Winter, the great naval commander of the Dutch, known that the "Mistress of the Seas" was so crippled by the mutiny of nearly all her sailors, there is no doubt that he would have chosen that moment to make a descent on our shores, when the history of Europe might have been entirely changed. It was then that Duncan conceived the happy expedient of sailing with his two vessels—all that remained of the great British navy for the time being—to within sight of De Winter's fleet, then lying in Texel, and by making signals as if his fleet were in the offing, deceiving the wary De Winter into the belief that he was blocked up by a superior squadron. The stratagem was employed with entire success, nor indeed was it known to De Winter that a deception had been practised upon him until he had become his antagonist's prisoner. This manœuvre, so singular in its conception, so successful in its execution, and performed at a moment of such extreme national difficulty, stands unparalleled in naval history, and alone, as was said in Parliament, gave to him who devised it as good a claim to the honour of a coronet and to his country's gratitude as if he had gained a great victory.

'But Admiral Duncan was destined to achieve the latter also, by his great naval victory of Camperdown over the Dutch Admiral De Winter, when the power of Holland at sea was for ever shattered. The opposing fleets were exactly equal, each sixteen sail of the line, and after a terrible engagement De Winter struck his flag, and was brought on board the *Venerable* to surrender his sword. When the conflict was over Admiral Duncan ordered the crew of his ship to come together, and falling down upon his knees before them returned solemn thanks to the God of Battle for the victory He had given them, and for the protection He had afforded them in the hour of danger. This impressive act of pious humility affected the Dutch admiral to tears. Naval tacticians accord to Admiral Duncan great merit for this action. It stands distinguished from every other battle by the bold expedient of running the fleet between the enemy and a lee-shore with a strong wind blowing on the land, a mode of attack which none of his predecessors had ever hazarded. For this great triumph he was elevated to the peerage' (*Lives of Eminent Scotsmen*). To this George Square house 'he brought home the great ensign and sword

of the Dutch admiral, and instead of presenting them to the Government, retained them in his own house in Edinburgh, and there, if we remember rightly, they were shown by him to Sir James Hall of Dunglass and his son, the future Basil Hall, then an aspirant for the navy. To the latter the old Admiral said with honest pride, "Come, my lad, and I'll show you something worth looking at." He then led him into the room where the ensign and sword hung' (*Old and New Edinburgh*).

In No. 46, which is not exactly in the square but in the street running down toward Buccleuch Place, lived a family of old ladies who in their day had been the most famous beauties of Edinburgh. 'On their door was a very old oval brass plate, "ALEXANDER ROBERTSON," but never in our day (1831) had there been seen any member of the family except the maiden sisters, of whom there were four. We used from the street to see them dressing at their mirrors, and they never thought of drawing their blinds as they used the hare's foot to their cheeks, which we knew were beholden to art for their fine complexions. Even in age they showed the remains of beauty of a high order, and their manners and bearing were courtly. It was said that one of them had been engaged to a Duke of Buccleuch, and though the pigs had run through the match, neither she nor any of her sisters would henceforth accept the suit of any one under an Earl. I had been sent one day to pay some rents to Mr. John Irving, cousin of and agent for Sir George Clerk, and knowing that I was from "Our Street" he said, "And when did you see Jess Robertson? and how was she?" I replied that I had seen Miss Robertson getting into a carriage the previous day, and that she looked well. "Ah!" said he, "she's a bonny lass, Jess Robertson; but what am I speaking of? She was a bonny lass forty years before you were born—but eh, laddie, she's a proud ane." They required the minutest detail to be done in the very best manner, and although we felt the style of the old ladies to be an anachronism, we could not laugh even when we saw them, when far up in years and failing fast, yet dressing and trying to look in the style of what they had been more than half a century before, when the Assembly Rooms were in "Our Street" and they were leaders in the throng of fashion which congregated there' (Josiah Livingston's *Our Street*).

On the west side of the street we note No. 20 as formerly the residence of MR. ROBERT SYM, W.S., uncle of Professor Wilson, and one of the beaux of the last three decades of

last century, but perhaps better known as 'Timothy Tickler' of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, which name he also sometimes assumed for his literary productions. He devoted a great portion of his leisure hours to literary pursuits. He furnished many articles to the periodicals of the day, and is known to have been a man of very extensive reading and information, with no inconsiderable talent for poetical composition. Though not unobservant of contemporaneous literature, he dwelt with far greater fondness on the remarkable works produced by the worthies of his own early days—the Humes, Robertsons, and Smiths, and there were few of his contemporaries more conversant with the writings of these great authors (*Kay's Portraits*).

No. 22 was the residence of JOHN BRADFUTE, of the firm of Bell and Bradfute, the oldest existing bookselling house in Scotland, as it goes back to 1734. At the house of Mr. Bradfute Jane Welsh often spent her holidays, and here Thomas Carlyle was permitted to visit her before marriage. 'Braddy,' as she called him, was frequently mentioned in her letters.

At No. 25 resided, at the close of the last century, Mr. Walter Scott, Writer to the Signet, described by Lockhart as 'a most just, honourable, and conscientious man, who, as a relative is reported to have said of him, "passed from the cradle to the grave without making an enemy or losing a friend."' Here the youth and young manhood of SIR WALTER SCOTT were passed, and so far was his father from having any prescience of his celebrity that he once said of him in reply to young Walter's expression of a taste for wandering, flute in hand, like Goldsmith over Europe, 'I greatly doubt, sir, you were born for nae better than a gangrel scrape-gut.' As a reminiscence of his school-days, Scott in the general preface to the Waverley Novels tells of the conflicts with the boys of the Crosscauseway, Bristo Street, and the Potterrow, who sometimes carried the battle into the precincts of the square. Being attacked by a swelling in his ankle—the cause of his subsequent lameness—a prolonged confinement to the house first led to his love of reading and the acquisition of a large store of knowledge. Then, when, an apprentice to his father, the time came for his law-studies, he tells, in the fragment of autobiography prefacing Lockhart's *Life*, how 'a little parlour was assigned to me in my father's house, which was spacious and convenient; and I took the exclusive possession of my new realms with all the feelings of novelty and

liberty. Let me do justice to the only years of my life in which I applied to learning with stern, steady, and undeviating industry.' Narrating how, while studying with his friend William Clerk for mutual benefit, he found the arrangement for alternate early morning meetings at each other's houses fall through on account of his friend's resolution being 'inadequate to severing him from his couch,' he 'agreed to go every morning to his house, which being at the extremity of Princes Street, New Town, was a walk of two miles—with great punctuality, however, I beat him up to his task every morning before seven o'clock.' In the concluding paragraph of his brief autobiographic fragment, he says: 'My father and mother, already advanced in life, saw little society at home, except that of near relations, or upon particular occasions; so that I was left to form connections in a great measure for myself.'

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Jeffrey, calling on the young student, found him 'in a small den in the sunk floor of his father's house surrounded with books.' The following description by Lockhart of the 'den' was obtained by him 'from a lady of Scott's family.' 'Walter had soon begun to collect out-of-the-way things of all sorts. He had more books than shelves; a small painted cabinet with Scotch and Roman coins in it, and so forth; a claymore, a Lochaber axe given him by old Invernahyle, mounted guard on a little print of Prince Charlie; and *Broughton's Saucer* was hooked up against the wall below it. Such was the germ of the magnificent library and museum at Abbotsford. . . . Since those days the habits of life in Edinburgh as elsewhere have undergone many changes, and the "convenient parlour" in which Scott first showed Jeffrey his collections of minstrelsy is now, in all probability, thought hardly good enough for a menial's sleeping room.' In Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh* (1869) it is stated that the room 'possesses one valuable memento—on one of the window panes his name is still seen, inscribed with a diamond in a schoolboy hand.' From George Square, when

at College, Scott used to make excursions in the vacation, in company with John Irving and 'three or four books from the circulating library,' to Salisbury Crags, Arthur's Seat, or Blackford Hill, and there feast together—both from the same book and Scott the most quickly—on Spenser, Ariosto, Boiardo, and *The Castle of Otranto.* A rupture of a blood-vessel in the lower bowels laid him up for many weeks, when 'with his bed piled with a constant succession of works of imagination' he played eagerly at chess with Irving, not having then discovered, as in after-life, that it was 'a sad waste of brains.' A slovenliness of attire which had previously characterised him seems to have been thrown aside in 1790, when a lady who remembered him well at the old Assembly Rooms told Lockhart he was 'a comely creature'; and he said of himself: 'It was a proud night with me when I first found that a pretty young woman could think it worth her while to sit and talk with me hour after hour, in a corner of the ball-room, while all the world were capering in our view.'

In the previous paragraph reference has been made to *Broughton's Saucer.* This was a relic which the young Walter had carefully preserved of a scene which took place here between the father and mother (a lady 'short of stature and by no means comely') of the poet. The lady's curiosity being excited by the mysterious passage from a sedan chair 'at a certain hour every evening' of a 'person carefully muffled up in a mantle' into the house, who was immediately ushered into her husband's private room, Mrs. Scott came on one occasion, uninvited, into the room just as the mysterious visitor was about to leave—on the pretence of bringing a cup of tea, as their interview had been so prolonged. When the stranger, 'a person of distinguished appearance and richly draped,' had received a cup, disposed of its contents, and withdrawn, Mr. Scott threw the empty cup out of the window; and, in reply to the lady's exclamation at the loss of her china, said: 'I can forgive your little curiosity, madam, but you must pay the penalty. I may admit into my house on a piece of business persons wholly unworthy to be treated as guests by my wife. Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr. Murray of Broughton.' Murray was the traitorous secretary of Prince Charles Stuart. (See SCOTT, pp. 94, 106, 108, 109, 128, 140, 141.)

No. 24 or 26—which, is now unknown—was the residence of HENRY ERSKINE very shortly after the completion of the square, then considered the most fashionable part of Edin-

burgh. Fergusson (*Life of Erskine*) quotes the late Earl of Buchan [son of Henry Erskine] with reference to this period of his father's life: 'Walter Scott's family lived next them in the square, No. 25, and they met on friendly terms, though the difference of politics discouraged intimacy. I find the name of Walter Scott, W.S., frequently among my father's law-papers, and receipts for the rent of Scott's stables, which Henry Erskine took for his black horses. [His yellow carriage and black horses were a familiar sight in Edinburgh at this time.] Little Watty, before he could speak plainly, was always running in and out of our house, to my mother's great annoyance. She used to call him "that silly, tiresome boy."' Cockburn, in his *Life of Jeffrey*, says of Henry Erskine: 'His name can no sooner be mentioned than it suggests ideas of wit, with which, in many memories, the recollection is chiefly associated. A tall and rather slender figure, a face sparkling with vivacity, a clear, sweet voice, and a general suffusion of elegance, gave him a striking and pleasing appearance.' Brougham (*Life*) says: 'Harry Erskine both in society and in public was the most popular advocate —indeed the most popular man. His education was entirely confined to Edinburgh, but he had none of the accent or other provincialisms of the place. His taste was well cultivated, but far from severe. . . . His speaking was of a very high order.' The editor of *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits* describes him as 'above the middle size, and eminently handsome. His voice was powerful, his manner of delivery peculiarly graceful, his enunciation accurate and distinct.' The stories of Erskine's wit are innumerable, and many of them have been assigned to other eminent men. In *Kay's Portraits* we read in reference to his appointment as Lord Advocate during the coalition administration, in succession to Henry Dundas—afterwards Lord Melville: 'On the morning of the appointment he had an interview with Dundas in the Outer House, when, observing that the latter gentleman had already resumed the ordinary stuff gown which advocates are in the custom of wearing, he said gaily, that he "must leave off talking to go and order his silk gown" (the official costume of Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General). "It is hardly worth while," said Mr. Dundas drily; "for the time you will want it you had better borrow mine." Erskine's reply was exceedingly happy: "From the readiness with which you make the offer, Mr. Dundas, I have no doubt that the gown is a gown made to *fit any party*; but, however short my time in office may be, it shall ne'er be said of Henry Erskine that he put on the *abandoned habits of his*

predecessors." The predictions of Mr. Dundas proved true, however, for Erskine held office only for a very short period, in consequence of a sudden change of Ministry. He was succeeded by Ilay Campbell . . . to whom he said upon resigning his gown: "My lord, you must take nothing *off* it, for I 'll soon need it again." To which Mr. Campbell replied, "It will be *bare enough*, Harry, before you get it." On the return of the Whigs to power, Mr. Erskine once more became Lord Advocate.' Fergusson tells also the following story: 'In his early days at Parliament House, and while passing through a stage of comparative inactivity, before his practice became absorbing, Mr. Erskine was one of the most persevering of wags. It was his special delight to tease Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, who was Principal Clerk of Session . . . and one of the oddest characters of the time. On one occasion, while Henry Erskine was in court during the advising of an important case, he amused himself by making faces, as he sat at the clerk's table beneath the judges. The victim was naturally much annoyed by this procedure, but bore it as long as he could. At last he could stand it no longer, and disturbed the gravity of the court by rising and exclaiming—"My lord—my lord—I wish you would speak to Henry; he's aye makking faces at me." Harry, however, was looking graver than the judges. Quiet was restored, and the advising went on, when Sir James, happening to cast his eyes towards the bar, was met by a new grimace from his tormentor, and once more convulsed the bench, bar, and audience by roaring out in his rage—"See there, my lord, he's at it again."' Erskine's eloquence and wit were so attractive to the bench, that when on one occasion he said, 'I shall not need to take up much of your lordships' time—I shall be very brief,' one of the judges entered a mild protest: 'Hoots, Maister Harry, dinna be brief—dinna be brief.' He has been credited with the remark, in reply to the assertion that punning was the *lowest* kind of wit, that it must be the best kind, being the *foundation* of the whole. Jeffrey said of him: 'All his wit was argument, and each of his delightful illustrations a material step in reasoning'; and Cockburn said: 'He reasoned in wit,' but considered that the power was not a serviceable one, inasmuch as it 'established obstructing associations of cheerfulness, whenever he appeared, in the public mind.' Scott said of him: 'He was the best-natured man I ever knew; thoroughly a gentleman, and with but one fault—he could not say *no*, and thus sometimes misled those who trusted him.' Erskine had nothing to trouble the even flow of his

domestic life with two successive helpmates, beyond the humour of the first for 'spending half the night in examining the family wardrobe, and occasionally invoking her liege lord with such appalling inquiries as, "Harry, where's your white waistcoat?"' Erskine retired to his country seat of Almondell, in West Lothian, in 1811, on being disappointed of his hopes of preferment on the death of President Blair. It is fitting that we conclude our notice of this amiable man and exquisite humorist by narrating one more characteristic anecdote. A friend encountering him in the street, just after the death of one Wright, an indifferently successful advocate, said: 'Well, Harry, poor Johnny Wright is dead.' 'Is he?' exclaimed Erskine. 'He died very poor; they say he left no effects.' 'That's not surprising,' was the rejoinder; 'as he had no *causes*, he could have no effects.' Erskine's death occurred in 1817, at the age of seventy-one. (See ERSKINE, HENRY, p. 22.)

No. 27 was for some time the residence of SIR RALPH ABERCROMBY, who from 1788 onwards resided at intervals here. He was one of the finest soldiers Scotland has ever produced. After a most distinguished career he met his death at Aboukir in Egypt at the moment of victory. 'The French General Menou having attacked the British position early in the morning of the 21st March 1801, a desperate engagement ensued. The different corps of both nations rivalled each other in the most determined bravery, and exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of an engagement in front, flanks and rear at the same time, so much were the contending parties intermingled. . . . Having hastened on the first alarm towards the cannonading, Sir Ralph must have ridden straight amongst the enemy, who had already broken the front line and got into its rear. It was not yet day, and being unable to distinguish friend from foe he must have been embarrassed among the assailants, but was extricated by the valour of his troops. To the first soldier that came up to him he said, "Soldier, if you know me, don't name me." A French dragoon at the moment conceiving the prize he had lost, rode up to Sir Ralph, and made a cut at him, but not being near enough only cut through the clothes and grazed the skin with the point of his sabre. The dragoon's horse wheeling round brought him again to the charge and he made a second attempt by a lunge, but the sabre passed between Sir Ralph's side and his right arm. The dragoon being at the instant shot dead, the sabre remained with the General. About the same time it was

discovered that he had been wounded in the thigh, and was entreated to have the wound examined, but he treated it as a trifle and would not for a moment leave the field. No sooner, however, had the enemy begun to retreat than the excitement of feeling under which he had been acting began to subside, and he fainted from pain and the loss of blood. His wound was now examined and a large incision made in order to extract the ball, but it could not be found. He was then put upon a litter and carried aboard the *Foudroyant*, where he languished till the 28th, when he died. Of the character of Sir Ralph Abercromby there can be but one opinion. Bred to arms almost from his infancy, he appeared to be formed for command. His dispositions were always masterly and his success certain. He ended a life of dignified exertion by a death worthy of a hero' (*Eminent Scotsmen*).

No. 28 was the residence of ROBERT MACQUEEN, Lord Braxfield, who held the Lord Justice Clerkship from 1788 to 1799. He took his title from his birthplace, Braxfield, in Lanarkshire. Though a man of rough and overbearing manners he had a kind heart, and nervous young advocates making their first appearance always found in him a considerate judge. On the other hand he was the terror of 'bar flunkies,' as he called some of the smart young Parliament House fops of the day. He was admittedly the greatest authority on all questions of succession or feudal law. He detested Radicals, and in fact all Reformers. Many of the early agitators were tried by Lord Eskgrove and him. 'Though he was often threatened, it has been recorded as an instance of Lord Braxfield's great nerve that during the great political trials of 1793-94, when Margarot and his associates of the "Edinburgh Convention" were before the Court of Justiciary, and when men's blood was almost at fever heat, after each day's proceedings closed, usually about midnight, he always walked home alone and unprotected, through the dark or ill-lighted streets to his house in George Square, though he constantly commented openly on the conduct of the Radicals, and more than once announced in public, "They would a' be muckle the better o' being hung"' (*Old and New Edinburgh*).

No. 32 was long the residence of FRANCIS GRANT of Kilgraston, whose fourth son, also Francis, was the famous President of the Royal Academy (Sir Francis Grant), and whose fifth son, General Sir James Hope Grant, G.C.B.,

gained such glory under Lord Saltoun in China and subsequently in India, where he led the 9th Lancers at Sobraon, and further fought with such distinction under Lord Clyde in the Punjab War and also through the subsequent mutiny. Both these distinguished men spent their youth in this house.

In No. 33 another legal luminary lived, viz. JOHN CAMPBELL, LORD STONEFIELD. He was elevated to the Bench in 1762. In 1787 he succeeded Lord Gardenstone as a Lord of Justiciary, but he resigned the latter appointment in 1792, though he retained his seat on the Bench until his death in 1801, having been thirty-nine years a judge of the Supreme Court. 'By his wife, Lady Grace Stuart, daughter of James, second Earl of Bute, and sister of the Prime Minister, John, the third Earl, his lordship had seven sons, all of whom predeceased him. The second of these was Lieut.-Colonel John Campbell, whose memorable defence of Mangalore from May 1783 to January 1784 arrested the victorious career of Tippoo Sahib and shed a lustre over the close of that calamitous war. The hero periodically resided in this house also. As a scholar Lord Stonefield's attainments were considerable, and as a judge his decisions were marked by conciseness of expression and soundness of judgment. He was a zealous and liberal supporter of every scheme tending to promote the welfare and improvement of his native country' (*Kay's Portraits*).

No. 39 was the residence at the time of his death of DR. ALEXANDER ADAM, the writer on Roman antiquities, and Rector of the High School; the story of whose struggles in a lodging at fourpence a week in a small room at Restalrig —living on oatmeal and small beans, with an occasional penny loaf, while attending the college classes—is told with some variation by different writers. Lord Brougham, in his *Life*, says Adam received three guineas per quarter as assistant to Allan Maconochie in the capacity of tutor. This appears to be an error; his remuneration, which compelled him to the economy above detailed, having been, according to his biographer, Henderson, only a third of that amount. Few teachers have had as their pupils so many eminent men. Brougham says of him: 'Dr. Adam was a teacher of the greatest merit, and a man distinguished by qualities very rarely found in combination with his literary eminence. His temper was never soured, nor his spirits depressed; the zeal of studying and success in it sustaining him and even

making him feel happy' (*Life of Brougham*). Scott, in his autobiography, writes: 'Dr. Adam, to whom I owed so much, never failed to remind me of my obligations when I had made some figure in the literary world. He was, indeed, deeply imbued with that fortunate vanity which alone could induce a man who has arms to pare and burn a muir to submit to the yet more toilsome task of cultivating youth. . . . He remembered the fate of every boy at his school during the fifty years he had supported it, and always traced their success or misfortunes entirely to their attention or neglect when under his care. His "noisy mansion," which to others would have been a melancholy bedlam, was the pride of his heart; and the only fatigues he felt, amid din and tumult, and the necessity of reading themes, hearing lessons, and maintaining some degree of order at the same time, were relieved by comparing himself to Cæsar, who could dictate to three secretaries at once—so ready is vanity to lighten the labours of duty' (Lockhart's *Scott*). Scott, however, attributes to 'vanity' what was undoubtedly an actual love of his occupation on the part of the good Doctor. In his last moments his thoughts, in his delirium, were with his pupils; and just before he expired he was heard to say: 'It grows dark, boys; you can go; we must do the rest to-morrow.' Henderson, his biographer, thus describes him: 'His external appearance was that of a schoolmaster, who dressed neatly for his own sake, but who had never incommoded himself with fashion in the cut of his coat or the regulation of his gait. Upon the street he often appeared in a studious attitude, and in winter always walked with his hands crossed and thrust into his sleeves. His features were regular and manly, and he was above the middle size. In his well-formed proportions, and in his prim regular face, there appeared the marks of habitual temperance.' He was accustomed to devote the vacation time of six weeks to literary work, taking no holiday, and would resort to Arthur Seat for meditation. A year before his death he frequently climbed the hill before breakfast, an extraordinary achievement for a man of his age and pursuits.' He died in 1809, having reached his sixty-eighth year.

No. 45 was, in the second decade of the century, the residence of ROBERT JAMESON, Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. The 'Father of modern natural history,' as he has been called, developed his tendencies as a boy when at school by stuffing birds and collecting plants and animals on the beach at Leith. His

name will be ever associated with the Edinburgh Museum, which he developed out of the dilapidated and neglected remains of the bequest of Sir Andrew Balfour in 1694. His *Elements of Geognosy*—propounding the theories of Werner, which he had studied in Germany under the master, in opposition to those of Hutton—was produced during, or just before, his residence here; and the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* was started by him in conjunction with Brewster, towards its close, in 1819. He removed to 21 Royal Circus. Born 1772, died 1854. (See JAMESON, p. 160.)

At No. 56 died ROBERT BLAIR, Lord President of the Court of Session. 'As I was going along Maitland Street on the evening of the 20th of May 1811,' writes Lord Cockburn, 'I met Sir Henry Moncreiff, who asked me, with great agitation, if I had heard what had happened. He then told me that President Blair was dead. He had been in Court that day, apparently in good health, and had gone to take his usual walk from his house in George Square round by Bruntsfield Links and the Grange, where his solitary figure had long been a known and respected object, when he was struck with sudden illness, staggered home, and died.' Of his habits R. P. Gillies (*Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*) tells us: 'If I remember right, he used to retire to rest early . . . and rose to breakfast betwixt four and five, and had half a day's work achieved before his public duties in the Court commenced'; also, 'that light reading had a great charm for his leisure hours, and he would enjoy *Gulliver's Travels* or the last new novel with all the fresh feelings of boyhood.' Cockburn says that 'he cared neither for claret nor for whisky.' Lockhart, in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, tells how on one occasion Lord Eldin was heard to mutter between his teeth after his discomfiture in Court by the President's demolition of his sophistical argument, 'My man! God almighty spared nae pains when He made your brains.' At the death of

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Blair in 1811, a full civic ceremonial attended his body to the grave. He was seventy years of age.

At No. 57 lived ROBERT DUNDAS of Arniston, Chief Baron, the son of one Lord President, and the grandson of another. 'In public affairs,' says Cockburn, 'the most important person in this country' at the time; 'for he was Lord Advocate in the most alarming times, and at a period when extravagant and arbitrary powers were ascribed to that office. . . . He was a little, alert, handsome, gentleman-like man, with a countenance and air beaming with sprightliness and gaiety, and dignified by considerable fire, although inexpressibly pleasing' (*Memorials of My Time*). While Lord Advocate, at the trial of Muir and the other political martyrs of the period, he spoke of the 'United Irishmen' as being 'wretches who had fled from punishment.' On this, Dr. Drennan as President, and Archibald Hamilton Rowan of Killileagh, demanded in 1793 a recantation of this and other injurious epithets. No reply was accorded, and as Mr. Rowan threatened a hostile visit to Edinburgh, measures for his apprehension were taken by the Procurator Fiscal.

Accompanied by the Hon. Simon Butler, Mr. Rowan arrived at Dumbreck's Hotel, St. Andrew Square, when the former as second lost no time in visiting the Lord Advocate in George Square, where he was politely received by his lordship, who said that 'although not bound to give any explanation of what he might consider proper to state in his official capacity, yet he would answer Mr. Rowan's note without delay.' Mr. Butler had barely returned to Mr. Rowan when they were both arrested on a sheriff's warrant, but were liberated on Col. Norman Macleod, M.P., becoming surety for them, and they left Edinburgh after being entertained at a public dinner by a select number of the 'Friends of the People,' in Hunter's Tavern, Royal Exchange. He died in 1819, at the age of sixty-one.

No. 57 is very memorable also as the scene of the death of the uncle of the Chief Baron, the first LORD MELVILLE (Henry Dundas). The editor of *Kay's Edinburgh Portraits* says: 'In 1811, Lord Melville, the Principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, died in the house of his nephew, Lord Chief Baron Dundas, in George Square; having come to Edinburgh, it is believed, to attend the funeral of his old friend Lord President Blair.' Blair died in the adjoining house, No. 56. Cockburn writes: 'The first Lord Melville had retired to rest in his usual health, but was

found dead in bed next morning. These two early, attached, and illustrious friends were thus lying, suddenly dead, with but a wall between them. Their houses, on the north-east side of George Square, were next each other.' Cockburn goes on to state: 'It has always been said, and never so far as I know contradicted, and I am inclined to believe it, that a letter written by him was found on his table or in a writing-case, giving a feeling account of his emotions at the President's funeral. It was a fancy piece, addressed to a member of the Government, with a view to obtain some public provision for Blair's family, and the author had not reckoned on the possibility of his own demise before his friend's funeral took place. Such things are always awkward when detected, especially when done by a skilful politician. Nevertheless, an honest and true man might do this. It is easy to anticipate one's feelings at a friend's burial; and putting the description into the form of having returned from it is mere rhetoric.' Scott in a letter in Lockhart's *Life* writes: 'Here is a very odd coincidence between the deaths of these eminent characters and that of a very inferior person, a dentist of this city named Dubisson. He met the President before his death, who used a particular expression in speaking to him; the day before Lord Melville died, he also met Dubisson nearly on the same spot, and, to the man's surprise, used the President's very words in saluting him. On this second death he said (jocularly, however) that he apprehended that he himself would be the third—was taken ill, and died in an hour's space. Was not this remarkable!' It is here said of him that, 'in private life his manners were affable and unaffected, his disposition amiable and affectionate. A striking instance of the kindness of his nature is to be found in the fact that, to the latest period of his life, whenever he came to Edinburgh, he made a point of calling in person on all the old ladies with whom he had been acquainted in the days of his youth; patiently and perseveringly climbing for this purpose some of the most formidable turnpike stairs in the Old Town. In his person he was tall and well formed, while his countenance was expressive of high intellectual endowments.' A writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography* says: 'As the intimate friend and trusted lieutenant of Pitt, Lord Melville fills an important place in the political history of the age in which he lived. Without any gift of eloquence, and in spite of his broad Scotch accent and ungraceful manner, he was a steady debater, and lucid and argumentative speaker. Deficient alike in refinement and literary

taste, he was possessed of great political sagacity and indefatigable industry. In his private life he was frank and straightforward in character, convivial in his habits, and utterly indifferent about money.' He died in 1811, aged seventy.

No. 58 was long the residence of DR. CHARLES STUART of Dunearn in the first years of the present century. He was the father of that James Stuart of Dunearn mentioned above (see page 49) who was concerned in the suppression of the *Beacon* newspaper.

CHARLES STREET.

At No. 7 FRANCIS JEFFREY was born, in 1773. Cockburn says it was 'in one of the flats or floors of what is now marked No. 7, on the west side of Charles Street, George Square. Besides other unquestionable evidence, he himself pointed this out as his birthplace to his friend, Mr. Adam Black the bookseller.' Jeffrey's early life may be detailed as follows:—Born Oct. 23, 1773, his father being George Jeffrey, Depute Clerk of Session. Sent at an early age (Oct. 1781) to the High School, then to Glasgow University, 1787, and finally to Queen's College, Oxford, in 1791. He attended Professor Hume's lectures in Edinburgh on Civil Law and History, and joined the Speculative Society. He composed a poem in blank verse on 'Dreaming,' and also two plays. Passed as an advocate Dec. 1794. He was a hard and indefatigable worker all his life, and most methodical in the arrangement of his time. (See JEFFREY, pp. 62, 105, 123, 156, 186.)

Turning to the left in Bristo Street, Teviot Place leads to Lauriston Place: on the left of which is

LAURISTON LANE.

No. 2 was the residence, in the fifth decade of the century, of the REV. DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE, one of the most eloquent of Edinburgh preachers. He was born in Brechin in 1803, educated there and also at Dun. 'He was then sent to the University of Edinburgh when he was twelve years of age, and was licensed to preach in 1825. His father had political influence enough to secure for him very soon afterwards the presentation to an important charge, but one of the conditions on which it was offered to him was that he should ally himself to the Moderate party. That condition

he refused to accept, and he remained a probationer for five years. In 1830, however, he was settled at Arbirlot, and there he remained until 1837, when he was translated to Edinburgh to become the colleague of Mr. Sym in the Old Greyfriars. After the Disruption he became the pastor of the large and important congregation of Free St. John's' (Walker's *Chapters from the History of the Free Church of Scotland*). In his interesting *Autobiography*, he says: 'Most of the ministers lived in houses too good and costly for their incomes. I avoided this. On removing . . . to Brown Square, and becoming next neighbour to Lord Glenlee, I, with a small rise in the world, paid only £39; and when I next moved out of these old-fashioned places [he had previously lived in Argyll Square] to 2 Lauriston Lane, which was fast falling into the sere and yellow leaf, I only paid £40.' Dr. Guthrie's appearance was most imposing. 'To his outward appearance alone he owed not a little of his influence over others. A man nearly six feet three inches in height, of a massive frame, broad-shouldered and erect in bearing, he had, especially in later life, a noble presence; a countenance beaming and shrewd, the play of whose features was such that no picture of the many taken ever exactly depicted it. He had a charm of manner whose attractions none could resist; and in addition to all these qualities, he was—what all men of an emotional temperament are not—endowed with singular sagacity and strong common sense' (Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*). He died in 1873, at the age of seventy. (See GUTHRIE, p. 193.)

At a house in the lane, though where situate is unknown, the REV. JOHN ERSKINE, D.D., resided. He came to Edinburgh in 1758, and in 1767 became colleague to Dr. Robertson at New Greyfriars Church. 'No Edinburgh figure was better known,' writes Cockburn in his *Memorials*: 'if stretched out he might probably have been of the average height; but during his latter years he stooped so much that he was below it. He was one of the very few who in those days were not deformed by hair powder, and he was distinguished by a neat, well-kept, jet-black wig, and plain but nice raiment. His face was small, pale, and active-like; his figure that of a thin, ardent creature. Stooping so low that it seemed as if he was looking for something on the ground, and hirpling along, with his hands in his sides, and his elbows turned outwards, he resembled a piece of old china with two handles. He was all soul and no body. Never was there such a spectre or such a spirit. There was nothing that this man would not do for truth or for a friend.

Though his colleague, Principal Robertson, and he were the best of friends, yet on religious matters they were the very antipodes of each other. The former was the leader of the Moderate party, the latter of the Evangelical, and the congregations at the different diets of worship at which they alternately officiated, was oftentimes quite distinct. Dr. Robertson was very fond of expatiating on the beauty of virtue. On one occasion he remarked in his sermon that 'virtue was so exquisitely beautiful that if its ideal ever could become incarnate on earth every one would fall down and worship it.' Dr. Erskine was preaching in the afternoon, and referring to the statement said that 'virtue had become incarnate upon earth in the person of Jesus Christ, but that instead of falling down to worship Him the people cried "Crucify Him, Crucify Him."' Erskine was frequently very absent-minded. Wandering one day in the Links of Edinburgh, he stumbled against a cow; with his usual politeness he took off his hat, made a low bow and a thousand apologies, and walked on under the impression that he had jostled a stranger; and a story is told of his having met his wife in the Meadows, who stopped on approaching him: he did so too, bowed, hoped she was well, and passed on; and on his return home told her that he had met a lady and exchanged salutes with her, but could not imagine who she was. An illustration of his kindness of heart and simplicity of manner is narrated in the discovery of the regular theft of his pocket-handkerchief as he went up the pulpit stairs for several Sundays. Mrs. Erskine sewed the handkerchief to the coat-pocket. A gentle nibble from behind betrayed the thief in the person of a demure-looking elderly woman, who sat on the pulpit stairs. The doctor turning gently round, and 'clapping detected guilt' on the head, merely remarked, 'No' the day, honest woman, no' the day.' Sir H. Moncreiff Wellwood, in his *Account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Erskine*, says: 'His faculties were so entire, and such was his literary perseverance to the end, that on the very night before he died he was eagerly employed reading a new Dutch book, of which the leaves had been till then uncut.' He died in 1803, at the age of eighty-one.

The next turning in Lauriston Place after Lauriston Lane is

ARCHIBALD PLACE.

At No. 16, while editor of *The Witness*—for which post he was brought from his bank desk to Edinburgh in 1840—lived Hugh Miller. Born in Cromarty 10th October 1802; died

at Portobello 24th December 1856. He was first a working mason, then accountant of a country branch of one of the banks, carrying along with these employments a devotion to science which speedily raised him to the rank of one of the first scientists in Europe. Then he devoted himself heart and soul to the Non-Intrusion controversy, on which he produced his famous 'Letter to Lord Brougham.' This led to his introduction into his life's sphere. Mr. Keith Leask says—'The hour then had come, and the man. Miller was invited to Edinburgh to meet the leaders of the Evangelical party, and he was offered the position of Editor of the newspaper which started its first issue on January 15, 1840, appearing bi-weekly upon Wednesdays and Saturdays. At the end of the bank's financial year he was presented by his fellow-townsmen with a breakfast-service of plate, and the presence of his uncle Alexander was to Miller a circumstance of peculiar satisfaction. In a few days later he was seated at the editorial desk. For sixteen years he was with unabated success to edit *The Witness*. But here we . . . must show the really national and democratic features of the conflict, and briefly indicate how the civil and religious rights of the people, long before staked and won by the early reformers, were again, when surrendered by an alien nobility, saved for them, from the point at least of abiding literature, by two men, who—sprung themselves from the people, the one the son of a Cromarty sailor and the other of an Aberdeenshire crofter—wrote the leaders in *The Witness* and *Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk*. The best years of Miller's own life—sixteen years of unceasing turmoil and overwork—were spent in making these issues abundantly clear to the people' ('Hugh Miller' in *Famous Scots Series*). The writer of the memoirs in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary* says: 'Even in childhood he had been an enthusiast, and his enthusiasm had been of that unhealthy kind which sees ghosts, and devoutly believes in omens and prodigies. . . . Little did the public guess, when he walked among them, one of the most honoured and distinguished of the day—when his shaggy head was still brown, and his athletic strength in the prime of manhood, that the stalwart intellectual stone-mason whose grey plaid and russet attire, which he wore to the last, and whom strangers in Princes Street looked at in wonderment when they were assured that this was the world-famed Hugh Miller—little did the public guess that all this glory, and freshness, and true worth were accompanied with a jarring nerve in the brain under which all availed him nothing.' Miller afterwards removed to Portobello (see MILLER, p. 191).

At the end of Lauriston Place is

LAURISTON STREET.

At No. 15, removed to make room for the Catholic Chapel, but of a character corresponding to the adjoining house which remains, at the time of his death lived DAVID SCOTT, 'the poet-painter, whose life was a feverish struggle with great conceptions, and whose artistic productions showed that, had his life been continued, he might have embodied those conceptions in paintings that would have created a new school of art. Of him it may truly be said that a generation must yet pass away, and a new world of living men enter into their room, before his talents are fully appreciated, and their place distinctly assigned' (Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*). It has been said of him that: 'With all his professional faults and moral peculiarities, David Scott was a painter of great power and ability, and by his constant perseverance in the line he had proposed for himself, in spite of almost constant disappointment, proved himself a true artist if a mistaken man. Incessant hope deferred preyed upon his constitution, and carried him to a premature grave.' He died in the year 1848, aged forty-two (see SCOTT, p. 183).

LAURISTON PLACE.

In No. 33 DR. JAMES BUCHANAN, Professor of Systematic Theology in the New College, resided for some years before his death in 1867. Here also lived his daughter, the poetess, 'Jeanie Morison.' Dr. N. L. Walker says: 'Dr. Buchanan was one of the great preachers of the Disruption period. Born in 1804 in Paisley, after licence he was settled first in a quiet country parish, amid the classic scenes of Roslin and Hawthornden; in 1828 he was called to North Leith, and there he speedily filled the large church to overflowing. The state of his health induced him to accept in 1840 an appointment to the High Church of Edinburgh, where he had Dr. Gordon as his colleague. After the Disruption, Dr. Buchanan was minister of Free St. Stephen's, and then in 1845, Professor in the New College' (*Chapters from the History of the Free Church*).

ROUTE III.

THE NEW TOWN.

We take our departure from the Post Office, at the eastern end of

PRINCES STREET,

the first house erected in Princes Street being built by John Neale, silk mercer, in 1769.

No. 10 was the shop of Archibald Constable, the famous publisher. It has been much altered, and is now a glass and china warehouse with a hotel above. Constable removed hither in 1822, having acquired the premises by purchase from the connections of his second marriage with Miss Neale. His rise from the position of a lad in Hill's shop to the head of the publishing and bookselling trade in Edinburgh had been extraordinarily rapid. Cockburn writes: 'Abandoning the old timid, grudging system, he stood out as the general patron and payer of all promising publications; and confounded not merely his rivals in the trade, but his very authors, by his unheard-of prices. Ten, even twenty, guineas a sheet for a review; £2000 or £3000 for a single poem, and £1000 each for two philosophical dissertations, drew authors from dens where they would otherwise have starved, and made Edinburgh a literary mart famous with strangers, and the

10 PRINCES STREET.

pride of its own citizens' (*Memorials*). 'Proceeding in this manner,' says a writer in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*, 'rather like a princely patron of letters than a tradesman aiming at making them subservient to his personal interest, Mr. Constable was easily led into a system of living greatly beyond his real means. With Scott he launched, without rudder or compass, into an ocean of bank credit, in which they were destined eventually to perish.'

In January 1826 the publishing world was astonished by the bankruptcy at No. 10 Princes Street, when Constable's liabilities were understood to exceed £250,000, a failure which led to the insolvency of Ballantyne & Co. and of Sir Walter Scott, who was connected with them both. 'At the time of his bankruptcy Constable was meditating a series of publications, which afterwards were issued under the title of 'Constable's Miscellany,' the precursor of that now almost universal system of cheap publishing which renders the present era one as much of reprint as of original publication' (*Life of Constable*). Sir Walter Scott, at the time of this catastrophe, wrote in his Journal: 'Jan. 21 and 22.—Things are so much worse with Constable than I apprehended, that I shall neither save Abbotsford nor anything else. Naked we entered the world, and naked we leave it, blessed be the name of the Lord! I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now really very bad—news I have received. I have walked my last on the domains I have planted, sate my last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people whom I loved so well! There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck, *i.e.* if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. But I find my eyes moistening, and that will not do. I will not yield without a fight for it. It is odd, when I set myself to work *doggedly*, as Dr. Johnson would say, I am exactly the same man that I ever was—neither low-spirited nor *distrait*' (*Journal of Sir W. Scott*, edited by D. Douglas). Mr. James Skene of Rubislaw, respecting the same day, says: 'The family had been at Abbotsford, and it had long been their practice the day they came to town to take a family dinner at my house, which had accordingly been complied with upon the present occasion, and I never had seen Sir Walter in better spirits or more agreeable. The fatal intimation of his bankruptcy, however, awaited him at home, and next morning early I was surprised by a verbal message to come

to him as soon as I had got up. Fearful that he had got a fresh attack of the complaint from which he had now for some years been free, or that he had been involved in some quarrel, I went to see him by seven o'clock, and found him already by candle-light seated at his writing-table surrounded by papers which he was examining. Holding out his hand to me as I entered, he said, "Skene, this is the hand of a beggar. Constable has failed, and I am ruined *de fond en comble*. It's a hard blow, but I must just bear up. The only thing that wrings me is poor Charlotte and the bairns."' Constable survived his financial troubles but a year, dying of dropsy at his house in Park Place—no longer existing—in 1827, at the early age of fifty-three (see p. 24, 186).

In No. **16** there was located in 1794 WEIR'S MUSEUM, considered in its day the most remarkable collection of the kind in Scotland. Kincaid says of it: 'Here we have the finest collection in our country of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, insects, shells, fossils, minerals, petrifaction, and anatomical preparations. One cannot help admiring the birds from Port Jackson, New South Wales, for the extreme beauty of their plumage. Their appearance otherwise exhibits them as not deprived of life' (Kincaid's *View of Edinburgh*). Then Lord Gardenstone remarks of the same collection: 'I cannot omit to observe that in the whole course of my travels I have nowhere seen the preservation of quadrupeds, birds, fishes, and insects, executed with such art and taste as by Mr. Alexander Weir of Edinburgh. He is a most ingenious man, and certainly has not hitherto been so much encouraged by the public as his merit deserves' (*Travelling Memoranda*).

No. **17**, which like No. 10 has undergone 'structural alteration,' is memorable as the birthplace of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and place of business of its enterprising proprietor and editor, WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. Chambers (*Walks in Edinburgh*, 1829) refers to the premises as forming 'the lounge and resort of the principal Tory literati.' Lockhart, describing his introduction to the great bookseller in the character of Peter Morris, says: 'Stimulated and supported by the example and success of John Murray, whose agent he is, he determined to make, if possible, Princes Street to the High Street what the other has made Albemarle Street to the Row. . . . The length of vista presented to one on entering the shop has a very imposing effect; for it is carried back, room after room, through various gradations of light and

shadow, till the eye cannot see distinctly the outline of any object in the farthest distance. First there is, as usual, a special place set apart for retail business. . . . Then you have an elegant oval saloon, lighted from the roof, where various groups of loungers and literary dilettanti are engaged in looking at, or criticising amongst themselves, the publications just arrived by that day's coach from town' (*Peter's Letters*). The reference to the oval saloon, no longer existing, seems to have misled Grant (*Old and New Edinburgh*) into misapplying this description to the later and present premises of the firm in George Street, where there is a fine circular vestibule. A bookselling business is now carried on at the Princes Street premises (see BLACKWOOD, pp. 103, 153, 193).

No. 27, the corner house, was in 1789 the residence of the HON. HENRY ERSKINE, who had removed thither from George Square after the death of his first wife. Harry Erskine, though idolised in society, was one of the most domestic of men. He was passionately attached to his own home. In one of his 'Poetical Epistles' he describes his delight in domesticity:

> 'Let lawyers dream of wigs, poets of fame,
> Scholars look learned, and senators declaim;
> Let soldiers stand like targets in the fray,
> Their lives just worth their thirteen pence a day:
> Give me a nook in some secluded spot
> Which business shuns and din approaches not—
> Some snug retreat where I may never know
> What monarch reigns, what ministers bestow;
> A book, my slippers, and a field to stroll in,
> My garden seat, an elbow chair to loll in,
> Sunshine when wanted, shade, when shade invites,
> With pleasant country laurels, smells, and sights,
> And now and then a glass of generous wine,
> Shared with a chatty friend of auld langsyne.'

'The character of Mr. Erskine's oratory,' says Chambers, 'bore a strong resemblance to that of his noble brother; but being much less diffuse it was better calculated to leave a forcible impression. It was of that comprehensive species which can address itself to every audience and to every circumstance, and touch every chord of human emotion. Fervid and affecting in the extreme degree when the occa-

sion called for it, it was no less powerful in opposite circumstances; by the potency of wit and the irresistible force of comic humour which he could make use of at all times, and in perfect subordination to his judgment' (*Biographical Dictionary*).

South St. Andrew Street leads to

ST. ANDREW SQUARE.

No. 2, now an insurance office, was originally occupied by the EARL OF ABOYNE, who died here in 1794, and he was succeeded therein by the EARL OF NORTHESK, K.C.B., who distinguished himself afterwards as third in command at Trafalgar. Finally DR. JAMES GREGORY died here, successor to Dr. Cullen as Professor of the Practice of Physic in the University of Edinburgh in 1790, a position which he retained until his death thirty-one years after. 'During this long period,' we read in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*, 'the fame which his talents had acquired attracted students to Edinburgh from all parts of the world; all of whom returned to their homes with a feeling of reverence for his character more nearly resembling that which the disciples of antiquity felt for their instructors than anything which is generally experienced in the present state of society.' 'Descended by the father's side,' says the same authority, 'from a long and memorable line of ancestors; and by the mother's from one of the oldest baronial families in the country, the character of Dr. Gregory was early formed upon an elevated model, and throughout his whole life he combined in a manner seldom equalled the studies and acquisitions of a man of science with the tastes and honourable feeling of a high-born gentleman.' It has to be admitted, however, by the candid biographer, that some pamphlets on the management of the College of Surgeons which he issued indicate in their spirit and manner 'a most striking view of one of the paradoxes occasionally to be found in human character; the co-existence in the same bosom of sentiments of chivalrous honour and benevolence with the most inveterate hostility towards individuals.' Dr. Gregory was sixty-eight at the time of his death in 1821.

In the year 1788 No. 3 was converted into a fashionable private hotel kept by a man named Dun. Here it was that

the famous Polish dwarf, JOSEPH BOROWLASKI, held his 'receptions,' which were his means of exhibiting himself. Each 'guest' or spectator was expected to contribute 5s. 6d. for the privilege of shaking hands and conversing with this human phenomenon. In his *Memoirs*, written by himself, he says he was 'one of a family of five sons and one daughter, and by one of those freaks of nature which it is impossible to account for, or perhaps to find another instance of in the annals of the human species, three of the children were above the middle stature, whilst the two others, like myself, reached only that of children at the age of four or five years.' He appears to have excited a great amount of interest in the Edinburgh of that period. He was in the habit of giving public breakfasts, at which he appeared, and for which a small charge was made. Here is his advertisement taken from the *Courant*:—'Dun's Hotel, St. Andrew Square.—On Saturday next, the 1st August 1788, at twelve o'clock, there will be a public breakfast for the benefit of Count Borowlaski, in the course of which the Count will perform some select pieces on the guitar. Tickets 3s. 6d. each, may be had at the hotel or at the Count's lodgings, No. 4 St. Andrew Street, where he continues to receive company every day from ten in the morning until three, and from five until nine. Admittance One Shilling. The Count will positively leave this place on Friday.' It is a singular fact that 'Count Barrel o' Whisky,' as he was called by the wits of Edinburgh, was still alive in 1838, though then close on his hundredth year, and residing in the county of Durham, near Prebend Bridge on the Wear.

No. 4 had many successive residents of more or less note. One of these was CHARLES GORDON of Cluny. His daughter JOANNA was the victim of a piece of the most abandoned scoundrelism on the part of John, seventh Earl of Stair. This precious member of the *nobility* in 1804 wooed and won in this house the fair young girl named above. 'The lady was beautiful and brilliant, but the Earl would seem to have tired of her, and though his marriage was deemed a valid one by the laws of Scotland (as Burke records in his *Peerage*), and though he was a Scottish peer and she the daughter of a Scottish landholder of ancient descent, he contrived to repudiate the ceremony, and in 1808 contracted another marriage with Louisa, daughter of John Manners, Esq., of Grantham Grange. In the following year this last marriage was dissolved in consequence of the Scottish one with Miss Gordon. After years of misery and mortification, the latter

alliance was formally annulled in June 1820. The Earl died at Paris in 1840, while his repudiated wife died seven years later in No. 4 St. Andrew Square, aged, shrivelled, and utterly imbecile. Her tomb may still be seen on the north side of St. Cuthbert's burying-ground, simply inscribed "Joanna, Countess of Stair; died 16th February 1847"' (*Old and New Edinburgh*). The house then became the office of the Scottish Widows' Fund, and afterwards that of Messrs. W. and A. K. Johnston, the distinguished cartographers.

No. 8 is memorable as the house in which DAVID HUME spent his later years, and where he died. It is definitely described by Robert Chambers in *Walks in Edinburgh* 'as the extreme western house upon the south side of St. Andrew Square, entering from St. David Street . . . at present occupied by a fashionable Schneider.' Burton (*Life of Hume*) says: 'When the house was built and inhabited by Hume, but while yet the street, of which it was the commencement, had no name, a witty young lady, daughter of Baron Ord, chalked on the wall the words "St. David Street." The allusion was obvious. Hume's lass, judging that it was not meant in honour or reverence, ran into the house, much excited, to tell her master how he was made game of. "Never mind, lassie," he said, "many a better man has been made a saint of before."' On this story, Chambers remarks: 'Perhaps if it be presumed that a corresponding street at the other angle of St. Andrew Square is called St. Andrew Street, a natural enough circumstance with reference to the square, whose title was determined on the plan, it will appear likely that the choosing of St. David Street for that in which Hume's house stood was not originally designed as a jest at his expense, though a second thought, and the whim of his friends might quickly give it that application' (*Traditions of Edinburgh*). Hume was very corpulent in his later years. In Dr. Carlyle's *Autobiography* he is referred to as a 'large jolly man' by Mrs. Adam—mother of the famous architect, Robert Adam—who found him 'the most innocent, agreeable, facetious man she ever met with,' and was astonished to find she had been entertaining, by a cunning device of her son, the identical 'Atheist' whom she had expressly excepted from the guests who might visit her house. Boswell tells of a good well-meaning lady-member of a dissenting congregation who called on Hume at the commencement of his last illness to talk to him about religion, and, though a stranger to him, was admitted, and

courteously invited to take a glass of wine, and who went away without fulfilling her self-imposed mission, owing to her eagerness to inform her husband of a very large order for *candles*, with which Hume, hearing he was a chandler, had intrusted her. He died in the year 1776, at the age of sixty-five, from a disorder of the bowels, of which hæmorrhage was a prominent feature; and which is said not to have caused him any pain. A new light has been thrown on his religious opinions by the late Professor Calderwood's study of Hume in the 'Famous Scots Series.' Hume was born 1711, and died 1776 (see HUME, pp. 5, 8, 38).

No. 21, at the corner of North St. David Street, is universally regarded as having been the residence of DAVID STEWART ERSKINE, EARL OF BUCHAN, and corresponds to the description to be presently quoted in Lord Brougham's *Life* as 'No. 21 north side' of the square. Moreover, the house is so numbered on Kirkwood's Plan of Edinburgh, 1790. But it is remarkable that Chambers (*Walks in Edinburgh*) refers to Lord Buchan's residence as 'the house at the end of the north side to the east,' and Fergusson (*Life of Henry Erskine*) as 'No. 27, the corner house looking into North St. Andrew Street.' But Chambers also speaks of it as No. 21, which would seem to imply that he wrote 'east' for 'west,' and that Fergusson copied the error, while Fergusson's *impossible* number (27) may have been a printer's blunder. In 1780 the establishment of the Society of Scottish Antiquarians, which Lord Buchan originated, was finally determined on at a meeting at his house. The noble Earl stands out prominently as an 'eccentric' of his time. 'He was really good-tempered, well-meaning, and kind-hearted after his own fashion,' writes R. P. Gillies (*Reminiscences of a Literary Veteran*), 'exhibiting the strangest compound I had ever known of learning and talent with wayward vanity and eccentricity. . . . He rose early, went out in all weathers, despised luxury in his own *ménage*, and was perpetually at

21 ST. ANDREW SQUARE.

work, or on the alert, from six in the morning till twelve at night. . . . But, alas! his lordship's works did not turn to much account or profit, and his vivacity was too great in its degree.' He was a contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine* and to *The Bee*; and wrote an essay on the poet Thomson, in honour of whom he instituted an annual festival at the birthplace of the poet, Ednam, in Roxburghshire; while he erected a Grecian temple in his own grounds at Dryburgh, with a statue of Apollo inside and a bust of Thomson on the top of the dome. 'His relation to art and letters,' to quote the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 'was in great part that of a fussy and intermeddling patron.' Horace Walpole found him a bore as a correspondent, and says in his *Letters* that he 'tried everything without being rude to break off the intercourse,' and he wanted to be admitted to Scott's bedchamber when he was ill in 1819, 'to communicate his arrangements about his funeral,' having previously prevailed on Scott to accept as a burial-place the sepulchral aisles of Scott's Haliburton ancestors in Dryburgh. As it happened, Scott was the first to fill the office of mourner. The classical mania by which he was afflicted led him, according to Gillies, into a freak which 'drew on him the ridicule of the town.' On the occasion of one of his breakfast parties, he selected nine young ladies of rank, who were to personate the nine Muses, whilst he himself received them in the character of Apollo. The young ladies and their illustrious host were in fancy dresses, but unluckily the classic models had, in one instance, been too closely observed, for when Cupid entered with the tea-kettle, he had no dress whatsoever. Hereupon the young ladies were so much amazed that they all started up, and, tittering and screaming, ran out of the room.' No doubt the noble host carried his own costume with good effects. The artists were constantly at work on him. Lockhart says: 'I do not remember to have seen a more exquisite old head. . . . The features are all perfect, but the greatest beauty is in the clear blue eyes, which are chased in his head in a way that might teach something to the best sculptor in the world' (*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*). Born 1742; died 1829.

But No. 21 possesses a stronger interest than that attaching to the residence of this eccentric nobleman, as the birthplace of HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM. In his mother's 'Notes,' prefixed to his own *Life and Times*, we read: 'He went to school on the 19th September 1785, having been born on that day in the year 1778, at No. 21, north side of St. Andrew

Square.' Brougham himself tells how his father was 'consigned' by his friends to the care of Lord Buchan, 'who lived sometimes at Dryburgh Abbey and sometimes in Edinburgh,' 'in the hopes that, introduced by him to the best Edinburgh society, he might find occupation and distraction enough to mitigate his grief'—the 'grief' being for the loss of his intended bride, Mary Whelpdale, who died the day before that fixed for the wedding. 'Accordingly to Edinburgh he went, and there, among other distinguished persons, made the acquaintance of Dr. Robertson, at whose house he met his eldest sister, then a widow, and her only child Eleanor. This acquaintance ended in a marriage, and then my father and his bride moved to St. Andrew Square, to the house in which Lord and Lady Buchan lived, and there I was born on the 19th of September 1778' (see BROUGHAM, p. 48).

In No. 22 there lived for many years DR. JAMES HAMILTON ('Cocked-Hat Hamilton'), who was noted as the last gentleman in society who wore the old-fashioned three-cornered hat, the collarless coat, ruffles, and knee-breeches of a past age, with hair queued and powdered. He was appointed at an early age one of the physicians to the Infirmary, to Heriot's Hospital, and Trades Maiden Hospital. With the costume he retained much of the gentle courtesy and manly hardihood of the old Scottish school. His habits were active, and he was fond of all invigorating sports. He was skilled as an archer, golfer, skater, bowler, and curler, and to several kindred associations for the cultivation of these sports, he and old Dr. Duncan acted as secretaries for nearly half a century. For years, old Eben Wilson, the bell-ringer of the Tron Church, had the reversion of his left-off cocked hats, which Wilson wore, together with enormous shoe buckles, till his death in 1823. For years Eben and the doctor had been the only men who wore the old dress, which the latter consistently retained until he also died, in 1835 (see p. 102).

No. 24 was the residence of the celebrated millionaire, GILBERT INNES of Stow, who exercised such a beneficial influence on the early study of Scots music. As a young man he was passionately fond of national airs, as also Italian opera, and was instrumental in building St. Cecilia's Hall for the accommodation of the Musical Society of Edinburgh.

No. 24 was the residence of SIR PATRICK MURRAY of Ochtertyre, Baron of the Exchequer Court, who was for many years one of Scott's most intimate friends. The great novelist frequently spent an evening at the hospitable home of 'genial Sir Pat,' as he called him.

At No. 33 there resided the HON. FRANCIS CHARTERIS of Amisfield, afterwards fifth EARL OF WEMYSS. Here he frequently brought, for the entertainment of his friends, old Geordie Syme, the famous town piper of Dalkeith, and a retainer of the House of Buccleuch, whose skill on the pipes caused him to be much noticed by the leading people of his day. Of Geordie, in his long yellow coat, lined with red, red plush breeches, white stockings, buckled shoes, and blue bonnet, there is an excellent portrait in *Kay*, representing the old piper playing, it is said, at the house of Mr. Charteris.

Nos. 34 and 35 were long occupied as Douglas's Hotel, one of the most fashionable in the city, and one that has been largely patronised by royalty. To us, however, it is mournfully memorable as being the last place in his 'own romantic town' in which Sir Walter Scott passed a night. 'On this his last journey . . . Sir Walter embarked in the *James Watt* steamboat, the master of which (Captain John Jameson), as well as the agent of the proprietors, made every arrangement in their power for the convenience of the invalid. The captain gave up for Sir Walter's use his own private cabin, which was a separate erection on the deck. But he (Sir Walter) seemed unconscious after being laid in bed there that any new removal had taken place. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, we found careful preparations made for his landing by the manager of the Shipping Company (Mr. Hamilton); and Sir Walter, prostrate in his carriage, was slung on shore and conveyed from thence to Douglas's Hotel in St. Andrew Square, in the same complete apparent unconsciousness. Mrs. Douglas had in former days been the Duke of Buccleuch's housekeeper at Bowhill, and she and her husband had also made the most suitable provision' (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*).

The building now occupied by the Royal Bank was one of the first houses built in the square, besides being the town mansion of SIR LAURENCE DUNDAS. Though of an ancient family, Sir Laurence was the architect of his own fortunes, and amassed wealth as a Commissary-General with the army

in Flanders, 1748-1759. He was the second son of Thomas Dundas, a bailie in Edinburgh, whose difficulties brought him to bankruptcy, and for a time Sir Laurence served behind a counter. He was created a baronet in 1762, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his elder brother, Thomas Dundas, who had succeeded to the estate of Fingask. His son Thomas was raised to the peerage as Baron Dundas of Aske in August 1794, and became ancestor of the Earls of Zetland.

WEST REGISTER STREET.

In West Register Street, which runs off St. Andrew Square, was a tall, three-storied edifice like a country farmhouse. This was the far-famed 'Ambrose's Tavern,' where the famous 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' were held. Some parts of the old building were retained in the new structure that has replaced it, but the surroundings are much the same as they were in the fourth and fifth decades of the present century.

In **Meuse Lane**, off South St. Andrew Street, **No. 11**, was the residence of HUGO ARNOT, the historian. His own name was Pollock, but he changed it to Arnot on succeeding to the estate of Balcormo in Fifeshire. 'In his fifteenth year he became afflicted with asthma, and through life was reduced to the attenuation of a skeleton. Admitted an advocate in 1772, he ever took a deep interest in all local matters, and published various essays thereon, and his exertions in promoting the improvements then in progress in Edinburgh were rewarded by the freedom of the city, which was conferred on him by the magistrates. The house he occupied in St. Andrew's Lane was a small one, and he had an old and a very particular lady as a neighbour on the upper floor. She was frequently disturbed by the hasty and impetuous way in which he rang his bell, and often remonstrated with him thereon, but without avail, which led to much ill-feeling between them. At last, on receiving a very imperative and petulant message one day insisting that he should summon his servants in a different manner, great was the old lady's alarm to hear the loud explosion of a heavy pistol in Arnot's house. But he was simply, as he said, complying with her request, by firing instead of ringing for his shaving water' (*Old and New Edinburgh*).

PRINCES STREET—(*Continued*).

At No. 79—formerly, like all the houses in the chief streets of the New Town, a private residence—lived Dr. Thomas Brown (less noteworthy in connection with his degree of M.D. than as one of the earliest contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, and as Professor Dugald Stewart's colleague and successor in the Chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University). His powers were displayed at a preternaturally early age in a critical comparison of the four gospels when he was only four years old. His biographer, the Rev. David Welsh, describes him as 'in height rather above the middle size, about five feet nine inches, his chest broad and round, his hair brown, his forehead large and prominent, his eyes dark grey and well-formed, with very long eyelashes. . . . His nose might be said to be a mixture of the Roman and Grecian, and his mouth and chin bore a striking resemblance to those of the Buonaparte family. . . . In private life he was possessed of almost every quality which renders society delightful, and was, indeed, remarkable for nothing more than for the love of home and the happiness he shed around him there.' From 1806 Dr. Brown was in partnership with Dr. Gregory. He writes to him from here in January 1820; before the year was out, a constitution always delicate had given way. He died at Brompton, London, on his way to the south of Europe. Born 1778; died 1820.

No. 84 was occupied in 1811, and for several years prior to that date, by the Tax Office. The Comptroller of Taxes in those days was Henry Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*, who obtained that lucrative appointment from Mr. Pitt in 1804 on the recommendation of Lord Melville and Mr. George Rose. 'Among Mackenzie's compositions are several political pamphlets, all upon the Tory side, the first being an 'Account of the Proceedings of the Parliament of 1784,' in which he strongly defended the views of his friend, Mr. Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville. At the time of the French Revolution also he wrote various tracts with the design of counteracting the progress of liberal principles in his own country. These services obtained for him the lucrative office aforesaid' (Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*).

HANOVER STREET.

In No. 35, now altered and sub-divided, the well-known advocate ALAN MACONOCHIE lived before he had been raised to the Bench as Lord Meadowbank. Born in 1748, and educated at the High School and University of Edinburgh, he was one of the founders of the Speculative Society. He studied for a time both in Paris and at Lincoln's Inn, and in 1770 was admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates. For two years he held the Chair of the Law of Nature and Nations in Edinburgh University (1779-80), and in 1796 he was promoted to the Bench. 'The character of Lord Meadowbank as a judge has been recently given by one in every way qualified to form a just and impartial estimate of his merits, above all,' said Lord Brougham in deciding a recent case in the House of Lords (Inglis *v.* Mansfield, 10th April 1835), 'we have, what with me is of the highest authority and of the greatest weight, the very valuable opinion of the late Lord Meadowbank, one of the best lawyers—one of the most acute men—a man of large general capacity and of great experience—and with hardly any exception, certainly with very few exceptions, if any—the most diligent judge one can remember in the practice of the Scots law' (*Kay's Portraits*).

No. 54, now a shop, was the residence of Sir JOHN GRAHAM DALYELL when at the bar, to which he was admitted in 1797. The writer in *Kay's Portraits* (followed by Grant) says: 'He was the second son of Sir Robert Dalyell, Bart., of Binns, in Linlithgowshire, and in early life distinguished himself by the publication of various works illustrative of the history and poetry of his native country, particularly *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, *Bannatyne Memorials*, *Annals of the Religious Houses in Scotland*, etc.' He was Vice-President of the Antiquarian Society, and though heir-presumptive to the baronetcy in his family, received in 1837 the honour of knighthood by letters-patent under the Great Seal, for his attainments in literature. He succeeded his brother as sixth baronet in 1841, and died in 1851.

PRINCES STREET—*Continued.*

No. 91, which is now occupied as a hotel, was at one time the residence of the well-known ROBERT CRAIG of Riccartoun, one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh. Kay

gives us a portrait of him seated at the door of this house, with his long staff and broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat. Craig had been in early life a great pedestrian, but as age came upon him his walks were limited to the mile of Princes Street. He wore a plain coat without any collar, a stock in lieu of a neckcloth, knee-breeches, rough stockings, and enormous brass shoe-buckles. He persisted in wearing a hat with a narrow brim when cocked hats were the fashion in Edinburgh, until he was so annoyed by boys that he adopted the head-dress in which he is drawn by Kay. He always used a whistle and not a bell to summon his servant. The announcement of his death in the *Courant* of March 14th, 1823, is as follows:—'Died at his house in Princes Street (No. 91) on the 13th March, in the ninety-third year of his age, Robert Craig, Esq., of Riccarton, the last male heir of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton, the great feudal lawyer of Scotland. Admitted advocate in 1754, Mr. Craig was also one of the Commissaries of Edinburgh, the duties of which situation he executed to the entire satisfaction of every one connected with it. He resigned the office many years ago, and has long been the senior member of the Faculty of Advocates. It is a remarkable circumstance that his father's eldest brother succeeded to the estate of Riccarton in January 1681, so that there has been only one descent in the family for 142 years.'

No. 93 was the residence for a long period of CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE. 'I called upon him,' writes Chambers (*Traditions of Edinburgh*), 'at his mother's house, No. 93 Princes Street, in a somewhat excited frame of mind. His servant conducted me to the first floor, and showed me into what is generally called amongst us the back drawing-room.' The same writer thus describes him: 'His thin effeminate figure, his voice pitched in *alt*, his attire, as he took his daily walks in Princes Street, a long blue frock coat, black trousers, rather wide below, and sweeping over white stockings and neat shoes—something like a web of white cambric round his neck, and a brown wig coming down to his eyebrows—had long established him as what is called a character.' He appears to have been living here as late as 1835. He was born 1780; died 1851 (see SHARPE, p. 170).

In No. 100, also occupied as a hotel, there resided for many years LADY MARY CLERK of Penicuik, known as the 'White Rose of Scotland.' This lady, whose maiden name was Dacre, was the daughter of a country gentleman in Cumberland. She was born in the memorable year when

the Highland army was in possession of Carlisle. While her mother was still confined to bed a Highland party under a chieftain of the Macdonald clan came to the house. But the commander, on learning the circumstances, not only chivalrously restrained his men from levying any contribution, but took from his bonnet his own 'white rose' or cockade and pinned it on the infant's breast, 'that it might protect the household from any trouble by others.' This rosette the lady kept to her dying day. In after-years she became the wife of Sir James Clerk of Penicuik, Bart., and from time to time on special occasions always wore this white rose of the House of Stuart.

Another and more valuable relic of the '45 came into her possession, the pocket-knife, fork, and spoon which Prince Charles used in all his marches and subsequent wanderings. 'The case is a small one, covered with black shagreen. For portability the knife, fork, and spoon are made to screw upon handles, so that the three articles form six pieces for close packing. They are all engraved with an ornament of thistle leaves, and the fork and spoon have the prince's initials' (*Old and New Edinburgh*).

'When George IV. contemplated his visit to Scotland, he expressed a wish to have some relic of the unfortunate prince, on which Lady Clerk commissioned Sir Walter Scott to present him with the travelling case, which he accordingly did on the king's arrival in Leith Roads, when he went off to the royal yacht to present him with the Silver Cross Badge, the gift of the ladies of Scotland. From the king the case with its contents passed to the Marquis of Conyngham, and from him to his son Albert, first Lord Londesborough, and they are now preserved with great care amidst the valuable collection of ancient plate and *bijouterie* at Grimston Park, Yorkshire' (*Edinburgh Observer*).

Sir Walter Scott was a frequent visitor at No. 100 Princes Street, as he was on intimate terms with Lady Clerk, who died several years after the king's visit, having attained a green old age. Till past her eightieth year she retained an erect and alert carriage, together with some old-fashioned peculiarities of costume, which made her one of the most noted street figures of her time. Robert Chambers states he recalls a walk he had one day with Sir Walter, ending in Constable's shop, No. 10 Princes Street, 'where Lady Clerk was purchasing some books at a side counter. Sir Walter passing through the shop to the stairs by which Mr. Constable's room was reached, did not recognise her ladyship, who, catching sight of him as he was about to ascend, called

out, "Oh, Sir Walter, are you really going to pass me?" He immediately turned to make his usual cordial greetings, and apologised, with demurely waggish reference to her odd dress, "I am sure, my lady, by this time I might know your back as well as your face"' (*Book of Days*).

No. 108 is associated with two different names—father and son. LORD WOODHOUSELEE was the senatorial title assumed in 1805 by ALEXANDER FRASER TYTLER, chiefly distinguished as Professor of History. Cockburn says he was 'no lawyer . . . though unquestionably a person of correct taste, a cultivated mind, and literary habits, and very amiable . . . but there is no kindness in insinuating that he was a man of genius, and of public or even social influence.' Sir Archibald Alison, in a *Memoir* of him, says: 'A more warm-hearted, refined, and accomplished man never existed than this ornament of the Scottish Bar, and afterwards of the Scottish Bench. His abilities were of a very superior order, but they were of the contemplative and retiring rather than of the active and enterprising kind.' He died 1813, aged eighty-five.

PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, son of Lord Woodhouselee, left Edinburgh for London on his wife's death in 1834. His *History of Scotland* was completed nine years later. Sir Archibald Alison calls him 'a delightful companion,' and remarks on the 'mingled talent, fun, and simplicity of his character' (*Autobiography*). Of a singularly buoyant and happy temperament, it is said that he 'mesmerised the company for the time into being as happy as himself.' He died prematurely, after many years of sickness and suffering, in 1849, aged fifty-eight.

No. 108 is now a confectioner's, and is noteworthy as the first of the Princes Street houses west of Hanover Street converted into business premises. Tea, coffee, and ices are now consumed in Lord Woodhouselee's drawing-room, of which Lord Woodhouselee's daughter writes: 'Well do I remember the drawing-room in Princes Street, with its mirrors between the windows, and the large round tea-table in the middle of the room—that tea-table which recalled such glorious tea-drinkings, when Walter Scott, Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Henry Mackenzie, Sydney Smith, and other intimate friends sat around it' (*Memoir of Patrick Fraser Tytler*).

We leave Princes Street at South Frederick Street, crossing George Street into

NORTH FREDERICK STREET.

In the common stair of No. 35 there lived for a time JAMES GRANT of Corrimony, advocate, who had his town house in 1783 in Mylne's Court, Lawnmarket. This gentleman, the representative of an old Inverness-shire family, was born in 1743 in the house of Corrimony in Urquhart, his mother being Jean Ogilvie of the family of Findlater. His father, Alexander Grant (who died in this house), was induced by Lord Lovat to join Prince Charles, and taking part in the battle of Culloden, was wounded in the thigh. The cave in Corrimony in which he hid after the battle is still pointed out to tourists. His son was called to the bar in 1767, and at the time of his death in 1835, he was the oldest member of the Faculty of Advocates. Being early distinguished for his liberal principles, he numbered among his friends the Hon. Henry Erskine, Sir James Mackintosh, Francis Jeffrey, and many others eminent for position or attainments. In 1785 he published his *Essay on the Origin of Society*, and in 1813 *Thoughts on the Origin and Descent of the Gael*—works which, illustrated as they are by researches into ancient Greek, Latin, and Celtic literature, show him to have been a man of erudition, and are valuable contributions to the early history of the Celtic races.

At No. 36, now in the possession of several business firms, PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY lodged on his second visit to Edinburgh, with his wife and infant, in 1813. In a note to Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley* we read: 'They stayed at 36 Frederick Street. Mr. Rossetti writes: "In August Shelley came of age, and his first act was to marry Harriet over again in an Episcopal church in Edinburgh." He adds a note: "This detail, which I give in the words of an informant extremely unlikely to be mistaken, has never hitherto been recorded; and the journey to Edinburgh has passed as being one of Shelley's motiveless and costly freaks." I find no reference to such a marriage in letters from Edinburgh, in which I think it would have been mentioned had it taken place. Certainly when Shelley started on his journey he had no intention of visiting Edinburgh. His motive in the expedition, I surmise, was to escape from the pressure of creditors, while paying a portion of his debts with the money raised on the *post-obit* bond, and expecting to come to an arrangement with his father.' Shelley died in 1822 at the age of thirty.

GEORGE STREET.

No. 5 George Street, now occupied by the Standard Insurance Company, was of old the residence of WILLIAM CREECH, the great Edinburgh bookseller in the pre-Constable-Blackwood days. 'He was the son of the Rev. W. Creech, minister of Newbattle, and was born in the year 1745. He was at first designed for the medical profession, but eventually was bound apprentice to Mr. Kincaid, whom eventually he succeeded in business. For forty-four years Mr. Creech carried on by far the most extensive bookselling concern in Scotland, publishing the writings of many of the distinguished men who adorned Scottish literature at the close of the eighteenth century. His shop, which occupied a conspicuous situation in the centre of the old town—viz., at the eastern end of the Luckenbooths—and yet by a curious chance commanding a view thirty miles into the country, was during all that long time the Rialto of literary commerce and intercourse, while his house in George Street also attracted its more select crowds at the breakfast hour, under the name of *Creech's Levee*. . . . In private life Mr. Creech shone conspicuously as a pleasant companion and conversationalist, being possessed of an inexhaustible fund of droll anecdote, which he could narrate in a characteristic manner and with unfailing effect. He thus secured general esteem, in despite, it appeared, of extraordinary fondness for money and penuriousness of habits, which acted to the preclusion not only of all benevolence of disposition, but even of the common honesty of discharging his obligations when due. He died unmarried in January 1815' (Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*).

No. 25 George Street was where MR. JAMES FERRIER, Principal Clerk of Session, and father of Miss Susan Ferrier, the authoress of *Marriage*, etc., resided from 1784 until his death in 1829. He was a keen whist-player, and every night of his life had a rubber, which occasionally included Lady Augusta Clavering, daughter of his friend and client John, fifth Duke of Argyll, and old Dr. Hamilton, usually designated 'Cocked-Hat Hamilton,' from the fact of being the last who wore that head-piece (see page 93). When victorious the doctor would snap his fingers and caper about the room to the manifest indignation of Mr. Ferrier, who would express it to his partner in the words, 'Leddy Augusta, did ye ever see such redeeclus leevity in an auld man?' Robert Burns also was a frequent guest at Mr. Ferrier's, and was present on

one occasion when some magnificent Gobelins tapestry arrived there for the Duke of Argyll on its way to Inveraray. Mrs. Piozzi also while in Edinburgh dined there. The eldest Miss Ferrier was one of the great Edinburgh beauties of her day, and Burns once happening to meet her while turning the corner of George Street, felt suddenly inspired and wrote the lines to her enclosed in an elegy on the death of Sir D. H. Blair. She married General Graham of Stirling Castle.

In No. 26 lived the MISSES EDMONSTONE of Duntreath. 'With them and the Ferriers,' says Grant, 'pitched battles at whist were of almost nightly occurrence.' These ladies figure in Miss Ferrier's novel *Marriage* as Aunts Jacky, Grizzy, and Nicky. They were the grandnieces of the Duke of Argyll. Here also lived for a time Audubon, the American naturalist.

No. 45 is famous in the present as in the past as the publishing house of MESSRS. BLACKWOOD. William Blackwood removed hither from Princes Street about 1830. He was born at Edinburgh in 1776, and (as we learn from the interesting history of the firm published recently, *The House of Blackwood*) was apprenticed to the ancient bookselling firm of Bell and Bradfute. He commenced as a dealer in old books in No. 64 South Bridge. He soon after became agent for several London publishing houses. In 1816 he disposed of his vast stock of classical and antiquarian books —15,000 volumes in number—and removing to No. 17 Princes Street, thenceforward devoted his attention to the business of a general publisher. Finding that George Street would be more convenient for him, he removed thither. With regard to William Blackwood, Lockhart wrote: 'The remarks he makes are in general extremely acute—much more so indeed than those of any other member of the trade I ever heard speak on such topics. The shrewdness and decision of the man can, however, stand in need of no testimony beyond what his own conduct has afforded—above all in the establishment of his *Magazine* (the conception of which I am assured was entirely his own), and the subsequent energy with which he has supported it through every variety of good and evil fortune' (*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*). At his death William Blackwood left a widow, seven sons and two daughters. The former carried on, and their grandsons still carry on, the business in the old establishment in George Street. Sir Theodore Martin, in his *Life of*

Aytoun, refers to the handsome circular vestibule in the rear as hung with portraits of contributors to the Magazine. It now contains an admirable portrait of Sir Theodore himself (see BLACKWOOD, pp. 86, 153, 193).

At No. **46** SYDNEY SMITH was living in 1802-3, when engaged in 'superintending,' to use Lord Brougham's phrase, or, as Sydney Smith himself called it, 'editing' the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1797 he left London. Altogether he resided about six years in Edinburgh; in 1800 we find him living at 79 Queen Street, and when Robert Chambers met him in London many years later, and asked him where he had resided in Edinburgh, he is reported to have said, 'In Buccleuch Street, not far from Jeffrey's, with an outlook on the Meadows.' To the number in Buccleuch Street, however, we have no clue. In person, Sydney Smith was 'of a portly figure,' writes Mr. S. C. Hall, 'stout, indeed clumsy, with a healthy look, and a self-enjoying aspect. He was rapid in movement as well as in words, and evidently studied more ease than dignity.' He died in 1845, at the age of seventy-four (see SMITH, p. 120).

At No. **75** lived MRS. SCOTT, the mother of Sir Walter Scott, and here she died in 1819. She was Anne Rutherford, the daughter of Professor John Rutherford, M.D., a woman who, as Lockhart says, 'was possessed of superior natural talents, with a good taste for music and poetry and great conversational powers. In her youth she is said to have been acquainted with Allan Ramsay, Beattie, Blacklock, and many other men of letters in the last century. Independently of the influence which her own talents and acquirements may have given her in training the opening mind of the future novelist, it is obvious that he must have been much indebted to her in early life for the select and intellectual literary society of which her near relations were the ornaments—for she was the daughter of a professor and the sister of a professor, both of the University of Edinburgh' (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*). Sir Walter Scott himself, writing on the 22nd December 1819 to his brother Thomas in the 70th regiment, said: 'She seemed to take a very affectionate farewell of me, which was the day before yesterday, and as she was much agitated, Dr. Keith advised I should not see her again unless she seemed to desire it, which she has not hitherto done. She sleeps constantly, and will probably be so removed.' The lower part is now a wine merchant's and a milliner's.

No. 78 was in 1811 the residence of one of the partners in the great banking firm of Sir William Forbes and Co. (now the Union Bank of Scotland), viz. Sir John Hay of Smithfield and Hayston, Baronet. In the scarce record of the banking house in question, written by Sir William Forbes of Pitsligo, we read: 'Three years after, we made a further change in the administration by the admission of my brother-in-law Mr. John Hay as a partner. . . . Having had an ample experience of his abilities and merit as a man of business on which we might place the most implicit confidence, a new contract of co-partnery was formed to commence from the 1st January 1782, in which Mr. Hay was assumed as a partner, and the shares stood as follow: Sir William Forbes, nineteen, Mr. Hunter Blair, nineteen, Mr. Bartlett, six, Mr. Hay, four' (*Memoirs of a Banking House*). Sir John, who succeeded to the title in 1811, rapidly acquired wealth and influence.

No. 86 was the house of his nephew Sir William Forbes, Bart., who succeeded to the title and share in the business on the death of the eminent banker in 1806. He is memorable as being the successful suitor for the hand of the lady for whom Sir Walter Scott felt such a devoted attachment, viz. the sole daughter and heiress of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn. The following letter from one of Scott's friends to another shows the apprehension which was felt when the intelligence of the engagement was announced, as to its possible effect on him: 'Mr. Forbes marries Miss Stuart. This is not good news. I always dreaded there was some deception on the part of our romantic friend, and I now shudder at the violence of his most irritable and ungovernable mind. Who is it that says "men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for *Love*"? I hope sincerely it may be verified in this case' (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*). Scott, however, felt very deeply, and for many years was unable to endure meeting the lady.

To No. 92 Francis Jeffrey removed from Queen Street in 1810. Cockburn describes it as 'a small house occupied entirely by himself.' Here he resided seventeen years. Lockhart's description of him in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk* may find a fitting place here: 'It is a face which any man would pass without observation in a crowd, because it is small and swarthy, and entirely devoid of lofty or commanding outlines; and besides, his stature is so low that he might walk close under your chin or mine, without catching the eye

even for a moment. . . . The forehead is very singularly shaped, describing in its bend from side to side a larger segment of a circle than is at all common, compressed below the temples almost as much as Sterne's, and throwing out sinuses above the eyes of an extremely bold and compact structure. The hair is very black and wiry, standing in ragged bristling clumps out from the upper part of his head, but lying close and firm lower down, especially about the ears. . . . The lips are very firm, but they tremble and vibrate, even when brought close together, in such a way as to give the idea of an intense, never-ceasing play of mind. . . . But what speaking things are his eyes!' Cockburn, contrasting Jeffrey with Scott, says: 'He was sharp English; with few anecdotes and no stories, delighting in the interchange of minds, bright in moral speculation, wit, and colloquial eloquence, and always beloved for the constant transportation of an affectionate and cheerful heart.' Carlyle said: 'Jeffrey was a Benthamite on the surface, and underneath an Epicurean, with a good-humoured contempt for enthusiasm and high aspirations' (Froude's *Carlyle*). Carlyle first made the acquaintance of Jeffrey here very shortly before the latter removed to Moray Place in 1827. Carlyle says in his *Reminiscences*: 'I got ready admission into Jeffrey's study, or rather "office," for it had mostly that air: a roomy, not over neat apartment on the ground floor, with a big baize-covered table loaded with book-rows and paper bundles . . . five pairs of candles were cheerfully burning, in the light of which sate my famous little gentleman; laid aside his work—cheerfully invited me to sit, and began talking in a perfectly human manner.' Jeffrey was born in 1773, died 1850 (see JEFFREY, pp. 62, 79, 123, 156, 186).

NORTH CASTLE STREET.

No. 39 is ever memorable as the home of SIR WALTER SCOTT. He came here, after a temporary residence at a house in South Castle Street, soon after his marriage, and in the year 1798. Writing of him in 1811, Lord Cockburn says in his *Memorials*: 'People used to be divided at this time as to the superiority of Scott's poetry or his talk. His novels had not yet begun to suggest another alternative. Scarcely, however, even in his novels, was he more striking or delightful than in society; where the halting limb, the burr in the throat, the heavy cheeks, the high Goldsmith forehead, the unkempt locks, and general plainness of appearance, with the Scotch accent, and stories, and sayings, all

graced by gaiety, simplicity, and kindness, made a combination most worthy of being enjoyed.' 'He was a most extraordinary being,' says Hogg; 'how or when he composed his voluminous works no man could tell. When in Edinburgh he was bound to the Parliament House all the forenoon. He never was denied to any living lady or gentleman, poor or rich, and he never seemed discomposed when intruded on; but always good-humoured and kind. Many a time have I been sorry for him, for I have remained in his study in Castle Street in hopes to get a quiet word out of him, and witnessed the admission of ten intruders forbye myself' (*Domestic Manners and Private Life of Scott*).

39 NORTH CASTLE STREET.

Captain Basil Hall writes in his diary in 1826, 'five months after the total ruin' of Scott's 'pecuniary fortunes, and twenty-six days after the death of his wife': 'In the days of his good-luck he used to live at No. 39 North Castle Street, in a house befitting a rich baronet; but on reaching the door I found the plate on it covered with rust (so soon is glory obscured), the windows shuttered up, dirty and comfortless; and from the side of one projected a board "To sell." The stairs were unwashed, and not a footmark told of the ancient hospitality which reigned within. In all nations with which I am acquainted, the fashionable world move westward, in imitation, perhaps, of the greater tide of civilisation; and *vice versa*, those persons who decline in fortune, which is mostly equivalent to declining in fashion, shape their course eastward. Accordingly, by an involuntary impulse, I turned my head that way, and, inquiring at the Clubs in Princes Street, learned that he now resided in St. David Street, No. 6.' Of Scott's health at one part of this period, in 1819, a significant intimation occurs in a letter to Constable, given in *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*: 'Last night was a cruelly painful trial, the spasms lasting from half-past six till half-past four in

the morning, without a moment's intermission, yet, after all this agony, and much bleeding and blistering, and dosing with laudanum, here I am, sitting quietly in my own room, in hopes, two days will restore me the use of my arms—sorely mangled with lancets—and the free exercise of my faculties.' Lockhart describes Scott's study as having 'a single Venetian window opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was sombrous. . . . The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby, with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose. . . . His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box richly carved, and lined with crimson velvet. . . . The room had no space for pictures, except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney-piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story) dispersed star-fashion round them.' Scott resided here twenty-eight years, his appointment at the Parliament House yielding him an income of about £1500 a year. A small bust over the door, seen through the fanlight, is the only indication to the casual passer-by that he is gazing on one of the most memorable houses in the world (see SCOTT, *post* and pp. 94, 106, 109, 128, 140, 141).

SOUTH CASTLE STREET.

No. **10**, as the writer is assured by Mr. David Douglas, the publisher of Castle Street, on undoubted authority in his possession, is the house in which SIR WALTER SCOTT resided for a short time before removing to North Castle Street. Grant (*Old and New Edinburgh*) says it was No. 19.

No. **16** was the residence of MR. J. SKENE of Rubislaw, the bosom friend of Sir Walter Scott, and the last survivor of the six particular friends to whom he dedicated the respective cantos of *Marmion*. Of him Scott writes as follows: 'Mr. and Mrs. Skene came to us from Edinburgh. Skene, distinguished for his attainments as a draughtsman, and for his highly gentlemanlike feelings and character, is laird of Rubislaw, near Aberdeen. Having had an elder brother, his education was somewhat neglected in early life, against which disadvantage he made a most gallant fight, exerting himself much to obtain those accomplishments which he has since possessed. Admirable in all exercises, there entered a

good deal of the cavalier into his early character. Of late he has given himself much to the study of antiquities' (*Scott's Journal*, January 4th, 1826).

Returning to

GEORGE STREET,

No. 108 takes us back to the period of SIR WALTER SCOTT'S first quitting the paternal roof in George Square, when he came to lodge in this house; and hither he brought his newly-married wife, whose custom, as Lockhart tells, of using the best rooms for sitting in on ordinary days so shocked the landlady. The house is unchanged except in respect of a recent alteration in the entrance.

No. 116, now formed into shops, was for many years the residence of ARCHIBALD COLQUHOUN of Killermont, Lord Advocate of Scotland in 1807. He was Archibald Campbell of Clathick, but assumed the name of Colquhoun on succeeding to the estate of Killermont. He came to the bar in the same year (1768) or about the same time as his friends Lord Craig and the Hon. Henry Erskine. He succeeded Lord Frederick Campbell as Lord Justice-Clerk in 1816. 'His mind and talents were said to have been of a very superior order: he was a sound lawyer, an eloquent pleader, but his independent fortune and proud reserve induced him to avoid general business, while in his Parliamentary duties as member for Dumbarton he was unremitting and efficient. He died in 1820' (*Memoirs of Colquhoun*).

In No. 122 resided a genuine specimen of the *grande dame* of the old school—MRS. MURRAY of Henderland. She was resident there from the first years of the century to the early 'thirties.' The late Dr. Robert Chambers informs us that he was introduced to her by Dr. Chalmers, and found her memories of the past went back to the first years of the reign of George III. Her husband, Alexander Murray, had been Lord North's Solicitor-General for Scotland. His name appears on the list between those of Henry Dundas and Islay Campbell of Succoth. She was born before the Porteous Mob (1736), and at the time when Robert Chambers saw her (1834) was close on her hundredth year. 'I found the venerable lady seated at a window of her drawing-room in George Street, with her daughter, Miss Murray, taking the care of her which her extreme age required, and with some help from this lady we had a conversation of about an hour. She

spoke with affection and reverence of her mother's brother, Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield. When I adverted to the long pamphlet written against him by "Athenian Stuart" at the conclusion of the Douglas cause, she said that to her knowledge he had never read it, such being his practice with respect to all attacks made upon him, lest they should disturb his equanimity of judgment. As the old lady was on intimate terms with Boswell, and had seen Johnson on his visit to Edinburgh—as she was the sister-in-law of Allan Ramsay the painter, and had lived in the most cultivated society of Scotland all her life, there were ample materials for conversation with her: but her small strength made this shorter and slower than I could have wished. When we came upon the poet Allan Ramsay she seemed to have caught new vigour from the subject. She spoke with animation of the child parties she had attended in his house on the Castle Hill during a course of ten years before his death, an event which happened in 1758. He was charming, she said—he entered so heartily into the plays of children. He in particular gained their hearts by making houses for their dolls. How pleasant it was to learn that our great pastoral poet was a man who in his private capacity loved to sweeten the daily life of his fellow-creatures, and particularly of the young! At a warning from Miss Murray I had to tear myself away from this delightful and never-to-be-forgotten interview.'

No. 123, on the opposite side, was the dwelling of the celebrated Sir John Watson Gordon, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, and one of the most distinguished Scots artists we have had. He died June 1st, 1864.

At No. 128 lived, from 1817 to 1832, Sir James Hall, the results of whose scientific experiments, in association with Dr. Hutton, are to be found in the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Edinburgh for 1806, and of his architectural theories in the *Origin, Principles, and History of Gothic Architecture*, theories illustrated in his lifetime by the erection of a Gothic building constructed of twigs and boughs. In Lord Cockburn's *Memorials of My Time*, we read: 'His large house in George Street was distinguished by its hospitality both to science and fashion. And the interest of his many evening parties was not lessened by the stories of his oddities, which were sure to make the morning laugh. . . . His only misfortune was a bad manner; at least if it be a misfortune for a clever man to be much

laughed at. Neither obtrusive, nor dull, nor coarse, but rather kind, gentle, and cheerful, he said and did whatever occurred to him; and as he had the always diverting defect of absence of mind, there was seldom any saying what might occur to him. There was no intentional disregard of the ordinary ceremonies of politeness; but an unconsciousness of their existence. . . . He made but one speech in Parliament, and I have heard him say that he was not much discomposed by the laughter of the whole members, but that he began to suspect that he must be making a queer figure when he saw the Speaker laugh too. It was a doubt in the family when he was a boy whether he was to turn out a man of genius or an idiot; and being in London, he was taken to the top of St. Paul's, where some one, on the hopeful side, was certain he would disclose himself by some burst of wonder. It was long of coming; but at last he screamed with delight, "Ee! there's a cuddie!" What better could a sensible boy have observed?' Sir James Hall died here after an illness extending over three and a half years, in the year 1832, at the age of seventy-one.

No. 133 was the residence of the Misses Sinclair of Ulbster. One of these ladies was CATHERINE SINCLAIR, a novelist of vast popularity in her day, and one of whose works, *Beatrice*, is said to have had a sale within a few months in America of 100,000 copies, a demand surpassing that even of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in England. She is memorable, however, not only for her writings, but for her deeds of benevolence in Edinburgh. Cooking depôts were first introduced by her, where, for sums varying from 3½d. to 7d., a comfortable dinner could be obtained. She erected the first public fountain in the city, and the cabmen's shelters were due to her philanthropic exertions. She died at Kensington, aged sixty-four, in the year 1864. It is recorded of her father, Sir John Sinclair, whom Kay calls 'The Scottish Patriot,' apparently because he produced a popular *Code of Agriculture*, that he playfully designated the pavement in front of his house in George Street 'The Giants' Causeway,' in allusion to the great stature of his *thirteen* sons and daughters.

At the end of George Street, on the south side, is

SOUTH CHARLOTTE STREET.

No. 4 was the residence of the REV. ROBERT SMITH CANDLISH, D.D., theological writer, and the ruling spirit in his day of the Free Church. He succeeded Dr. Cunningham

on the death of the latter as Principal of the New College. His degree was an American one, bestowed by Princeton College, New Jersey. His life as 'minister, church leader, and theological writer in one' was a busy life; but records of it contain few particulars of his personal characteristics or habits of life. 'Naturally the first business attended to by the Assembly (the one held at Tanfield immediately after the Disruption) was that of its own organisation, and the mover of the motion to that end was Dr. Candlish, who was at once recognised as the leader of the house. Born in 1806 at Edinburgh, Dr. Candlish was removed in his infancy to Glasgow, and it was there that he received all his education and that he was licensed in 1828. His experience as a probationer was not very happy. He was appointed assistant first at St. Andrew's Church, Glasgow, and afterwards at Bonhill; but his prospects of a permanent settlement at home did not seem bright, and the idea of his proceeding to Canada began to be entertained. His expatriation, however, was prevented by his receiving an invitation to assist Mr. Martin of St. George's, Edinburgh, and of that parish he became minister in 1834. His early reputation was not quite satisfactory. Dr. Cunningham suspected that his sympathies were with the Moderate party, and for five years after his ordination he took no part in public affairs. But his true position became more and more defined; and in the Assembly of 1839, at the instigation of Dr. Robert Buchanan, he was moved to deliver his first speech. The speech settled his place at once, and from that time onward he grew in influence until in 1843 his was accepted as, after that of Chalmers, the guiding hand in the reconstruction of the Church' (Walker's *Chapters from the History of the Free Church*). He died in 1873, at the age of sixty-seven.

CHARLOTTE SQUARE.

No. 6 was the residence for a time, after his marriage with Diana, daughter of Lord Macdonald, of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster. He was a voluminous author besides being a keen politician and member of Parliament. His miscellaneous pamphlets and papers on political and other subjects amount to nearly four hundred, embracing subjects most varied, as 'Address on the Corn Laws,' 'Culture of Potatoes,' 'Sketch of a System of Education,' 'On the Political State of Europe,' 'Address to the Mercantile Interest,' 'Letter on Mountain Dew,' 'Gretna Green Marriages,' 'Catholic Eman-

cipation,' 'On Infant Schools,' 'Fingal; a Tragedy,' etc. etc. His opinions were invariably the result of accurate information and deep reflection. As a financier his knowledge was comprehensive and sound; and his *History of the Revenue of the British Empire* may be still looked upon as the best authority that can be consulted on the subject. He was an uncompromising supporter of the Constitution from a conviction of its utility, yet his Plans of Reform in 1782 and 1831 clearly show that he was by no means insensible to improvement (*Kay's Portraits*).

No. 7 was the residence of LORD NEAVES, one of the most popular of Scots lawyers. Charles Neaves was born in Edinburgh in 1800, educated at the High School and University, called to the bar 1822, Solicitor-General 1852-53, succeeded Lord Cockburn on the Bench in 1853, appointed a Lord of Justiciary in 1858. He was highly celebrated as a criminal lawyer, and for his genial social qualities, as well as for a cultured literary taste, manifested in fine critical prose and witty verse. 'A choice little collection of *Songs and Verses*, social and scientific (1869), most of them originally published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, has been garnered up in a small handsome volume by their author, the Hon. Lord Neaves, a Scots judge. They are lively, witty, and sarcastic, the sarcasm being levelled at abuses and absurdities in social life' (Chambers's *Cyclopædia of English Literature*).

At No. 9 JAMES SYME, the celebrated surgeon, lived from 1837 to 1842, when he removed to Millbank. 'He had occupied several houses in town,' says Paterson (*Life of Syme*), 'and latterly was settled in Charlotte Street, where he married for the second time.' He is described as a man of simple habits, 'a sincere Christian, natural in his manners, and of gentlemanly bearing, upright in his dealings, and genial and hospitable in the domestic circle.' Unlike members of his profession generally, 'he never noted down any engagement, however long the interval that might elapse before seeing the patient, and it used to be matter of astonishment to his medical friends to see him turn up at the precise hour, eight or nine days after he had promised to see the case again. . . . He arranged in his own mind the work of the day, and those visits to patients at distant intervals of time, although never noted, were treated in some peculiar way in his own memory.' In 1848 Syme went to London, but found his appointment at the London University uncongenial, and returned to Edinburgh in three

months. In 1850 he was made President of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh. His death took place in 1870; he was seventy-one years of age (see SYME, p. 120).

No. 13 was in 1810 the residence of the celebrated SIR WILLIAM FETTES of Comely Bank, to whose generosity Edinburgh is indebted for the noble college which bears his name. 'He was born at Edinburgh on the 25th June 1750, and nine years afterwards attended the High School class taught by Mr. John Gilchrist. At the early age of eighteen he began business as a tea and wine merchant in Smith's Land, High Street, an occupation which he combined for twenty years with that of an underwriter, besides being connected with establishments at Leeds, Durham, and Newcastle. His name appears in Williamson's *Directory* for 1788-90as "William Fettes, Grocer, head of Bailie Fyfe's Close; house, 57 Princes Street." He was for many years a contractor for military stores, and in 1800 was chosen a director of the British Linen Company. He had in the meantime entered the town council, in which he filled in 1785 the office of fourth bailie, and in 1799 that of senior bailie. In 1800 he was unanimously elected Lord Provost of the city, which office he held for the then usual period of two years, and for a second time in 1805 and 1806. In 1804 he was created a baronet. Retiring from business in 1800, Sir William took up his abode in Charlotte Square, and devoted himself to the management of several estates which he purchased at different times in various parts of Scotland.' Sir William died in 1836, and his fortune, which at his death was valued at £166,000, being allowed to accumulate until 1864, reached considerably more than a quarter of a million, when the trustees resolved to begin the erection of the College.

At No. 14 lived for many years, from about 1812-45, HENRY COCKBURN, afterwards Lord Cockburn. 'Of all the great pleaders of the Scottish Bar, Mr. Cockburn is the only one who is capable of touching, with a bold and assured hand, the chords of feeling, who can by one plain word and one plain look, convey the whole soul of tenderness or appeal, with the authority of a true prophet, to yet higher emotions which slumber in many bosoms, but are dead, I think, in none.' Such is the testimony of his contemporary Lockhart to Cockburn's merits as an advocate (*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*). Dr. Guthrie (*Memoir*) says: 'Cockburn was a man of fascinating manners and fine genius; the greatest orator, in one sense, I ever heard. His looks, his tones, his

language, his whole manner, were such as to make you believe for the time that he spoke *ab imo pectore*—he himself believing every word he said.' Lockhart thus describes his personal appearance: 'It is, I think, a thousand pities that this gentleman should wear a wig in pleading; for when he throws off that incumbrance, and appears in his natural shape, nothing can be finer than the form of his head. He is quite bald, and his is one of the foreheads which, in spite of antiquity, are the better for wanting hair. . . . His face also is of a very striking kind—pale and oval in its outline, having the nose perfectly aquiline, although not very large—the mouth rather wide, but, nevertheless, firm and full of meaning—the eyes beautifully shaped, in colour of a rich clear brown, and capable of conveying a greater range of expression than almost any I have seen.' Cockburn was below the middle height. Socially, he was one of the most popular of Scotsmen, owing to his genial familiarity with men of all classes. Carlyle writes in his journal: 'In all respects the converse or contrast of Wilson; rustic Scotch sense, sincerity of humour, all of the practical Scotch types, . . . Cockburn, small, solid, and genuine, was by much the wholesomer product; a bright, cheery-voiced, large-eyed man, a Scotch dialect with plenty of good logic in it, and plenty of practical sagacity; veracious too. A gentleman, I should say, perfectly in the Scotch type, perhaps the very last of that peculiar species.' Cockburn was raised to the Bench in 1834. His latter years were chiefly spent at his country residence of Bonaly, near Colinton, where he died in 1854, aged seventy-five (see COCKBURN, p. 142).

14 CHARLOTTE SQUARE.

No. 15 was the residence of LORD PITMILLY, the well-known judge; while JAMES WOLFE MURRAY, afterwards LORD CRINGLETIE, occupied No. 17 in 1811. He was born in 1760, called to the Bar in 1782, succeeded Lord Meadowbank on the Bench, 1816, and died in 1836. The RIGHT HON. DAVID BOYLE, Lord Justice-Clerk, and afterwards Lord

Justice-General, occupied No. 17 in 1838. David Boyle was the son of the Hon. Pat. Boyle of Shewalton, third son of John, second Earl of Glasgow. He was born in 1772, passed advocate in 1793, Solicitor-General in 1807, and the same year elected member of Parliament for the county of Ayr, which he continued to represent until his elevation to the Bench in 1811. In the same year he was appointed Lord Justice-Clerk, and in 1841 became Lord President. 'Throughout the long period which the Lord Justice-Clerk filled this office he efficiently discharged its important duties, both as a criminal and civil judge. Not content with making himself fully master of the different civil cases coming before him, by a previous diligent perusal of the printed records and pleadings, he carefully noted down any observations of importance addressed from the bar, and entered either on the margin of the papers or on a blank paper-book the opinion of each judge as it was delivered' (*Kay's Portraits*).

In No. 18 two individuals successively lived, each celebrated in his own sphere—LIEUT.-GENERAL ALEXANDER DIROM of Mount Annan, and formerly of the 44th regiment. He was Quartermaster-General for Scotland, and was an officer of much experience, having seen long service in the old wars of India, when 'John Company' was in its glory. He was engaged in the campaign against Tippoo Saib. Latterly the house was occupied by the late JAMES CRAUFURD, better known as Lord Ardmillan. He was called to the Bar in 1829, raised to the Bench in 1855, and died in 1876.

No 31 was the residence of the RIGHT HON. WILLIAM ADAM, Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court, and, as Grant says, 'a man of great eminence in his time.' He was the son of Adam Blair of Blairadam, and was born in July 1751. Educated at Edinburgh, and called to the Scots Bar, he nevertheless did not practise at that time, but had a hankering after a political life. Accordingly he sat in Parliament from 1774 to 1794. In the latter year, however, he began to devote himself to his profession, and in 1802 was appointed Counsel for the East India Company, and four years after Chancellor for the Duchy of Cornwall. He then became M.P. for Kinross, and was deemed so sound a lawyer, that he was frequently consulted by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. 'In the course of a parliamentary dispute with Mr. Fox about the first American War, the two fought a duel, which happily ended without bloodshed, after which the great leader of the Opposition remarked jocularly,

that had his antagonist not loaded his pistols with Government powder, he would have been shot. In 1814 Adam submitted to Government a plan for trying civil causes by jury in Scotland, and in the following year was made a Privy Councillor and Baron of the Scottish Exchequer. In 1816 an Act of Parliament was obtained instituting a separate Jury Court in Scotland, and he was appointed Lord Chief Commissioner with two of the judges as colleagues, and to this Court he applied all his energies, overcoming by his patience, zeal, and urbanity the many obstacles opposed to the success of such an institution. In 1830, when fully organised, the Jury Court was by another Act transferred to the Court of Session, and when taking his seat on the Bench of the latter for the first time, complimentary addresses were presented to him from the Faculty of Advocates, the Society of Writers to the Signet, and that of the Solicitors before the Supreme Courts, thanking him for the important benefits which the introduction of trial by jury in civil cases had conferred on Scotland. In 1833 he retired from the Bench, and died at his house in Charlotte Square in 1839, in his eighty-seventh year' (*Old and New Edinburgh*). He was an intimate friend of Sir Walter Scott, and the latter wrote of him: 'Lord Chief Commissioner Adam came to see me, and the meeting though pleasing was melancholy. It is the first time we have met since the break-up of his hopes in the death of his eldest son on his return from India, where he was Chief in Council and highly esteemed. The Commissioner is not a very early friend of mine, for I scarce knew him till his settlement in Scotland with his present office. But I have since lived much with him and taken kindly to him, as one of the most pleasant, kind-hearted, benevolent, and pleasing men I have ever known. It is high treason among the Tories to express regard for him or respect for the Jury Court over which he presides. I was against that experiment as much as any one. But it is an experiment, and the establishment (which the fools will not perceive) is the only thing which I see likely to give some prospects of ambition to our Bar, which has been otherwise so much diminished. As for the Chief Commissioner, I daresay he jobs, as all other people of consequence do, in elections and so forth. But he is the personal friend of the King, and the decided enemy of whatever strikes at the constitutional rights of the monarch. Besides, I love him for the various changes which he has endured through life, and which have been so great as to make him entitled to be regarded in one point of view as the most fortunate, in the other the most

unfortunate, man in the world. He has gained and lost two fortunes by the same good luck and the same rash confidence which raised and now threatens my *peculium*' (*Journal of Sir Walter Scott, Jan.* 20, 1826).

In No. 35 lived THOMAS MAITLAND, LORD DUNDRENNAN, who was Solicitor-General under Lord Melbourne in 1840-41, and again from 1846 to 1850, when he was raised to the Bench. He died at Edinburgh in the following year, aged fifty-nine. 'Thomas Maitland was eminent as a pleader, conscientious as a judge, and renowned far and wide as a collector of rare and valuable books' (Irving's *Book of Scotsmen*).

No. 42 was occupied from 1811 by WILLIAM ROBERTSON, LORD ROBERTSON, who became a Judge in 1805. 'He was the son of Dr. Robertson, the eminent Historian and Principal of the University of Edinburgh. He was born in December 1754, and became a member of the Faculty of Advocates in 1775. In 1779 he was chosen Procurator of the Church of Scotland, after a keen contest, in which he was opposed by the Hon. Henry Erskine, whose professional eminence is so well known' (*Kay's Portraits*). His appearance is thus described by Lockhart: 'One of the most respected assessors (judges) is Lord Robertson, son to the great historian; nor could I see without a very peculiar interest the son of such a man occupying and adorning such a situation in the midst of a people in whose minds his name must be associated with so many feelings of gratitude and admiration. The son of such a man as the Historian of Scotland is well entitled to share in these honourable feelings of hereditary attachment among the people of Scotland, and he does share in them' (*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*).

Glenfinlas Street leads to

ST. COLME STREET.

To No. 7 SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON removed from his father's house (see p. 163) in 1825, on his marriage. 'In 1825,' he writes, 'we took possession of a new house which I had built in St. Colme Street, Edinburgh, one of the best situations in the town. . . . The furnishing of the house was a source of interest to us both, and many were the expeditions we made together in quest of the little niceties which add so much to the comfort without materially augmenting the expense of a dwelling.' Alison

possessed great amiability of character, combined with a pleasant conviction of his own merits, as apparent in his *Autobiography*. He preserved his health by giving up writing after dinner on the completion of his *History* in 1842; and five years before his death, at the age of seventy-five, walked, as he records, twenty miles in five hours without fatigue. He wrote his book on *Population* here. 'It was at eleven at night,' he says, 'sitting in the drawing-room in St. Colme Street beside Mrs. Alison, that it was finished.' Four volumes of *The History of Europe*, written, Disraeli said, to show that 'Providence was on the side of the Tories,' were also produced here, that work being completed at Possil House, near Glasgow, whither he removed on his appointment as Sheriff of Lanarkshire in 1835, and where he died after a day's illness in 1867.

At No. 8 Captain Basil Hall was residing in 1831. Apart from his brilliant and entertaining records of travel, and his famous *Abbotsford Journal*, Basil Hall must be ever held in kindly remembrance as having procured for Scott the offer of a Government frigate to convey him to the Mediterranean, and his tender care and solicitude for his comfort on embarking. The work by which he is best known is his pleasant *Fragments of Voyages and Travels, including Anecdotes of Naval Life*, in three volumes, which he published in Edinburgh in 1831 during his residence in this house, where some of his children were born. *Patchwork*, a work in three volumes, he published in England in 1841. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Hunter, Consul-General in Spain, and died at Portsmouth in 1844, leaving behind him the reputation of having been a brave and intelligent officer, a good and benevolent man, and a faithful friend.

At the end of St. Colme Street on the north is

FORRES STREET.

No. 3. The Rev. Dr. Chalmers was living here prior to his residence in Inverleith Row, 1831-35. Chalmers' appearance at this time is accurately described by one who knew him intimately: 'At first sight his face is a coarse one; but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it, that such as have eyes cannot be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large half-closed eyelids have a certain drooping melancholy about them which interested me much,

I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigour in their central fulness of curve. The upper lip downward from the nose is separated by a very deep line which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong in texture, like pieces of marble, with the cheekbones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in colour, and have a strange dreamy heaviness that conveys any idea than that of dulness, but which contrasts in a wonderful manner with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets and illuminated into all their flame and fervour in some moment of high entranced enthusiasm. But the shape of the forehead is perhaps the most singular part of the whole visage, and indeed it presents a mixture so very singular that I should have required some little time to comprehend the meaning of it. In the forehead of Dr. Chalmers there is an arch of imagination, carrying out the summit boldly and roundly, in a style to which the heads of very few poets present anything comparable, while over this again there is a grand apex of veneration and love, such as might have graced the bust of Plato himself, and such as in living men I had never beheld equalled in any but the majestic head of Canova' (*Combe's Portraits.* See CHALMERS, pp. 188, 199).

No. 2 is now part of a hotel, and, with the former entrance removed, was the residence 1835-37 of the eminent surgeon, JAMES SYME. He removed from here to Charlotte Square (see SYME, p. 113).

QUEEN STREET

is in a line with St. Colme Street.

In No. 79, now a shop, SYDNEY SMITH was residing in 1800. He had then been three years in Edinburgh; having been driven by stress of political troubles and the disturbed condition of the Continent to abbreviate his travels in company with his pupil, Mr. Beach (the son of an ancestor of the present Sir Michael Hicks Beach), Edinburgh was chosen as an alternative residence for tutor and pupil. Sydney Smith sometimes preached at this time in Charlotte Chapel, Rose Street. Two years later we meet with him in George Street, the guiding spirit of the new *Edinburgh Review.* Although Smith exercised his wit occasionally on Scotland and the

Scotch—calling the former 'the garret of the earth,' and 'the knuckle-end of England,' and joking on the supposed inability of the latter to appreciate a joke—yet, as his daughter, Lady Holland, records, he always entertained a sincere affection for the country and the people. When preaching in Edinburgh, seeing how almost exclusively the congregations were made up of ladies, he once took for his text the verse, 'O that men therefore would praise the Lord,' and, with that touch of the facetious which marked everything he did, laid the emphasis on the word men (see SMITH, p. 104).

79 QUEEN STREET.

In the year 1811 No. 71 was the residence of FRANCIS, LORD NAPIER, a distinguished soldier of the race of the 'Fighting Napiers.' He had served in the American War under General Burgoyne, but left the army in 1789. He took a leading part in many local affairs; was Grand Master Mason of Scotland, Colonel of the Hopetoun Fencibles in 1793, Commissioner to the General Assembly in 1802, etc. 'His prominently aquiline face and figure were long remarkable in Edinburgh; though at a time when gentlemen usually wore gaudy colours—frequently a crimson or purple coat, a green plush vest, black breeches and white stockings—when not in uniform he always dressed plainly and with the nicest attention to propriety.' The following anecdote of his finical taste is related by Lockhart:—'Lord and Lady Napier arrived at Castlemilk in Lanarkshire with the intention of staying a week, but the next morning it was announced that a circumstance had occurred which rendered it indispensable for them to return without delay to their own seat in Selkirkshire. It was impossible for Lady Stuart to extract any further explanation at the moment, but it afterwards turned out that Lord Napier's valet had committed the grievous mistake of packing up a set of neckcloths, which did not correspond *in point of date* with the shirts they accompanied' (Lockhart's *Life of Scott*). Lord Napier died in 1823.

In No. 68 lived for many years Mr. George Joseph Bell, Advocate, Professor of Scots Law in the University of Edinburgh from 1822 to 1843, and author of *The Principles of the Law of Scotland.*

No. 64 was until recently the town residence of the Earls of Wemyss. But before they located themselves there it had a number of tenants, amongst others Lord Rockville, one of the Judges of the Court of Session, who was better known as 'Lang Sandy Gordon,' as he was named in those days of simple and unassuming familiarity, being the son of William, second Earl of Aberdeen. 'He was remarkable for his manly beauty and handsome figure. He was a member of the Crochallan Club and a great convivialist. Walking down the High Street one day, when the pavement was unsafe by ice, he fell and broke his arm. He was conveyed to Provost Elder's shop, opposite the Tron Church, where surgical aid was procured and his arm dressed; but unfortunately when his friends were conveying him home to his new house in Queen Street, one of the chairman fell and overturned the sedan in the street, which unsettling the splinting of his lordship's arm, ultimately brought on a fever, of which he died on the 13th March 1792' (Wilson's *Memorials*).

No. 64 was next occupied by Sir James Grant of Grant, Bart., usually known as 'the good Sir James.' His town house, with extensive stable-offices, had previously been at the foot of the Canongate, where it was advertised for sale in 1796, as 'presently possessed by Professor Stewart.' At a period when the extensive Highland proprietors were driving whole colonies of people from the abodes of their forefathers, and compelling them to seek on distant shores that shelter which was denied them on their own, and when absenteeism and the vices of courtly intrigue and fashionable dissipation had sapped the morality of too many of our landowners, Sir James Grant escaped the contagion, and during a long life was distinguished for the possession of those virtues which are the surest bulwarks of the peace, happiness, and strength of a country. Possessed of extensive estates, and surrounded by a numerous tenantry, his exertions seemed to be equally devoted to the progressive improvement of the one and the present comfort and enjoyment of the other. Among his clan he raised two regiments of Highland Fencibles within a few months of each other. One was numbered as the 97th or Strathspey Regiment, 1800 strong, and a portion of it formed the 42nd

for service in the West Indies. Sir James died at Castle Grant in 1811.

At No. 62 FRANCIS (LORD) JEFFREY was living at the memorable period of the actual commencement of the *Edinburgh Review*. 'He had third-rate apartments in a "land" situated in Queen Street. . . . Its arrangements were not symmetrical, nor indicated much attention to comfort' (R. P. Gillies, *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*). 'Lord Jeffrey was no ordinary personage. His standing was high, both as a public man, and in the qualities which grace the more private intercourse of social life. There seemed to be a measure of his own sprightly and vivacious temperament communicated to those highly polished and intellectual *réunions* where he delighted to relax himself sometimes, as well as among the fashionable and the gay. Wonderful was the ease with which he could mix business and pleasure. Without neglecting the serious realities of life, and diligent attention to professional duties in the Parliament House, during a long summer's day, he could find time in the afternoon to attend consultations and receive clients, write law pleadings, dine out, attend his evening parties, flutter with the lively and the gay, pay homage to beauty, till the night was far spent, and then return home to write an article for a *Review*, until the morning light found him still awake and working in his study' (*Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*). His wife died during his residence here, in 1805 (see JEFFREY, pp. 62, 79, 105, 156, 186).

At No. 62 also lived, from about 1824 till his death, SIR JOHN LESLIE, successor to Playfair as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, and author of *Essay on the Nature and Properties of Heat*. Macvey Napier says of him: 'Though he did not shine in mixed society, and was latterly unfitted by a considerable degree of deafness from enjoying it, his conversation, when seated with one or two, was highly entertaining. It had no wit, little repartee, and no fine turns of any kind, but it had a strongly original and racy cast, and was replete with striking remarks and curious information. . . . He had prejudices of which it would have been better to be rid; he was not over charitable in his view of human virtue, and he was not quite so ready, on all occasions, to do that justice to a kindred merit as was to be expected in so ardent a worshipper of genius. But his faults were far more than

compensated by his many good qualities—by his constant equanimity, his cheerfulness, his simplicity of character almost infantine, his straightforwardness, his perfect freedom from affectation, and, above all, his unconquerable good-nature.' 'The person of Sir John Leslie,' says a writer in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*, 'was in later life far from gainly. He was short and corpulent, with a florid face and somewhat unsightly projection of the front teeth, and tottered considerably in walking. He was, moreover, very slovenly in his mode of dressing —a peculiarity the more curious, as it was accompanied by no inconsiderable a share of *self-respect*, and an anxiety to be thought young and engaging.' He was unmarried. He died from erysipelas supervening upon a severe cold, the effects of a foolish disregard of common caution, in persistently exposing himself in the grounds at his country place in bad weather, in 1832, his age being sixty-six.

At No. 53 JOHN WILSON resided, in the house of his mother, previously to removing to Gloucester Place. A brother, married like himself and having children, and two unmarried sisters, also lived with the old lady, and it is recorded that entire peace and harmony prevailed. Here the famous *Chaldee Manuscript* was concocted, amid such shouts of laughter, as Mrs. Gordon, the daughter and biographer of 'Christopher North' tells us, 'that the ladies in the room above sent to inquire in wonder what the gentlemen below were about.' Mrs. Wilson, senior, was a lady who managed her household to the admiration and envy of all her friends. 'She belonged to that old school of Scottish ladies whose refinement and intellect never interfered with duties the most humble. Marketing was then done in the early morning, and many a time was her stately figure in her elegantly fitting black satin dress seen to pass to and fro from the old market-place of Edinburgh, followed by some favourite caddie (street porter) bearing the well-chosen meats and vegetables that no skill but her own was permitted to select' (Mrs. Gordon's *Memoirs of Wilson*). It was here that Wilson wrote the *Isle of Palms*, and hither also he brought his young bride home, Miss Jane Penny, a belle of the lakes district (see WILSON, pp. 158, 180).

At No. 52 SIR JAMES Y. SIMPSON, M.D., whose name will ever be associated with the introduction of the use of chloroform, lived from 1845 to his death. He is very vividly presented to us in the memoir in Chambers's *Biograph-*

ical Dictionary: 'He was a most genial companion, carrying the fresh playful feelings of boyhood into manhood. In his house and at his table there were always to be found men and women of all countries, classes, opinions, and pursuits; and, as has been tersely said, 'he literally did the honours of Edinburgh.' 'Sir James was not without his faults. . . . He had a striking personal appearance, though somewhat lacking in refinement. In him, to quote the words of Gerald Massey, the body of Bacchus was surmounted by the head of Jove.' His face and form, as they appeared in earlier years, have been thus strikingly described: 'A pale, rather flattish face, massive bent brows, from under which shone eyes, now piercing as it were to your inmost soul, now melting with almost feminine tenderness; a coarsish nose, with dilated nostrils; a finely chiselled mouth, which seemed the most expressive feature of the face.' Mr. James Payn says in his interesting personal reminiscences of the great physician: 'I remember no one in his profession who impressed me as being a man of genius more than he did. . . . The Doctor's own account of his first experiment with chloroform is too good to be omitted: "I had had the chloroform beside me for several days, but it seemed so unlikely a liquid to produce results of any kind, that it was laid aside; and on searching for another object among some loose papers, after coming home very late one night, my hand chanced to fall upon it; and I poured some of the fluid into tumblers before my assistants, Dr. George Keith and Dr. Duncan, and myself. Before sitting down to supper we all inhaled the fluid, and were all under the mahogany in a trice, to my wife's consternation and alarm." Simpson after a while, drowsy as he was, was roused by Dr. Duncan snoring and by Dr. Keith kicking about in a far from graceful way. He saw at once that he must have been sent to sleep by the chloroform. He saw his friends still under its effects. In a word, he saw that the great discovery had been made, and that his long labours had come to a successful end.' His daughter thus writes in her delightful *Memoir* of him:—'My father was an emotional man. He had not inherited from his ancestors their shrewd thriftiness with regard to money, but his veins had more than their full share of the warm French blood which made him for a Northerner strikingly impressionable and occasionally guided by impulse rather than by calculation. His nameson's death, worked as a handle by others, made him deem it his duty to take a public part in revival work. "We must all speak for Jesus," the dying boy had said. . . . "What

do you consider was the greatest discovery you ever made?" an interviewer asked him. "That I have a Saviour," replied the Professor without hesitation. . . . He had many other irons in the fire (besides chloroform), which by his persistent thrift of time he was able to heat red-hot. Archæology was his holiday task. Fife caves, cup-marked stones, and ancient sculptures, a discussion over the Pyramids—all had his attention. Once when a ball was arranged to welcome home one of his elder boys, he invited his class on the day of the dance to the festivity. His invitation was received with cordial cheers. His home circle, with an irate Jarvis (his butler) at their head, were flabbergasted when casually at lunch he told of the guests he had bidden to the feast. He could not see the difficulties of those in charge of the arrangements. He jumped over them, as was his way. "If my range of consulting rooms isn't big enough, send for men and clear out another flat, and get more musicians, and double the order for food supplies. I am sure I always enjoyed a dance when I was their age, and I had to live very simple when I was a student. I will welcome every one of my class, and see they get dancing and supper galore," and those that came he saw enjoyed themselves' ('Life of Sir J. Y. Simpson' by Eve B. Simpson, in *Famous Scots Series*). Sir James Simpson died in 1870, aged fifty-nine.

In No. 38 lived the celebrated GEORGE PATTON, Advocate, afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk, whose suicide created such a painful impression about thirty years ago. He was born in 1803, the son of James Patton of Glenalmond; was educated at Perth Academy, Edinburgh University, and Cambridge. He passed as advocate in 1828, Solicitor-General 1859, returned to Parliament for Bridgewater 1866, but, accepting shortly afterwards the appointment of Lord Advocate, he had to vacate his seat, and was defeated by Mr. Vanderbyl. He succeeded John Inglis as Lord Justice-Clerk, and was sworn of the Privy Council in 1867. 'A contemplated examination regarding his relations with the Bridgewater electors during his contest, acting on a mind unusually sensitive to scandal of this kind, would appear to have upset Lord Patton's intellect, as the body of this esteemed judge and high-minded gentleman was found in the river Almond with his throat cut, after an anxious search by friends extending over several days, during which the public were unwilling to surmise that an act had been committed unparalleled in the history of the Scottish judicial bench' (Irving's *Book of Scotsmen*).

No. 14 (now the Caledonian United Service Club) was originally the residence of a well-known lawyer, WILLIAM HONEYMAN of Graemsay, who was elevated to the Bench as Lord Armadale in 1804. 'Sir William Honeyman, both as a lawyer and a judge, displayed very considerable talents as well as sound judgment. A specimen of his judicial argument is to be found in the Appendix to Hutcheson's *Treatise on the Offices of a Justice of the Peace*, etc., in the case of "His Majesty's Advocate *v.* James Taylor and other Journeymen Papermakers," decided in 1808' (*Kay's Portraits*).

At No. 13 the REV. SIR HENRY MONCREIFF WELLWOOD lived many years. Sir Henry Moncreiff, to use the name by which he was best known, was, says Lord Cockburn, 'one of the most remarkable and admirable men of his age. Small grey eyes, an aquiline nose, vigorous lips, a noble head, and the air of a plain hereditary gentleman marked the outward man. The prominent qualities of his mind were strong integrity and nervous sense. There never was a sounder understanding' (*Life of Jeffrey*). In his *Memorials of My Time* Cockburn says: 'The Sunday suppers of Henry Moncreiff are worthy of record. This most admirable and somewhat old-fashioned gentleman was one of those who always dined between sermons, probably without touching wine. He then walked back—look at him—from his small house in the east end of Queen Street to his church, with his bands, his little cocked hat, his tall cane, and his cardinal air; preached, if it was his turn, a sensible practical sermon; walked home in the same style, took tea about five, spent some hours in his study; at nine had family prayers, at which he was delighted to see the friends of his sons, after which the whole party sat down to roasted hares, goblets of wine, and his powerful talk.' Moncreiff died in 1827, at the age of seventy-two.

No. 8 Queen Street, now occupied by the Edinburgh Institution, was originally built for and occupied by CHIEF BARON ORDE of the Scottish Exchequer. In more recent years it was the residence of the gallant SIR NEIL DOUGLAS, who, as Grant says, was both Commander of the Forces in Scotland and Governor of Edinburgh Castle, who commanded the Cameron Highlanders in the war with France, and was desperately wounded at Quatre Bras.

NORTH ST. DAVID STREET.

No. 6 has a painful though strong interest as associated with the fallen fortunes of SIR WALTER SCOTT. Here he came to lodge with a Mrs. Brown, after the break-up of his home at North Castle Street and the death of his wife. In visiting the house in North Castle Street we quoted Captain Basil Hall's account of his visit to the deserted mansion, and how he proceeded to call on his friend at North St. David Street. He proceeds: 'I was rather glad to recognise my old friend the Abbotsford butler, who answered the door. . . . At the top of the stairs we saw a small tray, with a single plate and glasses for a solitary person's dinner. . . . As he rose to receive us, he closed the volume which he had been extracting from, and came forward to shake hands. He was, of course, in deep mourning, with weepers, and the other trappings of woe, but his countenance, though certainly a little wo-begone, was not cut into any very deep furrows. . . . After sitting a quarter of an hour we came away, well pleased to see our friend quite unbroken in spirit, and though bowed down a little by the blast, and here and there a branch the less, as sturdy in the trunk as ever.' Scott's entry in his *Journal* on May 12th, 1826, in this connection is too interesting to be omitted: 'Edinburgh, Mrs. Brown's lodging, North St. David Street. May 12th. . . . Well, here I am, in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, "When I was at home I was in a better place." I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Bailie Nicol Jarvie's consolation: "One cannot carry the comforts of the Saut Market about with one." Were I at ease in my mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy —a clergyman; and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one' (see SCOTT, SIR WALTER, pp. 94, 106, 108, 109, 140, 141).

6 NORTH ST. DAVID STREET.

At No. 9 SIR DAVID BREWSTER was living in 1808, at the time of his commencement of the *Encyclopædia* which bears

his name, and which is said to have originated in a casual hint from two clerical friends, whom he met in Princes Street, of the need of a good and thorough work of the kind. He commenced his career in the ministry in 1807, but the failure to secure the living of Sprouston in 1809 appears to have led him to relinquish it. 'He felt himself free to follow the career so manifestly opening before him. Many said, however, that by so doing he was "blasting his prospects for life"' (*Home Life of Sir David Brewster*, by Mrs. M. M. Gordon). Brewster was born 1781; died 1868 (see BREWSTER, p. 148).

In a line with Queen Street is

YORK PLACE.

In No. 10 lived WILLIAM CRAIG, the well-known lawyer and judge, who, under the title Lord Craig, was a member of the College of Justice from 1792 to 1813. He was one of the contributors to the *Mirror* and the *Lounger*, and wrote the paper on Michael Bruce which admirers of the poet value so much. Lord Craig was the cousin of the beautiful Mrs. M'Lehose, the 'Clarinda' of Robert Burns, and to her he bequeathed an annuity at his death. The next occupant of the house was ADMIRAL SIR DAVID MILNE, who, 'when a Lieutenant, took possession of the *Pique* frigate after her surrender to the *Blanche* in the West Indies. He also captured *La Seine* in 1798 and *La Vengeance* of thirty-eight guns in 1800, and commanded the *Impregnable* in the attack on Algiers when he was Rear-Admiral, and had 150 of his crew killed and wounded' (Brenton's *Naval History*). He died a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and left a son, Sir Alexander Milne, also K.C.B. and Admiral, more than once commander of fleets, and who first went to sea with his father in the flagship *Leander* in 1817. The son also resided for a time in this house. Sir David Milne died in 1845.

No. 19 was the residence for many years before his death, which took place here, of DR. JOHN ABERCROMBIE, the eminent physician, and the author of *The Intellectual Powers*, ten editions of which were called for in as many years; a result said to be partly attributable to 'the numerous cases set forth of peculiar mental phenomena, whose detailed records made a dry subject easy and entertaining reading'; the work having now no philosophical value. Lord Cockburn, indeed, said that Dr. Abercrombie's 'fame would perhaps

have stood higher had he published fewer books.' His benevolence led him to give much of his time to attendance on the poor, and, to supplement his own exertions, he appointed several of his student pupils to special districts, himself exercising a supervision of the whole. His death was the result of the bursting of a coronary artery—a somewhat exceptional disease of the heart—and occurred in his study after breakfast, whither he had retired before attending to the numerous patients who were waiting, his carriage standing ready at the door. His servant, thinking he was remaining there an unusual time, after the lapse of an hour entered and found him lifeless on the floor. He was an eminently pious man, and much esteemed in private life. He was sixty-three at the time of his death in 1844. 'Concerning his death,' says Grant, 'the following curious story has found its way into print. A Mrs. M., a native of the West Indies, was at Blair Logie at the time of the demise of Dr. Abercrombie, with whom she had been very intimate. He died suddenly without any previous indisposition, just as he was about to enter his carriage in York Place at eleven o'clock on a Thursday morning. On the night between Thursday and Friday Mrs. M. dreamt that she saw the whole family of Dr. Abercrombie dressed entirely in white dancing a solemn funeral dance, upon which she awoke, wondering that she should have dreamt anything so absurd, as it was contrary to their custom to dance on any occasion. Immediately afterwards her maid came to tell her that she also had dreamt she saw Dr. Abercrombie reclining against a wall with his jaw fallen and a livid countenance, mournfully shaking his head as he looked at her. She passed the day in great uneasiness, and wrote to inquire for the Doctor, relating what had happened and expressing her conviction that he was dead, and her letter was seen by several persons in Edinburgh on the day of its arrival' (*Old and New Edinburgh*).

No. 22 was the dwelling of one who was regarded along with Lord Hermand, Lord Eskgrove, Lord Balmuto, and one or two others, as the true type of the toddy-drinking, claret-swigging judge. This was CHARLES HAY, LORD NEWTON, the son of James Hay of Cocklaw, W.S. Born in 1740, he passed advocate in 1768, and soon became famous as an able pleader. He was raised to the Bench in 1806. 'He was distinguished by his strong natural abilities, as well as by his extensive knowledge of the profession, which embraced alike the minutest forms of the daily practice of the Court and the highest and most subtle points of

jurisprudence. His pleadings were never ornamental, but were entirely free from those little arts by which a speaker often tries to turn the attention of his auditors on himself; at the same time they were acute, argumentative, and to the purpose. Perhaps in none of his predecessors or contemporaries were so happily blended those masculine energies of mind so requisite to constitute the profound lawyer, with that good-nature and unpresuming simplicity so endearing in private life. Lord Newton's extraordinary judicial talents and social eccentricities are the subjects of numerous anecdotes. On the Bench he frequently indulged in a degree of lethargy not altogether in keeping with the dignity of the long robe, and which to individuals unacquainted with his habits, might well seem to interfere with the proper discharge of his duties. On one occasion, while a very zealous but inexperienced counsel was pleading before him, his lordship had been dozing as usual for some time, till at last the young man, supposing him asleep, and confident of a favourable judgment in his case, stopped short, and addressing the other lords on the Bench, said, "My lords, it is unnecessary that I should go on, as Lord Newton is fast asleep." "Ay, ay," cried Newton, whose faculties were not in the least affected by the leaden god; "you will have proof of that by and by," when, to the astonishment of the young advocate, after a most luminous review of the case, he gave a very decided and elaborate judgment against him. Lord Newton participated deeply in the bacchanalian propensities so prevalent among lawyers of every degree during the last and the beginning of the present century. He has been described as one of the profoundest drinkers of his day. A friend informs us that when dining alone Lord Newton was very abstemious, but when in the company of his friends, he would not hesitate to put three "lang craigs" (long-necked bottles of claret) under his belt, with scarcely the appearance of being affected by them. On one of these occasions he dictated to his clerk a law-paper of sixty pages, which has been considered one of the ablest his lordship had ever been known to produce. The MS. was sent to press without being read, and the proof-sheets were corrected at the bar of the Inner House in the morning. It has been stated that Lord Newton often spent the night in all manner of convivial indulgences, drove home about seven in the morning, slept two hours, and mounting the bench at the usual time showed himself perfectly well qualified to perform his duty. Simond, the French traveller, relates that he was quite surprised on stepping one morning into the Parliament

House to find in the dignified capacity, and exhibiting all the dignified bearing of a judge, the very gentleman with whom he had just spent a night of debauch, and parted only an hour before, when both were excessively intoxicated. His lordship was also exceedingly fond of card-playing, so much so that he humorously remarked, "Cards were his profession and the law only his amusement"' (*Kay's Portraits*). This was the gentleman with whom Robert Burns had so much pleasant intercourse at the Club the Crochallan Fencibles held at Dawney Douglas's in Anchor Close (see p. 16).

No. 32, before 1820, seems from the Edinburgh Directory to have been numbered 34, as its occupant was the same. This was SIR HENRY RAEBURN, the artist, whose brush has portrayed almost all the celebrities of his time. 'In 1795,' it is stated in Anderson's *Scottish Nation*, 'he built a large house in York Place, the upper part of which was lighted from the roof, and fitted up as a gallery for exhibition'; while the lower rooms were divided into convenient painting rooms. His dwelling-house was at St. Bernard's—a villa then distant from Edinburgh, but now within its limits. It is said that the suburb which has been built upon his property, commenced in his lifetime, owes the elegance displayed in its general arrangement and details to his design. The story of Raeburn's marriage is a romantic one as told by Cunningham. 'One day a young lady presented herself at his studio, and desired to sit for her portrait. He instantly remembered having seen her in some of his excursions, when, with his sketch-book in his hand, he was noting down some fine stretches of scenery; and as the appearance of anything living and lovely gives an additional charm to a landscape, the painter, like Gainsborough in similar circumstances, had readily admitted her into his drawing. This circumstance,

32 YORK PLACE.

he said, had had its influence. On further acquaintance he found that, besides personal charms, she had sensibility and wit. His respect for her did not affect his skill of hand, but rather inspired it, and he succeeded in making a fine portrait. The lady . . . was much pleased with the skill and likewise with the manner of the artist; and, about a month or so after the adventure of the studio, she gave him her hand in marriage, bestowing at once an affectionate wife and a handsome fortune.' Raeburn died in 1823, aged sixty-seven.

No. 40 was the residence of a well-known celebrity in Edinburgh society, MR. ALEXANDER OSBORNE, a Commissioner of the Board of Customs. He was a man of vast stature, the right-hand man, in fact, of the first regiment of Edinburgh volunteers. It was not merely his great height, although he was probably the tallest man of his day in Edinburgh, but his general bulk which rendered him so remarkable. His legs in particular, during his best days, were nearly as large in circumference as the body of an ordinary person. He was a very good-natured and well-informed man. Shortly after the Volunteers had been organised, Lord Melville introduced his huge countryman, dressed in full regimentals, to his Majesty George III. On witnessing such a Herculean specimen of his loyal defenders in the North, the King's curiosity was excited, and he inquired, 'Are all the Edinburgh volunteers like you?' Osborne, mistaking the jocular construction of the question and supposing his Majesty meant their status in society, replied, 'They are so, please your Majesty.' 'Astonishing!' exclaimed the King, lifting up his hands in wonder. In his youth he is said to have had a prodigious appetite, being able to consume *nine pounds of steak* at a meal. His father, who died at Aberdeen, Comptroller of the Customs in 1785, is said to have been a man of even more colossal proportions.

No. 47 was the residence of ALEXANDER NASMYTH, the father of the Scottish school of landscape painting, who also turned to a source of profit his taste in the improvement of the pleasure grounds of the wealthy and noble as a sort of professional adviser. It is said, also, that many of his suggestions for the improvement of the street architecture of Edinburgh were adopted. 'The capabilities, in an artistic point of view, of his native city, was the favourite theme of his evening conversations to the close of his long-protracted life; and many can still remember how ancient Athens itself

was eclipsed by the pictures which he drew of what Edinburgh might be made through the advantages of her situation and the taste of her citizens' (Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*). He lived a placid, uneventful life, devoting much of his time to tuition in his own house, where he opened a school of painting, and numbered his own large family of sons and daughters among his pupils. One of his sons, Peter, won for himself the name of 'the English Hobbima,' and was a distinguished ornament of the Scottish school of landscape painting, but unfortunately he predeceased his father—dying at the early age of forty-five. The father lived until 1840, when he died at the age of eighty-three. 'In his youth the pupil of Allan Ramsay,' says the author of *Old and New Edinburgh*, 'and afterwards of the best artists in Rome and England, he returned to his native city Edinburgh. To his friendship with Burns the world is indebted for the only authentic portrait which exists of our national poet. His compositions were chaste and elegant, and his industry unceasing. Thus he numbered among his early employers the chief of the Scottish *noblesse*. Most of the living landscape painters of Scotland, and many of the dead ones, have sprung from the school of Nasmyth.' Born 1758; died 1840.

PICARDY PLACE.

At No. **16**, now a paper-hanger's shop, for many years before his death, which took place here, lived JOHN CLERK (LORD ELDIN), made a Lord of Session in 1823. Carlyle, writing of his first arrival in Edinburgh, in 1809, says: 'The only figure I distinctly recollect and got printed on my brain that night was John Clerk, there irritably hitching about,' and remarks on his 'grim, strong countenance, with its black, far-projecting brows.' Lockhart, in *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, writes: 'This Mr. Clerk is unquestionably at the present time the greatest man among those who derive their chief fame from their appearance at the Scottish Bar. His face and figure attracted my particular attention, before I had the least knowledge of his name or suspicion of his surpassing celebrity.' Going on to describe 'the features in themselves as good,' he says: 'How the habits of the mind have stamped their traces upon every part of the face; what sharpness, what razor-like sharpness, has indented itself about the wrinkles of his eyelids; the eyes themselves so quick, so grey, such bafflers of scrutiny.' Lord Brougham in his *Autobiography* says: 'John Clerk's intimacy was very close with the Principal [Robertson] and his sister, who

both had great confidence in his practical sense upon most subjects, when not perverted by odd prejudices and fancies. For instance, she being, like him, a warm advocate of exercise as a means above everything of promoting health, used to quote him as saying, when asked "What were you to do in bad weather?" "Why, run up and down stairs; there is no better exercise, or better fitted to bring all the muscles into play."' Clerk was very lame, and quite indifferent to his appearance in the matter of dress. It is related that when walking down High Street one day from the Court of Session, he overheard a young lady saying to her companion rather loudly, 'There goes Johnnie Clerk, the lame lawyer,' upon which he turned round and said, 'No, madam, I may be a lame man, but not a lame lawyer.' He was a great collector of pictures and prints, also of domestic animals. Lockhart says he had 'a stock of dogs that would serve to keep the whole population of a Mahometan city in disgust; and a perfect menagerie of the *genus felinum*. If one goes to consult him in his own chambers, I am told he is usually to be found sitting with a huge black tom cat on his shoulders . . . and surrounded in every direction with familiars of the same species.' Lord Eldin died in 1832, aged seventy-five. At the sale of his collection of paintings and prints, which took place here, the floor of the drawing-room gave way, and eighty or more persons, one of whom (Mr. Smith, the banker, of Moray Place) was killed, were precipitated into the room below, to the destruction also of much valuable china and numerous articles of vertu there displayed.

FORTH STREET.

In No. 10 lived for years, and died on the 27th August 1837, in his seventy-first year, GEORGE WATSON, the founder and first president of the Royal Scottish Academy. He was a cousin of Sir Walter Scott, and was born in 1767. He studied art under Nasmyth and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The first meeting of 'The Scottish Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture,' was held on the 27th May 1826. Watson lies buried in the West Kirkyard. Scottish art owes far more to him than has ever been admitted.

HART STREET.

In this small and obscure thoroughfare lived another of Scotland's well-known artists, famous in his day but, alas!

forgotten now, viz. WILLIAM DOUGLAS, the miniature painter. In No. 3 or 4, it is not known which, he resided after he left No. 17 St. James's Square—a common stair. 'As a miniature painter he was liberally patronised by the upper classes in Scotland and England, and his works are to be found in some of the finest collections of both countries. In particular, he was employed by the family of Buccleuch, and in 1817 was appointed miniature painter for Scotland to the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, afterwards King of the Belgians. He possessed genius, fancy, taste, and delicacy, with a true enthusiasm for his art; and his social worth and private virtues were acknowledged by all who had the pleasure of knowing him' (*Old and New Edinburgh*).

Opposite the end of Picardy Place, in Leith Walk, and a continuation of Greenside Place, is

BAXTER'S PLACE.

At No. 1, the lower portion of which is now built out as a large drapery establishment, resided ROBERT STEVENSON, the famous engineer, to whose talents is due the construction of the Bell Rock Lighthouse; the story of his experience in connection with which is one of physical discomfort and peril almost inconceivable, and steadfastly and bravely endured. He is said to have been highly estimable in private life, religious without ostentation, of a lively intelligence, and full of kindness and active benevolence. His life by his son, David Stevenson (not the novelist Robert Louis, as is often erroneously stated), is a pathetic picture of indomitable perseverance, even in the face of difficulties and disappointments that would have reduced many another man to despair. He died here in 1850, at the age of seventy-eight.

Returning southward along Leith Walk we pass up Little King Street—of which it may be truthfully said, that though short, a 'little goes a long way'; as the term 'up' is no figure of speech—by the side of the Theatre Royal, to

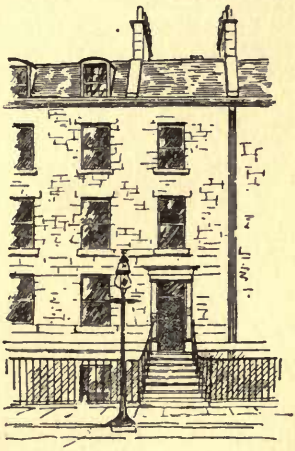
ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

At No. 4 died DAVID MARTIN, the artist, whose works are to be seen in Surgeons' Hall, the Advocates' Library, and Heriot's Hospital, and who has the credit of having produced the best portrait of Franklin. Raeburn was his pupil. He died in 1797, at the age of sixty-one. The premises are now used as a printing-office, and for other business purposes.

In 1809 No. 7 was the residence of ALEXANDER GEDDES, a well-known Scottish artist, whose etchings in folio were edited by David Laing in 1875.

No. 8 was long the residence of MARGARET WATSON of Muirhouse, widow of Robert Dundas, merchant, and mother of Sir David Dundas, the celebrated military tactician. 'We used to go to her house, when boys, on Sundays between the morning and the afternoon sermons, when we were cherished with Scotch broth and cakes and many a joke from the old lady. Age had made her incapable of even walking across the room, so, clad in a plain silk gown and a pure muslin cap, she sat half encircled by a high-backed black leather chair, reading with silver spectacles stuck on her thin nose, and interspersing her studies and her days with much laughter and not a little sarcasm. What a spirit,! There was more fun and sense round that chair than in the theatre or the church' (Lord Cockburn's *Memorials*).

At No. 30, still unchanged, ROBERT BURNS lived with Mr. William Cruikshank, one of the teachers in the High School, after his residence with Nicol in 1787. In his *Life of Burns*, Robert Chambers says: 'The house was composed of the two upper rooms of a lofty building in an airy situation in the New Town—then marked No. 2, now 30, St. James's Square. The poet's room had a window overlooking the green behind the Register House, as well as the street entering the square. It was by far the most agreeable place in which he had ever had more than the most temporary lodging.' While here he made the acquaintance of his celebrated 'Clarinda,' Mrs. M'Lehose—'a lady,' writes Chambers, 'of exactly his own age, who, having been unhappily married to a man devoid of humanity and just moral feeling, was obliged to live separately from him in obscurity while bringing up her young



30 ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

family . . . of a somewhat voluptuous style of beauty, of lively and easy manners, of a poetical fabric of mind, with some wit, and not too great a degree of refinement or delicacy.' On December 12th, Burns writes to her: 'I am here under the care of a surgeon, with a bruised limb extended on a cushion; and the tints of my mind vying with the livid horror preceding a midnight thunderstorm. A drunken coachman was the cause of the first, and incomparably the lightest evil: misfortune, bodily constitution, hell, and myself have formed a "quadruple alliance" to guarantee the other.' On January 21st he writes of 'six weeks' confinement,' and 'beginning to walk across the room,' but in the interim had paid several visits to the lady and to Miss Overend, at whose house he first met her. On one occasion he writes: 'I am certain I saw you, Clarinda' [she had promised to fulfil her promise of giving him a nod at his window], 'but you don't look to the proper story for a poet's lodging, "where speculation roosted near the sky." I could almost have thrown myself over for very vexation. Why did not you look higher? It has spoiled my peace for this day.' In her next letter Clarinda laments her inability to discover the poet's window. On February 18th he left Edinburgh. Mr. Lawrence Hutton (*Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh*) states, 'on the authority of an old resident of St. James's Square to whom Clarinda had pointed it out herself,' that it 'was the topmost or attic windows in the gable looking towards the General Post Office in Waterloo Place' (see BURNS, p. 11).

ROUTE IV.

OUR starting-point is opposite the Caledonian Railway Station at the western end of Princes Street, and the present excursion includes the later and more handsomely built portion of the New Town.

RUTLAND STREET.

No. 23 is memorable as the residence, from about 1850 to the time of his death, of the genial author of *Rab and his Friends*, DR. JOHN BROWN, respecting whom, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, we have the personal testimony of Mr. J. Taylor Brown: 'In his medical capacity he was remarkable for his close and accurate observations of symptoms, and constant attention to his patients. . . . He was first of all a physician, thoroughly devoted to his profession. . . . Few men in life have been more generally beloved. . . . In society he was natural and unaffected, with pleasantry and humour ever at command; yet no one could suspect any tinge of frivolity in his character. With all the tenderness of a woman, he had a powerful, manly intellect, was full of practical sense, tact, and sagacity, and found himself perfectly at home with all men of the best minds of his time who happened to come across him. Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn, Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Ruskin, Sir Henry Taylor, were all happy to number themselves among his most attached friends.' The first series of his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, which included *Rab and his Friends*, was produced during his residence here in 1858-59. He died in 1882, at the age of seventy-two (see BROWN, p. 176).

23 RUTLAND STREET.

Returning to the corner of Princes Street, and going westward, we pass along, on the south side,

MAITLAND STREET,

and on the north side,

SHANDWICK PLACE,

formerly consisting of private houses. No. 6 Shandwick Place, on the north side of the street, stands on the site of the last residence of SIR WALTER SCOTT in Edinburgh. Hogg writes in *Domestic Manners and Private Life of Scott*: 'The last time Margaret saw him was at his own house in Maitland Street, a very short time before he finally left it. We were passing from Charlotte Square. . . . I said: "See, yon is Sir Walter's house, at yon red lamp."' It was here that, on the 15th of February 1830, he was stricken with paralysis after his return at two o'clock in the afternoon from the Parliament House. Alarming symptoms during an interview in his library with Miss Young of Hawick, whose memoirs of her father he had undertaken to revise, compelled him to shorten the interview. Lockhart says: 'He got up and staggered to the drawing-room, where Anne Scott and my sister, Violet Lockhart, were sitting. They rushed to meet him, but he fell at all his length on the floor ere they could reach him. He remained speechless for about ten minutes, by which time a surgeon had arrived and bled him. He was cupped again in the evening, and gradually recovered possession of speech, and of all his faculties, in so far that, the occurrence being kept quiet, when he appeared abroad again after a short interval, people in general observed no serious change' (see SCOTT, pp. 94, 106, 108, 109, 128, 141).

No. 11, now a shop, was for many years the residence of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL FRANCIS DUNDAS, son of the second President Dundas, and brother of the Lord Chief Baron Dundas. He was first a Colonel in that old Scots Brigade of immortal memory in the Dutch service, and which afterwards came into the British Army in 1795. In 1802-3 he was Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. During the short Peace of Amiens he received orders to evacuate the colony. This he did, handing it back to the Dutch, embarked his troops on board the British squadron, and was about to set sail. But on the same evening, having received fresh instructions from home, he relanded the troops and recaptured Cape Town, which has since always belonged to Britain. In 1819 he was Governor of Dumbarton Castle. He died in this house in 1824.

At No. 23 Maitland Street, now a shop, JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART was living in 1819-20. This was about the time he wrote *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, vivid portraits of contemporary celebrities, of which use has been made in this work. In 1816 he had qualified to practise as a barrister; 'but,' says a writer in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*, 'it was soon evident that he was not to win fame or fortune as an advocate.' He lacked, indeed, that power without which all legal attainments are useless to a barrister. He could not make a speech. Accordingly, when he rose to speak on a case, his first sentences were only a plunge into the mud; while all that followed was but a struggle to get out of it. . . . He became a briefless barrister, and paced the boards of Parliament House, discussing with his equally luckless brethren the passing questions of politics and literary criticism. He made a happy allusion to this strange professional infirmity at a dinner which was given by his friends in Edinburgh, on his departure to assume the charge of the *Quarterly Review*. He attempted to address them, and broke down as usual; but covered his retreat with, 'Gentlemen, you know that if I could speak, we would not have been here.' Lockhart married Scott's eldest daughter in 1820. Born 1794; died 1854 (see LOCKHART, p. 164).

Going west from Shandwick Place and passing partly round Coates Crescent, we enter

WALKER STREET.

No. 3 was occupied by SIR WALTER SCOTT and his daughter on his return from the Continent at the close of 1830. He is described as working very hard here at his *Life of Napoleon*, and suffering much from rheumatism, contracted from a damp bed in a French inn; and walking, when he could walk at all, to and from Parliament House, through the Princes Street Gardens (see SCOTT, pp. 94, 106, 108, 109, 128, 140).

Opposite to Coates Crescent is

ATHOLL CRESCENT.

At No. 16 lived ROBERT CADELL, the publisher of Scott's later works, formerly partner with Constable, his father-in-law, and of whom Scott writes in his *Journal*: 'Constable without Cadell is like getting the clock without the pendulum; the one having the ingenuity, the other the caution, of the business.' Cadell, after the failure of Constable and dissolu-

tion of the partnership, joined Scott in purchasing the copyright of the novels from *Waverley* to *Quentin Durward* for £8500; and by publishing the immensely successful 'Author's Edition,' Scott relieved himself of a great part of his liabilities. The house is above all interesting from the fact that Scott stayed here on one occasion. Lockhart says: 'On the 31st of January [1831], Miss Scott being too unwell for a journey, Sir Walter went alone to Edinburgh for the purpose of executing his last will. He (for the first time in his native town) took up his quarters at a hotel, but the noise of the street disturbed him during the night . . . and next day he was persuaded to remove to his bookseller's house in Atholl Crescent. In the apartment allotted to him there, he found several little pieces of furniture which some kind person had purchased for him at the sale in Castle Street, and which he presented to Mrs. Cadell.' He writes to Lockhart: 'Here I saw various things that belonged to poor No. 39. I had many sad thoughts on seeing and handling them—but they are in kind keeping, and I was glad they had not gone to strangers.' Lockhart describes Cadell as 'a cool, inflexible specimen of the national character.' He had 'a handsome estate in land and considerable landed property' at the time of his death, which took place at Ratho House, Midlothian, from which he was driven to his business house in St. Andrew Square every morning at nine o'clock, so punctually that the inhabitants on the line of route knew the time by 'the Ratho coach.' His death occurred in 1849, in his sixty-second year.

At the southern end of Atholl Crescent is

MANOR PLACE.

At No. 3, formerly No. 2—the numbers were altered in 1882—Lord Cockburn lived 'in chambers' when in town until his death at Bonaly in 1854 (see COCKBURN, p. 114).

In No. 7 resided for some time MRS. GRANT of Laggan. Her house herewas the resort of many select literary parties, of which John Wilson generally made one. In 1825 an application was made on her behalf to George IV. for a pension, signed by Scott, Jeffrey, Henry Mackenzie, and other leading persons in Edinburgh, which resulted in her receiving £50 (not £100, as Grant erroneously states) from the Civil List of Scotland. Sir Walter Scott thus writes under date November 30th, 1825: 'Some months since I joined with some other literary folks in subscribing a petition for a

pension to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, which we thought was a tribute merited by her works as an authoress, and in my opinion much more by the firmness and elasticity of mind with which she had borne a succession of great domestic calamities. Unhappily there was only about £100 open on the pension list, and this the minister assigned in equal portions to Mrs. G. and a distressed lady, grand-daughter of a forfeited Scottish nobleman. Mrs. G., proud as a Highland woman, vain as a poetess, and absurd as a blue-stocking, has taken this partition *in malam partem*, and has written to Lord Melville about her merits, and that her friends do not consider her claim as being fairly canvassed, with something like a demand that her petition be submitted to the King This is not the way to make her plack a bawbee, and Lord M., a little *miffed* in turn, sends the whole correspondence to me to know whether Mrs. G. will accept the £50 or not. Now, hating to deal with ladies when they are in an unreasonable humour, I have got the good-humoured "Man of Feeling" to find out the lady's mind, and I take on myself the task of making her peace with Lord M. There is no doubt how it will end, for your scornful dog will always eat your dirty pudding. After all, the poor lady is greatly to be pitied: her sole remaining daughter, deep and far gone in a decline, has been seized with alienation of mind.'

At No. 21, formerly No 11, Sir William Hamilton lived 1829-39. Veitch, his biographer, describes it as 'a sunny pleasant row of houses then, at the extreme west end of Edinburgh, which looked into the grounds of the old manor-house of Coates, and afforded easy access to the country.' On his country walks, we are told, 'he liked to have a companion, but the conversation was usually rather scanty, at least on his part—the train of thought in which he had been engaged continuing apparently to occupy him. The truth is, it was rather his way when on a walk with the more intimate of his friends, to set them off on their respective hobbies—it might be genealogy or mesmerism—while he himself, though putting in his

MANOR PLACE.

word now and then, followed the bent of his own thoughts. He would then be seen walking considerably in advance, on the opposite side of the road from his companion—perhaps repeating aloud to himself some Greek, Latin, or English verses, quite unconscious of what he was sounding forth. Some lady friends, who often met Sir William and his companions returning in this fashion from their stroll, would, naturally enough, ask whether the two had had a quarrel.' Mr. Hamilton Gray, quoted by Veitch, describes Sir William as 'tall of stature and strongly built, with a large noble-looking head, a firm mouth, and magnificent black eyes. His brow was heavy and massive, producing upon me something of the same effect as Sir Walter Scott's when perfectly quiet. His mouth, too, had a little touch of satire and severity about it which somehow held me in awe; but all the severity and all the heaviness vanished when once he began to speak, dispelled by the fire of his eye and the kindness of his smile. Sir William's language was fluent, his manner energetic, and his humour versatile.' Sir William Hamilton removed to Manor Place from Great King Street on his marriage to an estimable lady, who 'added to her ordinary duties nearly the constant work of amanuensis to her husband.' On leaving here he returned to Great King Street in 1839 (see HAMILTON, pp. 160, 169).

At No. 25, formerly No. 13, WILLIAM CHAMBERS was living in 1862.

William Chambers while resident here may be considered to have reached the climax of his ambition. He had wealth, fame; was a landed proprietor, and partner in a business whose publications went over all the world. He was a self-made man, and he was not ashamed of the fact. In fact, if weakness there were in him, it lay in too great insistance on his early struggles, when he served an apprenticeship from 1814 to 1819 with Mr. Sutherland, Calton Street, who gave him 4s. weekly as wages. On this small sum he lived and saved enough money to start himself in business (see CHAMBERS, pp. 157, 181).

Crossing Manor Place at its northern end is

CHESTER STREET.

No. 25 was the residence of WILLIAM CHAMBERS at the time when he was Lord Provost of Edinburgh, 1867-70. The following description of one whose appearance is still fresh in the memories of many of his fellow-citizens, is from the

Dictionary of National Biography: 'About the middle height, dark in feature, with hair that comparatively early became grey: somewhat reserved in manner, he was not popular with those who knew him slightly. . . . He had no special literary faculty, but his writings exhibit strong common sense, and he knew how to make a subject interesting. It is, however, not as the popular writer or successful publisher, but as the good citizen, that he will be longest remembered. The name of William Chambers will always be connected with the city of Edinburgh which he beautified, and the Church of St. Giles which he restored.' An 'amiable weakness' of William Chambers, according to Mr. James Payn (*Some Literary Recollections*), appears to have been a too great partiality for referring to the days of his early struggles, and the time when he earned his matutinal hot roll by reading *Roderick Random* to the baker and his men before dawn, 'seated on a folded-up sack in the sill of the window with a book in one hand, and a penny candle stuck in a bottle in the other: reminiscences which his brother Robert did his best to discourage.' He died three days before the re-opening of St. Giles's Church—on the restoration of which he had expended between twenty and thirty thousand pounds—living to the age of eighty-three, with a constitution unimpaired by the privations of his youth, and the retention to the last, according to Mr. Payn, of a habit of 'bolting' his food—'a relic, doubtless, of the time when he worked sixteen hours a day, and allowed himself a quarter of an hour for his meals.' He was born with the century, and died in 1883.

DOUGLAS CRESCENT.

Turning round out of Chester Street into Douglas Crescent we note that in No. 9 the late Professor John Stuart Blackie lived for many years before his death in 1895. Blackie, who was born in Glasgow in 1809, studied at Aberdeen and Edinburgh, travelled largely in youth in Germany and Italy; passed as advocate in 1834, was elected Professor of Humanity in Aberdeen in 1841 and of Greek in Edinburgh in 1852, where the remainder of his life was passed. His great service to Edinburgh University was his efforts for the establishment of a Celtic Chair, 1874-79. He was a voluminous author. 'In 1834 he gave us an English version of Goethe's *Faust*, and in 1850 translated the lyrical dramas of Æschylus in two vols. Both of these versions were well received, and Mr. Blackie has aided greatly in exciting a more

general study of Greek in Scotland. He also published an important essay on *Self-Culture* which has gone through many editions' (*Chambers's Cyclopædia*). On his death in 1895 Professor Blackie was accorded a public funeral by the city of Edinburgh, which was attended by enormous crowds of people.

We return by Manor Place to

MELVILLE STREET.

No. **45** was the residence, from about 1840 to 1853 (his name disappears from the *Edinburgh Directory* after the latter year), of GEORGE COMBE, the phrenologist. Though giving much of his time to lecturing and writing on his favourite so-called science, he was devoted to his profession as a Writer to the Signet, and took also an active part in public life. He married a daughter of Mrs. Siddons, who survived him. He was a man of delicate constitution, but by regular living and temperate habits contrived to live out the allotted time of three-score and ten. His collection of books on phrenology is now in the Advocates' Library. Born 1788; died 1858.

No. **29** was the residence of the REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., 'the most popular preacher of the time in Edinburgh, occupying a new and magnificent place of worship in the finest square and most fashionable neighbourhood in the whole city': so wrote Lockhart in *Peter's Letters*. Then he proceeds: 'Mr. Andrew Thomson is a much younger man than those I have described [Sir Henry Moncreiff and Dr. Inglis], and perhaps his talents are still better adapted than those of either for producing a powerful impression on the minds of people living in what may be called strictly the society of Edinburgh. . . . I am assured that church-going was a thing completely out of fashion among the fine folks of the New

29 MELVILLE STREET.

Town of Edinburgh till this man was removed from a church he formerly held in the Old Town, and established under the splendid dome of St. George's. . . . He is an active and muscular man, about forty, and carries in his countenance the stamp of a nature deficient in none of those elements which are most efficient in giving a man command over the minds of persons placed under the constant operation of his intellect. Most of his features, indeed, are rather homely than otherwise in their conformation—but they are all well-defined, massy, and full of power. His eyes are quick and firmly set—his lips are bold, and nervous in their motions no less than in their quiescence—his nose is well carved, and joins firmly with a forehead of unquestionably very fine and commanding structure.' Dr. Thomson, apart from his celebrity as a preacher, appears to have enjoyed the esteem of his contemporaries as a liberal-minded non-sectarian —holding out the hand of fellowship to all descriptions of dissenters; active in the discharge of all his ministerial duties; energetic in behalf of the freedom of the slave. His printed lectures, sermons, and addresses fill many volumes. Dr. Guthrie, in his *Autobiography*, remarking respecting Dr. Blair that he was extremely fastidious in his selection of those who should fill his pulpit in his absence, says: 'He was not so easy about supplying his pulpit as Dr. Andrew Thomson. Some one complaining to the latter of the poor substitutes he set up to preach in his absence, said: "You put everybody into your pulpit, Dr. Thomson." "No, no," replied the ready-witted Andrew, "though I believe I put anybody."'

In this house Dr. Andrew Thomson resided for many years prior to his death. 'On the ninth of February 1831, Dr. Thomson, as was his custom, rose and had breakfast at an early hour. At family worship he read the last three psalms and concluded with a prayer remarkable for its spirituality and earnestness. He then attended a meeting of Presbytery, and displayed his usual interest in the business of the court. Returning home about five o'clock he walked with a friend, Mr. Burn Murdoch, to his own door, and when about to enter the house he fell down on the threshold and expired without a struggle or a groan, supposed to be from disease of the heart. A stroke so sudden and unexpected reverberated over Scotland. At the comparatively early age of fifty-two, just when the Church and country needed him so much, he had been taken away as if to warn those who would trust in an arm of flesh' (*Life of Andrew Thomson*, by Jean L. Watson). Dr. Hanna says of him: 'It was as a

debater in the ecclesiastical courts that Dr. Thomson shone pre-eminent. He had studied the Constitution and made himself familiar with the practice of these courts. Prompt, self-possessed, and furnished with almost every kind of needful weapon, he varied the closest and most crushing argument with sallies of broad humour and shafts of playful satire' (*Life of Dr. Chalmers*).

In No. 36 PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, F.R.S.E., the celebrated Scottish historian, lived for many years. Here his meritorious and able *History of Scotland*—superseded, alas! by Burton's larger work—was written. He was the youngest son of Lord Woodhouselee, the well-known judge—better known as Alexander Fraser Tytler, and thus came of a race distinguished in Scottish literature.

No. 1 was the residence for some years prior to 1827 of SIR DAVID BREWSTER. In the *Home Life of Sir David Brewster* some interesting traits of his character are well described: 'He used the strongest language to express what to other minds would have been a comparatively small trial or event—the smallest circumstances connected with food, servants, visits, journeys, or such like, were created by a naturally irritable temper and finely strung nerves into serious events, and, if the slightest thing went wrong, were commented upon in terms so distressed as would have led a stranger to believe that some calamity of unusual magnitude had occurred. . . . His power of telling sarcasm was very great—it was a weapon which he too much delighted to use, and which came too easily to his hand when he wielded a pen: his entire freedom from it in daily life and speech was, however, remarkable.' The following is told in illustration of his singular timidity. 'At the time Lord Rosse's telescope was drawing so many scientific men across the Channel, he was asked if he were going too: "Oh no!" he said, "he was too much afraid of the sea." My father tried to represent to him what a simple matter it was; he thought nothing of it himself: he just went straight to bed on going on board, and awoke on arriving at his destination. Sir David exclaimed in unaffected horror, "What! go to your naked bed" (a Scottish expression for going really to bed) "in the middle of the ocean." Another story somewhat betrayed the philosopher's want of self-control: he was talking of a severe fit of toothache he had had, and my father asked him, "What did you do?" (meaning, what remedy had he applied)—"Do!" said Sir David,

'I just sat and *roared*!"' Brewster died in 1868, having attained the great age of eighty-seven (see BREWSTER, p. 128).

Nearly opposite to Melville Street is the south side of

RANDOLPH CRESCENT.

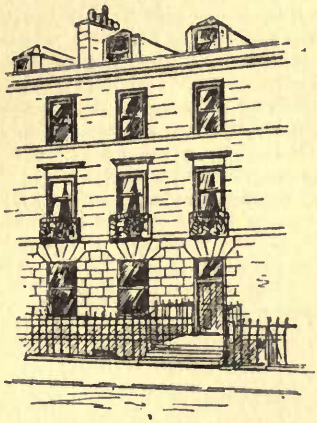
At No. 3 lived JOHN BLACKWOOD, whose function as editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, subsequent to the death of his elder brother in 1845, was anticipated at school, where his display of literary tastes procured for him the nickname of 'The Little Editor.' Hospitable and convivial in his tastes, his house in Edinburgh, and his country place at St. Andrews, had, as frequent guests, the authors with whom he had business relations. 'He will be a heavy loss to me,' wrote George Eliot; 'he has been bound up with what I most cared for in my life for more than twenty years; and his good qualities have made many things easy to me that, without him, would often have been difficult.' To John Blackwood, in fact, is due the credit of prompt recognition of the genius of George Eliot, whose *Scenes of Clerical Life*, sent to him anonymously, first appeared in his *Magazine*. £5000 was paid by him for one of her later works. He died in 1879, aged sixty-one.

In No. 14 resided for a time, prior to occupying his house in Strathearn Road, Grange, CHARLES BAILLIE, LORD JERVISWOODE, who, as Grant says, may well be deemed by association the last of the historical Lords of Session. He was the second son of George Baillie of Jerviswoode, and a descendant of that memorable Baillie of Jerviswoode—according to Hume a man of great learning and rectitude, who earned for himself the name of 'the Scottish Sidney,' but who was executed as a traitor on the scaffold at Edinburgh in 1683, for having identified himself with the interests of Monmouth and Argyll. He was born in 1804, his brother becoming tenth Earl of Haddington, when Charles by royal warrant was raised to the rank of an Earl's brother. He was called to the Bar in 1830, and was raised to the Bench in 1859. He died in his seventy-fifth year at his residence, Dryburgh House, in Roxburghshire, near the ruins of the beautiful abbey in which Scott and his race lie interred. 'Lord Jerviswoode was possessed of more than average intellectual gifts, but after his retirement from the Bench in 1874 little was heard of him in the busy world, while his delicate health and shy nature denied him the power of taking part in public affairs' (Grant, *Old and New Edinburgh*).

In the centre of Randolph Crescent we enter

GREAT STUART STREET.

To No. 16 WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN removed from Inverleith Terrace in 1853. Colonel Hamley, quoted in the *Life* by Sir Theodore Martin, found him at this time, 'sober in gait, slow and gentle in voice, and with a student-like stoop in his shoulders,' advancing 'as shyly as a young girl. . . . At this time he must have lost a good deal of the robust health and elasticity of spirits of his earlier days. He did not look more than his age, his colour was still fresh, and his brown hair was neither thinned nor silvered, but he was extremely indisposed to exertion.' In referring to his intended removal here, he writes: 'Last week I purchased a house in Great Stuart Street, big enough to lodge a patriarch. I am not frightened at what I have done: I am simply stupefied. There will be plumbers, and the gas-fitters, and the painters; hum of upholstery work, and the slave that vendeth carpets, with all manner of minor harpies upon me at once. . . . I have just been walking about the house after the manner of Solomon Eagle, with a brazier on my head, exclaiming, "Woe! woe!" to the terror of the housemaid.' Aytoun died in 1865, aged fifty-two (see AYTOUN, pp. 173, 188).



16 GREAT STUART STREET.

AINSLIE PLACE.

At No. 23 DEAN RAMSAY was living from 1865. In 1824 he was Curate of St. George's Chapel, York Place, two years later of St. Paul's, Carrubber's Close, and finally, after serving as curate, became incumbent of St. John's. 'The sermons I then got credit for,' he wrote in 1843, 'we should all think little of now.' He married when curate of St. John's in 1829, and in 1846 became Dean of the Diocese of Edinburgh.

In Scott's *Journal* we read, under date May 22nd, 1826: 'Anne had a return of her fainting fits on seeing Mr. Ramsay, the gentleman who performs the service (funeral service over Lady Scott). I heard him do so with the utmost propriety for my late friend Lady Alvanley, the arrangement of whose funeral devolved on me. How little I could guess when, where, and with respect to whom I should next hear these solemn words!' May 23: 'Anne desired to hear prayers read by Mr. Ramsay, who performed the duty in a most solemn manner.' In a letter written here, March 14th, 1865, congratulating himself on three thousand copies of the 'People's Edition' of the *Reminiscences* having been sold in the first week, he writes: 'I have been thirty-seven years in St. John's, and only met with kindness and respect. I have done much for my church, and that is acknowledged by every one. . . . But I don't expect to hold on much longer; I feel changed, and at times not equal to much exertion.' He was then seventy-two. In the year of his death he wrote: 'I am preparing for a twenty-second edition of the *Reminiscences*. Who would have thought it? No man.' Of this delightful book Cosmo Innes, in the biography prefixed to the later editions, says: 'While there were so many things to endear it to the peasantry of Scotland, it was not admired by them alone. . . . Dickens, Guthrie, . . . Bishop Wordsworth, Dean Stanley, how eagerly they received the simple stories of Scotland told without ornament.' The same writer says of him: 'The High Churchman may think him unduly careless about forms and ceremonies; but, loving him very well, I yet wish to represent the Dean as he really was; above all things full of charity, loving religion as he understood the religion of the gospel, and not much concerned, not really deeply concerned, about the shape and dress in which it presented itself.' The Dean was an accomplished flute-player, passionately fond of Handel's music. In the appendix to Cosmo Innes's memoir Lauderdale Burnett writes: 'How accomplished he was! what knowledge he had on many subjects; his fine taste, his gentleness, and Christian piety; how amusing he was, and such droll things broke out every

23 AINSLIE PLACE.

now and then! even to the last so genial and social, and altogether such a man that we "ne'er shall look upon his like again!"' He died in 1872, aged seventy-nine.

In No. 12 resided GEORGE CRANSTOUN, LORD COREHOUSE, the brother of the second Mrs. Dugald Stewart. He was originally intended for the army, but passed as an advocate in 1793, was Dean of Faculty in 1823, and succeeded to the Bench on the death of Lord Hermand in 1826. He was the author of the famous Court of Session *jeu d'esprit* known as the 'Diamond Beetle Case,' an amusing and not over-drawn caricature of the judicial style, manners, and language of the judges of a bygone time. He took his title from the old ruined castle of Corehouse near the Clyde, where he had built a mansion in the English style. He was an excellent Greek scholar, and as such was a great favourite with old Lord Monboddo, who used to declare that 'Cranstoun was the only scholar in all Scotland.' He was long famed for being the *beau-idéal* of a judge; placid and calm, he listened to even the longest debates with patience, and was an able lawyer, especially on feudal questions, his opinions being always received with profound respect.

On the left-hand, or west side of Ainslie Place,

No. 6 was the home, from 1836 until the time of his death, of SIR CHARLES BELL, the eminent surgeon, and discoverer of the distinct functions of the nerves. His life for the most part was spent in London, where he commenced to practise his profession in 1805. He became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1813, and his examination was limited, as reported by himself, to a question as to what disease in his opinion Buonoparte would die of. Of his great discovery Lady Bell writes: 'I must recall one memorable evening. We had a cottage at Hampstead. He drove to Haverstock Hill, and walked on. He came in breathless, and sat down, saying, "O May! I have discovered what will immortalise me." He placed a sheet of paper on the table, and sketched on it what he afterwards called *The Classification of the Nerves*.' This was in 1827. On his appointment to the Professorship of Surgery in the University of Edinburgh, and in the bustle of packing up before leaving London, he wrote: 'Until I build up a corner in Ainslie Place, and see familiar things about me, I shall be like a bird whose nest is a boy's hat.' Lady Bell says: 'We came to Scotland at the right season, and were welcomed by all whom we

wished to welcome us. . . . The windows of Ainslie Place looked to the glorious colouring of the north-west skies, to Corstorphine Hills, and the distant Grampians. The garden was in terraces, down to the Water of Leith, and the walks there among the sweet-briar hedges made our home in Edinburgh very delightful.' Sir Charles writes to John Richardson: 'This is a capital house, with two spare rooms, and all your old friends within a gunshot, and all living in harmony and kindness. London is a cold place—people do not meet as if they wished and meant to live together. It is only in county relationship what I mean, and what you may have here.' Later on he writes: 'I am busy from morning till night—never without object or employment, but nothing to tell you of . . . unless it be our evenings: Marie reading to me while I sketch for lecture.' Lady Bell says of him that he was 'methodical, and never in a hurry.' 'He was modest, and did not speak much, but there was raciness and originality in his talk.' 'His manner of composing was unequal. At times he seemed inspired, and as if the thoughts rushed too rapidly for expression. At others he seemed labouring. And then we stopped. He took up his pencils or modelling or etching tools, and listened to reading.' Like Darwin, Bell loved a novel for relaxation, and on the same condition—that it 'ended well.' The above extracts are taken from *The Life and Letters of Sir Charles Bell.* He appears to have been universally beloved. Lord Cockburn (*Memorials of My Time*) says: 'If ever I knew a generally and practically happy man, it was Sir Charles Bell'; and Jeffrey writes of him as 'good, kind-hearted, happy Charlie Bell'; while he himself said: 'There is not a man in my profession with whom I am not good friends.' He died of angina pectoris, while on a visit near Worcester, in 1842, at the age of sixty-eight.

At No. 5, the house of a friend whom he was visiting—not his *residence*, as stated by Grant in *Old and New Edinburgh*—DUGALD STEWART, who, since the death of his son in 1812, had retired to Kinneil House, near Bo'ness, died suddenly in the year 1828, at the age of seventy-five (see STEWART, pp. 142, 154).

No. 3 was the residence of WILLIAM BLACKWOOD from about 1830 to the time of his death, which occurred in 1834; his age being fifty-eight (see BLACKWOOD, pp. 86, 103, 193).

MORAY PLACE

follows a continuation of Great Stuart Street.

In No. 7 DUGALD STEWART resided for a time in 1812-13, at the period of his life when he was uncertain whether to settle at Kinneil House, Bo'ness, or in Edinburgh. Here the second Mrs. Stewart dispensed that graceful hospitality for which she was so celebrated. She was Helen D'Arcy Cranstoun (daughter of the Hon. George Cranstoun), who, it is said, was the equal in intellect and the superior in point of birth of the great Professor. She was also the sister of the Countess Purgstall and of Lord Corehouse, the friend of Sir Walter Scott. Though the least beautiful of a family in which beauty is hereditary, she had the best essence of beauty, expression, a bright eye beaming with intelligence, a manner the most distinguished, yet soft, feminine, and winning. She bestowed a wealth of affection on her husband that was very beautiful to witness. Her grace and dignity made a great impression on the pupils who were placed under the Professor's care, viz. Lords Dudley, Lansdowne, Palmerston, Kinnaird, and Ashburton. 'Her talent, wit, and beauty made the wife of the Professor one of the most attractive women in the city. No wonder, therefore, that her *salons* were the resort of all that was the best of Edinburgh, the house to which strangers most eagerly sought introduction. In her Lord Dudley found, indeed, a friend: she was to him in the place of a mother. His respect for her was unbounded and continued to the close. Often have we seen him when she was stricken in years seated near her for whole evenings, clasping her hand in both of his' (*Quarterly Review*, No. 133).

No. 12 was for many years the residence of the famous CHARLES HOPE of Granton, Lord President of the Court of Session. His son, John Hope, Solicitor-General for Scotland in 1822, and afterwards Lord Justice-Clerk, also lived here. The former was born in 1763, a cadet of the house of Hopetoun. 'When the warlike spirit of the country became roused at that time by the menacing aspect of France, none was more active among the volunteer force than Charles Hope. He enrolled as a private in the first Edinburgh regiment, was eventually appointed Lieut.-Colonel, and with the exception of one year, during the brief Peace of Amiens, when the corps was disbanded, he continued to command it until its final dissolution in 1814' (*Kay's Portraits*). Kay gives us an equestrian portrait of him in 1812, clad in the

now grotesque-looking uniform of the corps, a swallow-tailed red coat faced with blue and turned up with white, brass 'wings,' and a beaver-covered helmet-hat with a side hackle, jack-boots and white breeches. On the death of Lord Eskgrove in 1804, he was appointed Lord Justice-Clerk, and in 1811, on the death of Lord President Blair, Charles Hope was appointed to the vacant chair, on taking possession of which he delivered a noble eulogium on his predecessor.

No. 24, to which FRANCIS JEFFREY removed from George Street in 1817, and where he died in 1850. His connection with the *Edinburgh Review* ended in 1829. In 1832 he was made Lord of Session. His celebrity, however, is entirely that of the editor and critic, not of the judge. It is curious to read in his letters at eighteen: 'I feel I shall never be a great man, unless it be as a poet'; and, 'Whence arises my affection for the moon? I do not believe there is a being, of whatever denomination, upon whom she lifts the light of her countenance, who is so glad to see her as I am.' His residence here, alternating with visits to his country house at Craigcrook, two miles from Edinburgh, was spent in the enjoyment of comparative leisure. One autumn day in 1849, he took what he felt to be a farewell view of the beauties of his suburban retreat, and 'on January 22nd, after a brisk walk round the Calton Hill, he was attacked by bronchitis, a complaint to which for several years he had been more or less subject . . . and after four days' illness in which he suffered little, and anticipated a speedy recovery, he breathed his last on the 26th instant. He, too, felt the ruling passion strong in death, for in his dreams during the three nights prior to his dissolution, the spirit of the Edinburgh Reviewer predominated, so that he was examining proof-sheets, reading newspapers, and passing judgment upon arguments or events as they rose before his mind's eye, in the most fantastical variety.' His wife survived him only a few months. He was seventy-seven years old at his death (see JEFFREY, pp. 62, 79, 105, 123, 186).

THOMAS CARLYLE was a temporary resident here with Mrs. Carlyle in 1828, after leaving Comely Bank. He writes: 'The flitting to Craigenputtock took place in May. We stayed a week in Moray Place (Jeffrey's fine new house there) after our furniture was on the road' (*Reminiscences*). (See CARLYLE, pp. 59, 178, 184.)

In No. 34 the Hon. Baron David Hume of the Scottish Exchequer resided in 1779 and 1780. He was a nephew of the historian, and was a recognised authority on the criminal jurisprudence of the country. He wrote for the *Mirror*, and for many years sat with Sir Walter Scott at the Clerk's table in the First Division of the Court of Session.

At No. 47, on the north side, died Sir James Wellwood Moncreiff, the eminent judge and active Whig politician, who was a 'public character' of a sort and identified himself with Whig politics at the early age of sixteen; when the organisers of a meeting at the circus, 'being unaccustomed at that time to such assemblages,' having forgotten to provide illumination, and Henry Erskine having commenced his address in the dark, the young Moncreiff procured a tallow candle, and held it in front of the orator until a more abundant light was provided. The memoir in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary* has the following: 'It was as a member of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland that his great talents for investigation and debate, combined with his well-known integrity, were chiefly valued'; and quotes Lord Cockburn's eulogium: 'I am not aware how his moral nature could have been improved. A truer friend, a more upright judge, or a more affectionate man could not be.' Jeffrey called him 'The whole duty of man.' He died in 1851, at the age of seventy-five.

A few yards to the north we reach

DARNAWAY STREET,

one of the exits from Moray Place. In No. 2 resided the well-known novelist, Mrs. Crowe, authoress of the *Night Side of Nature*, etc. One of the warmest friends of De Quincey's Edinburgh life was Mrs. Crowe, whose little literary gatherings were as select as they were successful. It was at her house that De Quincey made the acquaintance of Professor Nichol and of the famous chemist, Dr. Samuel Brown, and there also that he first met Emerson. . . . Miss De Quincey recalls the circumstance of Mrs. Crowe being accompanied to one of Emerson's lectures by her father and a friend of his, and both gentlemen, one on each side of her, in listening to Emerson, exhibited such tendencies to drowsiness that Mrs. Crowe was much troubled by the necessity of repeated nudgings lest the lecturer should see how her friends inclined to appreciate his efforts. . . . On

one occasion, when the day fixed for one of her gatherings turned out to be execrable—wind and rain—and Mrs. Crowe had begun to fear that no one would come at all, she had gone to the door to see if any one were really coming, with a rough wide mantle thrown round her, and with an access of delight perceived De Quincey toiling through the rain, with his loose cloak waving in the wind. She was made so happy by the sight that on his approach she threw herself into his arms at the door, uttering, 'You dear, good man!' much to the surprise and amusement of those who chanced to be passing or looking out of the windows near by' (*Life of De Quincey*).

A little farther on, leading out of Moray Place, is

DOUNE TERRACE.

At No. 1, in the later years of his life, lived ROBERT CHAMBERS, one of the firm of publishers, and still more memorable as the accomplished and industrious author and compiler of many admirable works, including *The Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen*, of which liberal use has been made in these pages. In the *Memoirs of William and Robert Chambers* [1884], we read that 'visitors from all parts of the world were at all times welcome at No. 1 Doune Terrace, and with these might be seen commingled some of the most notable men of the time—Lord Jeffrey, Lord Cockburn, Christopher North, Lockhart, the Ettrick Shepherd, De Quincey, Dr. Moir ("Delta"), Professor Aytoun, George and Andrew Combe, Lord Ivory, Sir Adam Ferguson, . . . besides many noted Edinburgh wits and conversationalists who "had their day," and, as is mostly the fate of such ephemera, have "ceased to be."' From the same source we take the following description of the two brothers: 'William was about the middle size, thin, muscular, and wiry; Robert slightly taller, and of a fuller and more sanguine habit. Both were men of marked appearance, more especially the younger; and it was no uncommon thing for strangers to turn and look after Robert Chambers in the street, certain that he, unknown to them, was no ordinary individual. In youth, William was dark in hair, Robert of a fairer type, with brown hair; but at quite an early period of their life their hair was tinged with white, and became wholly or nearly so before they had reached the age of fifty.' 'Robert,' says the writer, 'was so constituted that remarkably little sleep sufficed for him when in health, seldom more than five hours out of the twenty-four being so spent.' Breakfast at eight, writing in his own house until one, a visit to the

office, a walk of an hour or two and retirement to his study—when not dining out or entertaining at home—to work from eight till one, appears to have been his daily routine, and when we find that early wakefulness in the morning, and reading in bed for an hour or two, was also the rule, it is not surprising to learn that close application and the consequent confinement, at an advanced age, in the production of *The Book of Days*, in London, was, to use his own words, his 'death-blow'; injuring his health to such an extent that he never quite recovered it. Mr. James Payn, who edited *Chambers's Journal* for many years, has some interesting notes of our subject in his *Literary Recollections*: 'His manner was dry, and though his eye wrinkled with humour, I did not immediately recognise it as such. . . . Robert Chambers's humour was of the good-natured sort. His nature was essentially "good"; from the pleasure he took in the prosperity of his friends, I used to call him the "Well-Wisher"; nor did he confine himself, as so many benevolent folks do, to writing. I was in intimate communication with him for twenty years, every one of which increased my respect for him; and when he died I lost one of the truest friends I ever had. . . . His manner, however, on a first acquaintance, was somewhat stolid and unsympathetic. He had a very striking face and figure . . . but a stranger would have taken him for a divine, possibly even for one of the "unco guid." In London, his white tie and grave demeanour caused him to be always taken for a clergyman; a very great mistake, which used to tickle him exceedingly. . . . He held two pews, each at different churches. I asked him why he had taken them in duplicate. "Because," he replied, "when I am not in the one it will always be concluded by the charitable that I am in the other." My friends, his daughters, were very lively and full of fun, and on one occasion, on their coming back to Edinburgh from some stay in London, their father was thus congratulated by an old church-goer on their return, "We were glad to see them back again," he said; "yours is such a merry pew."' Robert Chambers died in 1871, at the age of sixty-nine, at St. Andrews, whither he retired.

GLOUCESTER PLACE.

At No. 6, from about 1825 to his death, lived JOHN WILSON, the 'Christopher North' of *Blackwood's Magazine*. 'He was essentially a man of genius,' writes Sir Archibald Alison in his *Autobiography*: 'you could not converse with him

five minutes without perceiving it. His very look revealed the fervour of his mind. Blue piercing eyes, thin and flying yellow hair, a fair complexion, and sanguine temperament, bespoke the Danish blood. . . . He never courted the great: while maintaining their cause with strenuous ability, he was never seen at their tables. . . . His heart contained many of the purest and noblest sentiments, but with these was combined a strange mixture of humorous drollery, sometimes not of the most refined kind, which strongly appears in his *Miscellaneous Essays*. . . . He scarcely ever began to work till a day or two before the article required to be printed, and then he wrote straight on, often for sixteen or seventeen hours before leaving his room. In the intervening three or four weeks, till the periodical demand of the printer's devil returned, he did little or nothing, dreaming over poetry, fishing up the Tweed, or wandering in romantic rapture through the Highland glens.' Carlyle writes of him in 1827: 'A man of the most fervid temperament, fond of all stimulating things, from tragic poetry down to whisky punch. He snuffed, and smoked cigars, and drank liquors, and talked in a most indescribable style. . . . Daylight came on before we parted; indeed, it was towards three o'clock as the Professor and I walked home, smoking as we went. . . . He is a broad, sincere man of six feet, with long dishevelled hair, and two blue eyes, keen as an eagle's' (Froude's *Carlyle*). Lockhart in *Peter's Letters* calls him 'a very robust, athletic man, broad across the back, firm set upon his limbs, and having altogether very much of that sort of air which is inseparable from the consciousness of great bodily energies.' He died in 1854, at the age of sixty-nine (see WILSON, pp. 124, 180).

6 GLOUCESTER PLACE.

Turning to the right, the first turning on the left leads to

ROYAL CIRCUS.

No. 13 was long the residence of the second LORD MEADOWBANK—the son, that is, of the great Alan Maconochie. He was Lord Advocate during the Radical

upheavals of 1817, when the greatest political excitement, amounting indeed in some cases to open insurrection, prevailed. Grant relates: 'He had to defend himself in the House of Commons against a charge preferred by Lord Archibald Campbell and Henry (afterwards Lord) Brougham of "oppression in the exercise of his duties," an accusation made in the course of a warm discussion on the further suspension of the "Habeas Corpus Act," and having reference to the case of a prisoner named Mackinlay, who, it was alleged, had been thrice put upon his defence. He cleared himself in an able speech.'

To No. 21—close to the point of entrance on the right—ROBERT JAMESON, Regius Professor of Natural History, removed about 1820, and here he resided until his death. We give elsewhere some particulars of his career. From Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary* we learn that, 'although of slender body, his general health was good, and his wiry frame could endure much fatigue without injury; and his first tokens of decay were from repeated and severe attacks of bronchitis during the last two years of his life.' An extract from an unnamed biographer—whom we have been unable to identify—states that 'he had fine natural talents which had been carefully cultivated, and were applied with vigour to the studies in which he delighted. He was a careful observer, a comprehensive thinker, and his industry was unwearied. He was never satisfied with loose and general notions on any subject; his range of information was wide, and what he knew he knew thoroughly. He was practical, and anxious to be useful, in days when science and practice stood apart as if they were two repellent forces. He did much towards neutralising these states; and was one of the pioneers to whom we are indebted for that union of science and practice which is now the prevailing feature of our time.' Jameson died in 1854, at the age of eighty-two (see JAMESON, p. 75).

The first turning out of Royal Circus leads to

HOWE STREET.

At No. 18—now a wine merchant's—from about 1818 to 1827, SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON lived with his mother and sisters. Carlyle writes in his *Journal*: 'Well onward in my student life in Edinburgh, I think it may have been in 1819 or 1820 . . . somewhere in Gabriel's Road, there looked out upon me from the Princes Street or St. David Street

side, a back window on the ground floor of a handsome enough house; window which had no curtains; and visible on the sill of it was a quantity of books lying about, gilt quartos and conspicuous volumes, several of them; evidently the sitting-room and working-room of a studious man, whose lot, in this safe seclusion, I viewed with a certain loyal respect. "Has a fine silent neighbourhood," thought I; "a fine north light, and wishes to save it all." Inhabitant within I never noticed by any other symptom, but from my comrades soon learned whose house and place of study it was.' On this passage, Veitch, Sir William Hamilton's biographer, remarks: 'There is an inaccuracy here respecting the locality of the house. At this period Sir William was living at Howe Street.' Carlyle, who afterwards came to know him well, says: 'I recollect well the bright affable manners of Sir William, radiant with frank kindness, honest humanity, and intelligence ready to help; and how completely prepossessing they were. A fine firm figure of middle height, one of the finest cheerfully-serious human faces, of square, solid, and yet rather aquiline type . . . and a pair of the beautifullest kindly-beaming eyes, well open, and every now and then with a lambency of smiling fire in them.' 'So exquisitely free was Sir William from all ostentation of learning,' writes De Quincey, 'that unless the accidents of conversation made a natural opening for display, such as it would have been affectation to evade, you might have failed altogether to suspect that an accomplished scholar was present. . . . In general, my conviction was that I had rarely seen a person who manifested less of self-esteem under any of the forms by which it ordinarily reveals itself—whether of pride or vanity, or full-blown arrogance, or heart-chilling reserve.' Sir William removed from Howe Street, on his mother's death in 1827, to Great King Street. Born in 1788, he died in 1856 (see HAMILTON, pp. 143, 169).

No. 11 was the residence of JOHN EWBANK, the marine and landscape painter, 1830-31, at the time of his decline. He was at one time on the high road to becoming famous. He was the son of Michael Ewbank, innkeeper of Gateshead, and climbed to a leading place in the profession by sheer ability. He was also a pupil of Nasmyth, and might have established a permanent place in art for himself, as well as have acquired opulence, as he painted well and rapidly, says Grant, and his pictures were in great demand, but he fell into irregular habits, and soon sank into utter obscurity and a somewhat untimely grave (see EWBANK, p. 183).

Continuing along Howe Street we reach

HERIOT ROW.

No. 44 was the residence for many years, from 1814, of the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of *Essays on Taste.* Lord Cockburn (*Memorials of My Time*) writes of him as 'the most distinguished of the Episcopal clergy of Edinburgh, and so far as I know, of Scotland. A most excellent and agreeable man; richly imbued with literature; a great associate with Dugald Stewart, Playfair, Dr. Gregory, Jeffrey, and all the eminent among us; delightful in society; and, in truth, without a single defect except the amiable one of too soft a manner.' We learn from the *Autobiography* of his son, Sir Archibald Alison, that 'he had retired from his clerical duties ever since a dreadful attack of inflammation of the lungs, which brought him to the verge of the grave in 1830. That attack destroyed above half of the single lung remaining after a prolonged illness in 1805. The remaining nine years of his life were spent in retirement. . . . During the winter he remained strictly confined to his house in Edinburgh, repairing to his country residence in the summer, and there he died.' His vision, it is said, was much impaired, 'the sight of one eye being nearly lost from the effects of the dangerous but seductive habit of reading in bed.' 'No man who held fierce and uncompromising opinions on the principles of religion and morals looked with more indulgence on the failings of others, or passed through the world in more perfect charity and goodwill to all men. No man who had lived much in society could retire with more pleasure at all periods of life into domestic privacy, and into the solitude of the country. . . . No man who had attained a high reputation as a preacher and an author was ever more indifferent to popular applause, as compared with the consciousness of the performance of duty.' The picture presented by the contributor to the *Dictionary of National Biography* is less attractive: 'He seems to have led a studious, retired, and somewhat indolent life, generally lying in bed "reading or thinking" until two o'clock in the afternoon; he never wrote except under strong

44 HERIOT ROW.

pressure, and his books are only fragments of a larger design.' His sermons, written in the polished style of Blair, were much admired; and his son says, 'as impressive pieces of pulpit eloquence they were excellent,' but too optimistic in their views of human nature. His father, he considered, 'had not enough of the devil in him to find the devil out.' He died in 1839, aged eighty-two.

Sir Archibald Alison, the Historian, also resided here with his father until his marriage in 1825 (see Alison, p. 118).

In No. 17 Heriot Row, Robert Louis Stevenson lived from 1857 until he finally left Edinburgh on that weary hunt after health which eventually was to lead him to Samoa, and to that lonely grave on the mountain's top at Vailima, where the author of *Catriona* sleeps until the 'Great Reveillé.' It was in this house that his boyish days were spent; in this house that he dreamed and read and studied; in this house, finally, that some of his earliest and most delicious essays were written. To lovers of our great Edinburgh novelist this house will be for ever sacred as that more identified than any other with the dawning of his genius.

At No. 6 Henry Mackenzie, author of *The Man of Feeling*, resided in his later years. Lord Cockburn says of him: 'His excellent conversation, agreeable family, good evening parties, and the interest attached to united age and reputation, made his house one of the pleasantest. . . . The title of "The Man of Feeling" adhered to him ever after the publication of that novel [in 1771]; and it was a good example of the difference there sometimes is between a man and his work. Strangers used to fancy that he must be a pensive sentimental Harley; whereas he was far better—a hard-headed practical man, as full of worldly wisdom as most of his fictitious characters are devoid of it; and this without in the least impairing the affectionate softness of his heart. In person he was thin, shrivelled, and yellow, kiln-dried; with something, when seen in profile, of the clever, wicked look of Voltaire' (*Memorials of My Time*). His yellow kiln-dried aspect appears to have been no indication of lack of bodily vigour, as he lived until eighty-six, and was an active sportsman in his old age. He died in 1831 (see Mackenzie, pp. 49, 53, 96).

At No. 3 James Ballantyne was living in 1823, having removed hither from St. John Street. This was the house of which Scott writes under date December 21st: 'Dined with James Ballantyne and met my old friend Matthews the comedian, with his son, now grown up a clever, rather forward

lad, who makes songs in the style of Smith or Colman, and sings them with spirit' (see BALLANTYNE, pp. 33, 175).

DUNDAS STREET.

No. 14 was the residence of the well-known KINCAID MACKENZIE previous to 1816. He was elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh in 1817, and entertained here many of the celebrities of the day. To him we owe the initiation of those improvements in the city that have made it the beautiful 'Modern Athens' of to-day.

No. 31 was associated with the boyhood of the well-known soldier, LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR THOMAS MAKDOUGALL BRISBANE, latterly Colonel of the 34th Regiment, who distinguished himself greatly with the Duke of York's army in Holland, in several general actions in the Peninsula, and who died in 1860, aged eighty-seven, after being G.C.B., G.C.H., and President of the Royal Society, Edinburgh, as well as of the British Association in 1834.

Dundas Street leads northward to

NORTHUMBERLAND STREET.

In No. 19 the RIGHT REV. CHARLES HUGHES TERROT, D.D., lived for many years. Grant states that his quaint little figure, with shovel-hat and knee-breeches, was long familiar in the streets of Edinburgh. He was born at Cuddalore in the East Indies in 1790. Trinity College, where he was educated, paid him the unusual compliment of electing him a Fellow on the very first occasion they could after he had taken his degree with mathematical honours. He did not remain a Fellow long, but soon married and went to Scotland, where he remained attached to the Scots Episcopalian Church as successively incumbent of Haddington, of St. Peter's, and St. Paul's, York Place. In 1841 he was made Bishop of Edinburgh on the death of Bishop Walker. He was author of several works on theology. 'The leading features of Dr. Terrot's intellectual character were accuracy and precision rather than very extensive learning or great research. It was very striking sometimes, after a subject had been discussed in a desultory and commonplace manner, to hear him coming down upon the question with a clear and cutting remark, putting the whole matter in a new and distinct point of view' (*North British Review*). In his moral and social relations he was remarkable for his manly, fair, and honourable bearing. He had what might essentially be called an impartial and honest judgment. Though a devoted

champion of his own church, he was always ready to concede to others the liberality he claimed for himself.

No. 25, to the right on the north side, was the residence in 1823-24 of JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART. He gives us his own portrait, writing in the character of Peter Morris: 'His features are regular, and quite definite in their outlines; his forehead is well-advanced, largest, I think, in the region of observation and perception. . . . Mr. Lockhart is a very young person, and I would hope may soon find that there are much better things in literature than satire, let it be as good-humoured as you will.' Sir Archibald Alison says of him in his *Autobiography*: 'His hair was dark, his eye keen, his lips thin, his complexion sallow, his manners polished but reserved. In general society he was silent and observant; in his intimate circle joyous and expansive.' In another place he says that Lockhart's satirical turn 'made him a most amusing companion, but at the same time, mingled a certain feeling of distrust, even with the affection of his most intimate friends; for you never could tell how soon you yourself might become the object of the shafts which he launched with so unmerciful a hand at others.' In 1825 Lockhart went to London as editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Born 1794; died 1854 (see LOCKHART, p. 141).

In No. 53 ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM GEORGE FAIRFAX resided for some time. This gallant sailor had greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Camperdown as Flag-Captain of the *Venerable* under Admiral Duncan. In consideration of his acknowledged bravery and merit on that occasion, he was sent home with the Admiral's despatches. He was accordingly knighted, and to do justice to the memory of departed worth, after his death his son was made a baronet of Great Britain in 1836.

No. 57 was likewise the residence of another gallant defender of his country, viz. SIR JOHN HOPE, afterwards Lord Niddry and Earl of Hopetoun. He was acting, after Corunna, as Brigadier-General on the Staff in Scotland, a post he held for eighteen months, from June 1809, after which he rejoined the Peninsular army, and took command of the left wing of the joint army at the battle of Nivelles.

Returning, we continue up Dundas Street to

GREAT KING STREET.

SIR ROBERT CHRISTISON for several years resided in No. 3. He was a man of world-wide reputation, and on the subject

of 'Poisons' was probably the greatest authority that has ever lived. Born in June 1797, the son of the late Alexander Christison, Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh; he graduated there with great distinction in 1819, then proceeded to London and Paris, where, under the celebrated M. Orfila, he applied himself to the study of toxicology, in which he was to achieve such fame. Soon after he returned to Edinburgh he commenced practice, but in 1822 was appointed to the Chair of Medical Jurisprudence in the University, from which post he was transferred in 1832 to that of Materia Medica. 'At the famous trial of Palmer in 1856, Dr. Christison went to London and gave such valuable evidence that Lord Campbell complimented him on the ability he had displayed. He was twice President of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, and was appointed Ordinary Physician to the Queen for Scotland. He received the degree of D.C.L. from Oxford in 1866, was created a baronet in 1871, and was made LL.D. of his own University in 1872. He resigned his Chair in 1877, and died in 1882. Christison, with Simpson and Syme, were the three great luminaries which conferred such lustre on the University of Edinburgh during the middle decades of the present century. Christison was one of the most courtly and courteous of men.'

In No. 9 THOMAS DE QUINCEY resided for a time with his family between the years 1830 and 1834. In the former year the 'Opium Eater' had come to Edinburgh with his wife and children. 'The house in Great King Street was a large furnished house, and was taken under a calculation presuming on a steady amount of marketable production. De Quincey failed in realising what he had expected in the way of income, and most of his difficulties in Edinburgh, precipitating him into circumstances which ever afterwards it caused him exquisite pain to think of, resulted simply from his incapacity to face creditors, and to do what the most ordinary common sense might have suggested to arrange his affairs on a satisfactory footing. Often when he was fleeing from creditors as much was really due to him as he was due to others. He simply chose to leave his affairs to arrange themselves. It is absolutely denied, however, that there was anything more blameworthy than this lack of practicality and business tact, which was and had all along been combined, as Mr. Hill Burton has said, with a generosity and a charity so open and unstinted as might, had it been dispensed with a view to advertisement, have made

him widely known as a philanthropist' (*Life of De Quincey*, by Dr. Japp).

In No. 12 CAPTAIN THOMAS HAMILTON, brother of Sir William, resided for many years. He was better known as 'Cyril Thornton,' the title of his best novel, which was exceedingly popular. Lockhart thus describes him as 'a fine-looking young officer whom the peace has left at liberty to amuse himself in a more pleasant way than he was accustomed to, so long as Lord Wellington kept the field. He has a noble, grand, Spaniard-looking head, and a tall, graceful person, which he swings about in a style of knowingness that might pass muster even in the eye of old Potts. The expression of his features is so very sombre that I should never have guessed him to be a playful writer (indeed, how could I have guessed such a person to be a writer at all?). Yet such is the case. Unless I am totally misinformed, he is the author of a thousand beautiful *jeux d'esprit* both in prose and verse, which I shall point out to you more particularly when we meet' (*Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*). Captain Hamilton had served in the 29th Regiment of Foot during the long war with France, and died in his fifty-third year in 1842.

At No. 72 died SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, President of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, and for a long period the only resident historical painter of his country. 'His name,' writes Anderson (*The Scottish Nation*), 'will be always endeared to the admirers of Sir Walter Scott by the strong partiality which the latter evinced on all occasions for his friend "Willie Allan."' In advanced life, among the literary circles of Edinburgh, Allan was fond of telling how, when a lad of thirteen, employed in painting certain anatomical preparations at Surgeons' Square Hall, he got 'locked up by mistake at night in the room where he had been occupied all day, and was thus compelled to spend the hours of darkness amidst the skeletons and mangled relics of the dead. The hideous effects upon the imagination of a timid, suscept-

GREAT KING STREET.

ible boy in such a charnel-house; the sights he saw by the glimmer of the moon through the crevices of the window shutters, and the still more terrible phantasms which his fancy conjured up, formed such a night of horror as no artist but Fuseli could have realised.' Allan's travels in search of subjects for his pencil extended over Morocco, Greece, Spain, Russia, and Persia. 'He was not a great painter,' says the writer of the notice of his life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 'but he deserves to be remembered in the history of English art for the impulse he gave to historical composition, and the example he set in depicting the manners of unfrequented countries.' He died in 1852, at the age of sixty-eight.

At No. 60 the famous preacher and founder of a sect, the Rev. Edward Irving, resided, when visiting Edinburgh to deliver a series of twelve lectures on the Apocalypse in 1828. Mrs. Oliphant, in her *Life of Irving*, says: 'He went to live in the house of Mr. Bridges, now a friend of some years' standing, who lived in Great King Street, one of those doleful lines of handsome houses which weigh down the cheerful hillside under tons of monotonous stone'; and here he is described as being found by a visitor 'with one of the children of the house playing on the carpet at his feet,' possibly the child who was present at Mrs. Bridges' first introduction to, and reception of him, and his kindly notice of whom quickly stilled the nervous apprehensiveness of the mother on encountering the great preacher. Irving was used to children: Carlyle writes of his 'noisy brat' at Myddleton Terrace, Islington, in 1822. It is recorded of Irving's marvellous powers of voice that when preaching at Monimail, in Fife, in the open air, his sermon was distinctly heard by a lady seated at a window a quarter of a mile off; while his voice was audible, though not distinctly, at twice that distance. Irving's sermons and prayers were alike of inordinate length, and his London congregation after a time greatly decreased in consequence. Dr. Chalmers opened the Regent Square Chapel, and the place was filled three hours beforehand by people anxious to hear the great Scottish preacher. Irving offered to 'assist' Chalmers by reading a chapter in the first instance. 'He chose,' said Chalmers, 'the longest chapter in the Bible, and gave an exposition of an hour and a half. When my turn came, of what use could I be in an exhausted receiver?' When Irving offered him a similar service on another occasion, adding, 'I can be short'; 'How long will it take you?'

asked Chalmers. 'Only about an hour and forty minutes.' '"Then," I replied, "I must decline the favour."' Prayers of an hour and a half, and sermons of two hours, came to be a common experience in the London chapel, and a proportionate amount of inconvenience was sometimes incurred in private assemblies. Being on one occasion 'invited to a supper party, and requested by the host before the meal to read the Bible and expound, he went on till midnight; when, some of the guests having several miles to walk home, the host gently suggested his coming to a close. "Who art thou?" he replied, with prophetic energy, "who darest to interrupt the man of God in his administrations?" He pursued his commentary for some time longer, then closed the book, and waving his long arm over the head of his host, uttered an audible and deliberate prayer that his offence might be forgiven him.' Irving was born in 1792, and died in 1834.

No. 16 was at two periods the residence of Sir William Hamilton. He removed hither from Howe Street in 1827, at his mother's death, which was a source of great grief to him. 'Mr. De Quincey,' we read in Veitch's *Memoir*, 'used to break in on his evening solitude, accompanied generally by his eldest son and daughter, children of about eight or ten years of age. While the two philosophers discoursed till the small hours of the morning, the two children would be lying asleep on a chair.' On his marriage in 1829 Sir William removed to Manor Place, but returned to the house in Great King Street in 1839. The *Memoir* contains an interesting description of the interior, contributed by 'a neighbour in King Street.' 'The rooms in which he and his family usually sat were surrounded by books; how clearly does one, in which we passed many a pleasant hour, rise to mind! In it, from floor to roof, the bookshelves mounted, one above another, almost entirely covering the walls.' Beneath, 'some fine engravings of the Italian poets,' 'on a table inlaid with brass, stood two handsome malachite vases, some pieces of old china, and usually a glass with flowers. . . . The room was lighted by one large window, and in its entrance stood a great Indian jar covered with strange devices, and which must have had a charmed life, since it had survived many generations of children unscathed. Outside the window the top of a tall poplar (planted in the court below) swayed to and fro with every breath of air.' Veitch, in his *Memoir*, quotes Dr. von Scheel, who wrote: 'Every respectable German who arrives in Edinburgh has a home in his house,

and, even in intellectual respects, he here finds himself at home.' He says also: 'He is undoubtedly one of the first-class scholars living in Great Britain. . . . His reading is immense, for he has considered no branch of science entirely foreign to his pursuits, and his memory is admirable.' Sir William was made Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in 1836. During the last twelve years of his life, he was comparatively helpless from the effects of paralysis, but his brain was unaffected to the last. He died here: the motto on his tomb so happily characterises the philosopher and the man, that it is worth quoting it entirely. 'His aim was by a pure philosophy to teach that now we see through a glass darkly. Now we know in part. His hope that in the life to come he should see face to face, and know even also as he is known' (see HAMILTON, pp. 143, 160). Born in 1788, he died in 1856.

At the end of Great King Street is

DRUMMOND PLACE.

At No. 28, on the north side, CHARLES KIRKPATRICK SHARPE was living for some years before his death. He has been well described as 'a man of fashion, devoting his leisure hours to the successful cultivation of literature, music, and the fine arts.' In Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary* he is described as 'peculiar in personal appearance, and in the style of his dress—which belonged to a past rather than the present fashion,' which 'claimed for him an individuality as singular as it might seem eccentric. His manners had all that gracefulness and ease—familiar, yet polite—which distinguish the highly aristocratic school in which he had been brought up.' His works of literary and antiquarian interest were produced chiefly between 1827 and 1837. Scott, in his *Journal*, 1825, writes of Sharpe, that he 'is a very complete genealogist, and has made many detections in *Douglas* and other books on pedigree which our nobles would do well to suppress if they had an opportunity. Strange that a man should be so curious after scandal of a century old. Not but that Charles loves it "fresh and fresh" also; for being very much a fashionable man, he is always master of the reigning report, and he tells the anecdotes with such gusto that there is no helping sympathising with him; a peculiar voice adding not a little to the general effect. My idea is that Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, with his oddities, tastes, satire, and high

aristocratic feelings, resembles Horace Walpole, perhaps in his person also in a general way' (Lockhart's *Scott*). Sharpe died in 1851, at the age of seventy-one (see SHARPE, p. 98).

No. 32 was the dwelling of

'. . . that peerless paper-lord, Lord Peter,
Who broke the laws of God, of man, and metre,'

as Lockhart wrote of him in the *Quarterly Review*—viz. PATRICK ROBERTSON, the celebrated lawyer, who was raised to the Bench under the title of Lord Robertson. He was one of the most brilliant wits and humorists of Parliament House, being known by the *sobriquet* 'Lord Peter.' He was born in 1793, and was called to the Bar with his bosom friend, John Wilson (Christopher North), in 1815. Robertson became Dean of Faculty in 1842, and was raised to the Bench in the following year. He was famous for his mock-heroic speeches on 'the general question,' says Grant, and his face, full of grotesque humour, and his rotund figure, of Johnson-like amplitude and cut, were long familiar to all *habitués* of the law-courts. Lockhart, one of his dearest friends, writes of him as follows in 1818: 'Mr. Patrick Robertson—a young counsellor of very rising reputation and pleasant manner—made his approach to the chair amid such a thunder of acclamation as seems to issue from the cheeks of the Bacchantes when Silenus gets astride his ass, in the famous picture of Rubens. Once in the chair, there was no fear of his quitting it while any remained to pay homage to his authority. He made speeches, one chief merit of which consisted, unlike epic poems, in their having neither beginning, middle, nor end. He sang songs in which music was not. He proposed toasts in which meaning was not. But over everything that he said there was flung such a radiance of sheer mother-wit, that there was no difficulty in seeing that the want of meaning was no involuntary want. By the perpetual dazzle of his wit, by the cordial flow of his good humour, but above all, by the cheering influence of his broad, happy face, even through its halo of purest steam (for even the chair had by this time got enough of the juice of the grape), he combined to diffuse over us all, for a long time, one genial atmosphere of unmingled mirth' (Lockhart's Report of the Burns Dinner in *Peter's Letters*). The wit and humour of Robertson were proverbial, and hundreds of anecdotes used to be current of his invincible power of closing all controversy by the broadest form of *reductio ad*

absurdum. 'At a dinner-party a learned and pedantic Oxonian was becoming very tiresome with his Greek erudition, which he insisted on pouring forth on a variety of topics more or less recondite. At length, at a stage of the discussion on some historical point, Lord Robertson turned round, and fixing his large grey eyes upon the Englishman, said with a solemn and judicial air, "I rather think, sir, Dionysius of Halicarnassus is against you there." "I beg your pardon," said the other quickly, "Dionysius did not flourish for ninety years after that period." "Oh," rejoined Robertson, with an expression of face that must be imagined, "I made a mistake —I meant *Thaddeus of Warsaw.*" After that the discussion flowed no longer in the Greek channel' (Wilson's *Memorials*). Robertson died here in 1855, in his sixty-second year.

No. 38 was the abode of ADAM BLACK, the well-known publisher, and founder of the firm of A. & C. Black. Born in the year 1784, Mr. Black was educated at the High School and University of his native city of Edinburgh. Though the son of a humble builder, he lived to raise himself by his noble and honourable exertions to a proud position in the publishing world. Twice he refused knighthood. His great life-work was the establishment of the *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Though he placed this under the charge of Professor Macvey Napier and James Browne, LL.D., he nevertheless contributed many articles from his own pen. From the beginning of his career he took an active part in the politics of the city, and in the early part of the present century was among the boldest of the slender band of Liberals who stood up for burgh reform, as the preliminary to the great measure of a Parliamentary one. He published the *Edinburgh Review* for many years, and thus drew the Liberal party more closely around him. He was Lord Provost of the city from 1843 to 1848. He was in his seventieth year when he was returned to the House of Commons in preference to Lord Macaulay. 'Being a member of the Independent body, he was ever an advocate for unsectarian education, absolute freedom of trade, and the most complete toleration in religion' (*Life of Adam Black*). He died in 1874.

Returning along the west side of Drummond Place, a turning to the right and another to the left brings us to the centre of

ABERCROMBY PLACE.

No. 2 was the residence of LORD WEBB SEYMOUR after quitting his house at Glenarbach. He writes from here to

Hallam in 1814, who says of him: 'Lord Webb Seymour was neither a very good scholar in the common sense of the word, nor by any means the contrary. . . . His peculiar quality was the love of truth. . . . It was said of him that he would rather get at anything by the longest process; and in fact, not having a quick intuition, and well knowing that those who decide instantly are apt not to understand what they decide, he felt a reluctance to acquiesce in what the world calls a common-sense view of any philosophical question. . . . Not only was Lord Webb Seymour a man of the most untainted honour and scrupulous integrity, but of the greatest benevolence, and the warmest attachment to his friends' (Horner's *Memoirs and Correspondence*, Appendix). Hallam also finds a resemblance to Marcus Aurelius, in the absence of any of the violent passions, 'the mild Stoicism of his character, the self-command which never degenerated into selfishness.' He was the associate of Horner, Playfair, Sir James Hall, Dugald Stewart, and Henry Mackenzie. Lord Cockburn, who has a joke at the 'vastness and slowness of his preparations,' in which he says Seymour habitually joined, remarks that 'the long voluntary residence of this stranger among us excited a deeper sympathy with his fate.' Lord Webb Seymour died after a long decline, in the year 1819.

No. 16 was the residence of SIR JOHN CONNEL, advocate, and Procurator for the Church of Scotland in 1805-6. He was also Sheriff-depute of Renfrewshire. On his appointment to the office of Judge of the Court of Admiralty in 1816, and consequent resignation of the sheriffship, he received many gratifying proofs of the satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of the latter situation. He died suddenly in 1831. He was the author of *A Treatise on Tithes*, and another on the *Disjunction of Parishes*. He is commemorated in *Kay's Portraits* as one among the twelve advocates who plead with wigs on.

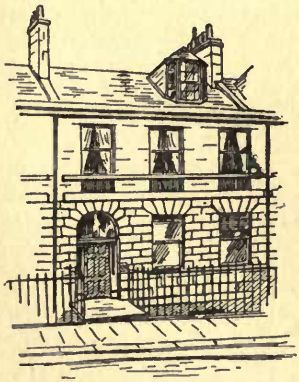
At No. 21 WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN was born in 1813 (see AYTOUN, pp. 150, 188).

In No. 22 JAMES PILLANS, LL.D., the celebrated Professor of Humanity in the University from 1820-63, lived during that period. He was a man of immense erudition and one of the finest teachers the University ever had within its walls. It is stated that for forty years he never missed his classes for a day.

In No. 30 Miss Susan Edmonston Ferrier lived after 1829. She made her house here the rendezvous of all the literary life of the Edinburgh of her day. De Quincey said of her after spending an evening at her house, and referring to the extraordinary influence she exerted on both sexes—'She is a man among women, and a woman among men.' She removed from here to Albany Street (see Miss Ferrier, p. 175).

ALBANY STREET.

No. 10 appears in the Edinburgh Directory for 1818 as in the occupation of John Playfair, Professor of Natural Philosophy. Two years before he was, according to the same source of information, at 2 Albany Street, or, as it was called up to that time, Albany Row. His chief residence after his accession to the Chair of Natural Philosophy in 1805 was at Burntisland. The biographical account prefacing his *Works* states that he spent a 'portion of the summer vacation almost every year in travelling through the more interesting districts of England, Scotland, and Wales, in the prosecution of his geological studies; and visited France and Switzerland at the age of sixty-eight'; 'by regular exercise and frequent excursions, Mr. Playfair preserved a degree of activity and a power of exertion rarely to be met with in literary men at a much earlier period of life.' Cockburn says that Playfair was 'admired by all men, and beloved by all women, of whose virtues and intellect he was always the champion: society felt itself the happier and more respectable from his presence. "Philandering at the Needles" was a phrase by which Jeffrey denoted his devotedness to ladies and to books. . . . Profound yet cheerful; social, yet always respectable, strong in his feelings, but uniformly gentle; a universal favourite, yet never moved from his simplicity; in humble circumstances, but contented and charitable—he realised our



10 ALBANY STREET.

idea of an amiable philosopher. . . . I have been told that, when racked on his deathbed with pain, a relation wished to amuse him by reading one of Scott's novels, but that he said he would rather try the *Principia*' (*Memorials of My Time*). R. P. Gillies, in his *Reminiscences*, says of him that he 'went into society without reluctance, for it seemed as if his tone of nerves and quiet good-humour were so equable and perfectly imperturbable, that nothing discomposed him or "put him out of the way."' He gives an account of a 'convivial meeting' where Playfair was mercilessly bantered for a remark that, in his opinion, 'it might be quite practicable to illuminate the whole of Edinburgh or any other large town with artificial light by means of inflammable air alone'—an idea carried into practice five years later, and of which some experiments had already been reported, in the introduction of gas. '"That'll no be till the deevil gangs blind, I'm thinking," interposed the ultra-sagacious Mr. John Clerk. . . . "Professor, can you guarantee us against accidents? If your pipes should happen to leak, the whole house would be charged with hydrogen." "On such premises, of course, I could not give any guarantee," replied Mr. Playfair; "very serious accidents might be apprehended." . . . "I wad pit up with the licht o' an *oilie crusie* rather than venture the gauze into my premises," replied Mr. Clerk.' Playfair died in 1819, at the age of seventy-one. Mr. James Grant, in *Old and New Edinburgh*, says that he died at No. 2. The change of residence indicated by the directories of the period seems to have escaped his notice.

At No. 18 JAMES BALLANTYNE was living from about 1830. In April 1829 Scott writes in his diary: 'I had news of James Ballantyne, hypochondriac, I am afraid, and religiously distressed in mind.' He died in 1833, at the age of sixty-one (see BALLANTYNE, pp. 33, 163).

At No. 38 lived SUSAN EDMONSTON FERRIER, author of *Destiny*, *Marriage*, and *The Inheritance*, in the house of her brother, Walter Ferrier. The first of her novels, for which Blackwood paid her £150, was written in 1818, at the time when she kept house for her widowed father, who died in 1829. 'She led a quiet life,' we read in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, 'between Morningside House and Edinburgh, with occasional visits to her sisters.' A description by herself of these visits appeared in the *Temple Bar Magazine* for February 1874, and is reprinted in her works. Brougham is said to have been 'an old school-fellow,' and received her

courteously when he made a tour of Scotland as Lord Chancellor in 1834. Among other admirers were Joanna Baillie, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, and Sir James Mackintosh. In his *Journal* Scott calls her 'simple, full of humour, and exceedingly ready at repartee, and all this without the least affectation of the blue-stocking.' . . . Her eyesight failed, and she had to pass most of her time in a darkened room, receiving a few friends at tea in the evening, but leading a very retired life. The popularity of her first novel was so great that for the second, *The Inheritance*, she received from Blackwood the sum of £1000. She died here in 1854, at the age of seventy.

At No. **51** DR. JOHN BROWN, the author of *Horæ Subsecivæ* and *Rab and his Friends*, was living in 1846 (see BROWN, p. 139).

Passing to the left in Union Street, at the end of Forth Street, a turning to the right leads to

GAYFIELD SQUARE.

In No. **1** lived ANDREW WATSON, brother of the George Watson who founded the Scottish Academy. He was long associated with the Edinburgh Volunteers, for which he sacrificed time, fortune, and, in some respects, health as well. He was a man of great energy and determination.

Gayfield House was in 1767 inhabited by DAVID, sixth EARL OF LEVEN, and here in that year his sister, Lady Betty, was married to John, Earl of Hopetoun.

No. **10**, in a short street at the nearest or north-west corner, was the residence of the eminent expositor of theology and preacher, DR. JOHN BROWN, who succeeded Dr. James Hall in 1822 at Rose Street Chapel, and at whose services, it is said, the crowd was so dense at times, that he was led from the session-house to the pulpit hand to hand across the pews. In Anderson's *Scottish Nation* we read: 'His personal appearance, which was fine and dignified, was previously to his death, greatly changed [owing to ill-health], in reference to which he himself expressively said, "The Master changes our countenance and 'sends us away.'"' He was twice married, and his second wife predeceased him by seventeen years. Dr. Brown's popularity was due to the excellent material of which his sermons were composed, and had nothing in common with that of the 'fashionable preacher.' Dr. Brown appears to have had a way, unconsciously, of

fixing individuals in his congregation with his eye in a manner which sometimes had embarrassing results. 'On one occasion,' writes Dr. Cairns in his *Life* of Brown, 'a woman called on him on a Monday in a state of high displeasure, to complain that on the foregoing day he had publicly called her "hypocrite." Dr. Brown disclaimed all such personality; but the woman warmly rejoined, "You need not deny it, sir; for you looked straight in my face when you said it."' Dr. Brown died at Arthur Lodge, Newington, in 1858, at the age of seventy-four.

GAYFIELD PLACE.

No. 1 was the residence of a well-known Edinburgh citizen, PATRICK CRICHTON. His father was a coachbuilder in the Canongate, and the son was appointed in 1805 Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant of the 2nd Regiment of the Edinburgh Local Militia. He had entered the army when young and attained the rank of captain in the 57th Regiment, with which he served during the American War, distinguishing himself so much that he received the public thanks of the Commander-in-Chief.

WINDSOR STREET

is in the rear of Elm Row, on the east side of Leith Walk.

At No. 23, in the year 1827, the celebrated MRS. HENRY SIDDONS took up her abode here. Previously she had resided at 63 York Place and 2 Picardy Place. Three years after she came to Windsor Street her lease of the Theatre Royal, which she had carried on with her brother, Mr. W. H. Murray, the well-known actor-manager, terminated, and in March 1830 this accomplished lady took farewell of Edinburgh. She was a beautiful woman and a charming actress of the sweet, tender, and pathetic school, as Grant says, but who suffered from association with her great mother-in-law. 'Mrs. Siddons held a peculiar position in Edinburgh, her widowhood, condition, and personal attractions combining to win the sympathy and admiration of its best society, while her high character and blameless conduct secured the respect and esteem of her theatrical subjects and of the general public, with whom she was an object of almost affectionate personal regard, and in whose favour, so long as she exercised her profession, she continued for long to hold the first place, in spite of their temporary enthusiasm

for London stars' (Miss Fanny Kemble's *Reminiscences*). She was succeeded in the tenancy of the house by her brother, WILLIAM MURRAY, who lived here during the years 1835-1850, and then retired into private life in the latter year after a career of forty years as actor and manager in Edinburgh. At first the public would have none of him as an actor, but by persistent study he achieved a high professional position; and as manager was much esteemed and respected. Beyond a brief record of his career, prefixed to a collection of his speeches at the close of the several seasons of his theatre, his life does not appear to have afforded material of a biographical character.

About a quarter of a mile distant, reached by turning down Pilrig Street out of Leith Walk on the left, going northward, lies

SPEY STREET,

a street of old houses, formerly called Moray Street. Here, at No. 2, THOMAS CARLYLE lived 1822-24. He had been in Edinburgh, with intervals of absence, since walking the hundred miles from Ecclefechan, in company with 'Palinurus Tom,' at the age of fourteen, in 1809, when he lodged in Simon Square. Ten years later, already a dyspeptic, he finds living, in a lodging unrecorded, 'very high. An hour ago I paid my week's bill, which, though 15s. 2d., was the smallest of the three I have yet discharged. This is an unreasonable sum when I consider the slender accommodation, and the paltry ill-cooked morsel which is my daily pittance.' When living in Moray Street, writes Mr. Froude, whose work is the source of our information, 'Carlyle was at ease in his circumstances. He could help his brother: he had no more money anxieties.' A letter from here to his mother, dated June 2nd, 1822, contains a graphic account of sleepless nights, due to a howling dog in the vicinity, 'an ugly *messan* which a half-crazy half-pay captain thought proper to chain in his garden,' about twenty yards from

2 SPEY STREET.

Carlyle's window, against which complaints proved fruitless. One night, 'I listened about half an hour, then rose indignantly, put on my clothes, went out, and charged the watchman to put a stop to the accursed thing. The watchman *would* not for the world interfere with a gentleman's rest at that hour, but next morning he would certainly, etc. I asked to be shown the door, and pulling the crazy captain's bell about six times, his servant at length awoke, and inquired in a tremulous voice, *What was it?* I alluded to the dog and demanded the instant, the total, the everlasting removal of it, or to-morrow I would see whether justice was in Edinburgh or the shadow of British law in force. "Do you hear that?" said the Irish knight of the rattle and the lanthorn. She heard it and obeyed, and no wretched *messan* has since disturbed my slumbers.' At this time, Carlyle was receiving fifteen guineas a sheet for his *Life of Schiller*, as well as teaching. Carlyle was born 1795; died 1881 (see CARLYLE, pp. 59, 156, 184).

SUBURBAN ROUTES.

NORTH-WEST SUBURB.

CROSSING the Dean Bridge, Clarendon Crescent and Learmonth Terrace to the *right*, lead to

29 ANN STREET.

ANN STREET.

No. 29 was for several years the residence of JOHN WILSON before his removal to Gloucester Place. His daughter and biographer, Mrs. Gordon, writes: 'Towards the end of the winter of 1819, my father, with his wife and children, five in number, left his mother's house, 53 Queen Street, and set up his household gods in a rural and somewhat inconvenient house in Ann Street.' Ann Street was then quite 'out of town.' It was while resident here that the Wilsons received that lengthy visit from De Quincey which Mrs. Gordon so graphically describes. 'An ounce of laudanum per diem prostrated animal life in the early part of the day. It was no unfrequent sight to find him in his room, lying on the rug in front of the fire, his head resting upon a book, with his arms crossed over his breast, in profound slumber. For several hours he would lie in this state, until the torpor passed away. The time when he was most brilliant was generally towards the early morning hours; and then more than once, in order to show him off, my father arranged his supper-parties so that, sitting till three or four in the morning, he brought Mr. De Quincey to

that point at which in charm and power of conversation he was so truly wonderful' (Mrs. Gordon's *Life of Wilson*). (See WILSON, pp. 124, 158.)

In No. 41, the residence of his father (Captain Tulloch of the 7th Royal Veteran Battalion), lived, during the earlier years of his life, COLONEL ALEXANDER TULLOCH, who, as Grant remarks, was that officer whose sagacity, energy, and decision of character were so admirably evinced by the manner in which he instituted and prosecuted an inquiry into the blunders and commissariat disorders connected with our campaign in the Crimea.

No. 42 Ann Street was the residence of HOWESON CRAWFURD of Crawfurdland and Braehead, who in 1822 performed before George IV. that act of feudal homage by which he held his lands, viz. presenting the basin wherein the sovereign might wash his hands, when he passed by the lands of Braehead.

ROBERT CHAMBERS lived for many years in the central block on the east side of Ann Street, either No. 26 or 28. He resided here prior to his removal to Doune Terrace; and it was here that he wrote a great part of his *Domestic Annals of Scotland* (see R. CHAMBERS, p. 157).

DANUBE STREET

lies north of Ann Street.

No. 32 was in 1854 the residence of the talented miscellaneous writer, author of one good novel, *Wearyfoot Common*, and editor for several years of Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, LEITCH RITCHIE. Mr. James Payn in *Some Literary Recollections*, says of him: 'He was one of the last survivors of a set of literary men now almost, if not quite, extinct; it had the culture of the silver-fork school without their affectation, and the simplicity of the Bohemians without their disreputableness. The author of *Wearyfoot Common* had been one of the hardest workers of his time: "As a young husband," he told me, "I have often written for the press for hours, while at the same time my foot has rocked the cradle of a child." . . . In his time Leitch Ritchie had written upon almost every subject under heaven. . . . If he wanted to write upon a particular subject he would contrive to know more about it in twenty-four hours than

any man of general information could possibly know. He was, as is well known, the companion of Turner in his continental travels, and an authority on matters of art; and he once wrote a pamphlet for an aurist, which made that gentleman's professional reputation.' Ritchie died in London, aged sixty-four, in the year 1865.

In No. 26 JAMES GRANT, author of the *Romance of War*, *The Highlanders in Belgium*, and other popular novels, lived for a considerable number of years. He was a well-known figure on the streets of Edinburgh. Grant loved Edinburgh with the same deep, enduring affection as did Scott, Jeffrey, and Stevenson. He has written largely on the subject, his *Old and New Edinburgh* and his *Memorials of Edinburgh Castle* being standard works.

In No. 7 HORATIO MACCULLOCH, R.S.A., resided for a long period, and many of his finest landscapes were executed here. Along with Sir Daniel Macnee, *P.*R.S.A., he first obtained employment from Lizars the engraver, as colourists of Selby's *Ornithology* (see MACCULLOCH, p. 191).

In **Duncan's Land**, in the old Kirk Loan, says Grant, was born, 24th October 1796, DAVID ROBERTS, the famous artist. In his boyhood he gave indications of his taste for drawing, and made free use of his mother's whitewashed walls, his materials being 'the ends of burnt spunks (matches) and pieces of red keel.' He was apprenticed to Gavin Beugo, a house painter in West Register Street. His fellow-apprentice was David Ramsay Hay, well known for his treatises on decorative art. On the expiry of his apprenticeship, Roberts took to scene-painting, his first essay being for a circus in North College Street, and after travelling about in Scotland and England, working alternately as a house and scene painter, he returned to his parents' house in Edinburgh in 1818, and was employed by Jeffrey to decorate with his brush the library at Craigcrook. About this time also he was scene-painting for Mr. W. H. Murray of the Theatre Royal, and began his lifelong acquaintance with Clarkson Stanfield. He now took to Scottish landscape painting, and his first works were very successful. He went to London, became an exhibitor in the Royal Academy there, and ere long won such fame that he was admitted to the full honours of Academician in 1841. He died in 1864. Many subjects of his paintings were taken from his beloved native city.

CARLTON STREET.

In No. 16 Carlton Street lived for many years one of Scotland's greatest miniature painters, KENNETH MACLEAY. He was one of the thirteen founders of the Royal Scottish Academy, and at his death was the last survivor of them. He was famous for always executing his miniatures on ivory, also for occasional pictures on Highland subjects, painted at the express desire of Her Majesty. He was an enthusiastic Celt, says Grant, and fond of wearing the Highland dress at the Academy receptions, and on every possible occasion.

Danube Street leads directly into

ST. BERNARD'S CRESCENT.

In No. 21 MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN MITCHELL, a gallant old peninsular officer, resided, who was an able writer on military matters and biography. In 1803 he began life as an ensign in the 57th Foot, and served in all the campaigns in France, Flanders, Spain, and Portugal. His *nom de plume* was 'Sabretache,' and over it he wrote some very clever things in *Fraser's Magazine* and the *United Service Journal*. He also wrote a *Life of Wallenstein* (1837), which, like his *Fall of Napoleon*, was a great success. Grant, who was intimate with him in his later years, says, 'he was a handsome man, with great buoyancy of spirit and conversational powers; thus old "Sabretache" was welcome everywhere.'

Passing the Schoolhouse at the western extremity of St. Bernard's Crescent, we turn up Dean Park Street, and turning to the right at the end reach, on the south side of the road,

MARY PLACE.

At No. 5 at one period of his career lived the 'poet-painter' DAVID SCOTT (see SCOTT, p. 83).

Returning westward on the main road, we reach

COMELY BANK.

No. 5 was at one time the residence of JOHN EWBANK (see EWBANK, p. 161).

In No. 11 lived JAMES BROUNE, LL.D., author of a *History of the Highland Clans*, and editor of the *Caledonian Mercury* and the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, and Macvey Napier's *collaborateur* on the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Some differences having arisen between him and Mr. Charles Maclaren, the editor of the *Scotsman*, regarding a fine-art criticism, the altercation ran so high that a duel took place at seven o'clock on the morning of the 12th November 1829, somewhere near Ravelston, but fortunately without any calamitous sequel. He took a great lead in Liberal politics, and in this house entertained Dan O'Connell more than once.

No. 13 was the residence of MRS. JOHNSTONE the novelist, whose book *Clan Albyn* was so popular in its day. She was editress of *Tait's Magazine*, and was much admired by De Quincey, one of her contributors; also of *Johnstone's Magazine*, a monthly long since forgotten.

No. 21 was the residence for eighteen months following his marriage, 1826-28, of THOMAS CARLYLE. In May 1826, he writes: 'House in Comely Bank suitable as possible has been chosen; was being furnished from Haddington, beautifully, perfectly, and even richly, by Mrs. Welsh's great skill in such matters, aided by her daughter's, which was also great, and by the frank *wordless* generosity of both, which surely was very great.' 'Mrs. Welsh undertook to pay the rent,' writes Mr. Froude, 'and the Haddington furniture was carried thither. She proposed to remain there with her daughter till October, and was then to remove finally to her father's. . . . For immediate expenses of living there was Carlyle's £200, and such additions to it as he could earn.' This was little enough: a novel was written, found no publisher, and was burned. His reputation was yet to make. Miss Welsh writes from Comely Bank to her affianced, describing the house: 'It would be quite country-looking,

21 COMELY BANK.

only that it is one of a range; for there is a real flower-garden in front, overshadowed by a far-spreading tree, while the windows look out on the greenest fields, with never a street to be seen. As for interior accommodation, there are a dining-room, three sleeping-rooms, a kitchen, and more closets than I can see the least occasion for; unless you design to be another Blue Beard. So you see we shall have apartments enough, on a small scale, indeed, almost laughably small; but this is no objection in your eyes, neither is it in mine.' Notwithstanding Carlyle's expressed intention to 'treat visitors as nauseous intruders,' Mrs. Carlyle had her tea-parties, 'and no one who had been once at Comely Bank refused a second invitation. Brewster came, and De Quincey . . . and Sir William Hamilton, and Wilson, (though Wilson, for some reason, was shy of Carlyle), and many more.' Carlyle's own picture of his life here is given in a letter to Alexander Carlyle, on February 3rd, 1827: 'Directly after breakfast, the good wife and the Doctor [his brother John, who was staying with them] retire upstairs to the drawing-room, a little place all fitted up like a lady's work-box, where a spunk of fire is lit for the forenoon; and I meanwhile sit scribbling and meditating, and wrestling with the powers of dulness till one or two o'clock; when I sally forth into the city or towards the sea-shore, taking care only to be home for the important purpose of consuming my mutton chop at four. After dinner we all read learned languages till coffee (which we now often take at night instead of tea), and so on till bed-time; only that Jane often sews; and the Doctor goes up to the celestial globe, studying the fixed stars through an upshoved window, and generally comes down to his porridge about ten, with a nose dripping at its extremity. Thus we pass our days in our little cottage. . . . Many a time, on a soft mild night, I smoke my pipe in our little flower garden, and look upon all this, and think of all absent and present friends, and feel that I have good reason "to be thankful I am not in Purgatory."' In the spring of 1828 they went to Craigenputtock, where, before marriage, Mrs. Carlyle had told him 'she could not live a month with an angel,' and shortly afterwards to London. Carlyle died in 1881, aged eighty-six (see CARLYLE, pp. 59, 156, 178).

CRAIGLEITH,

a station on the Caledonian Railway, two miles from the city. In the vicinity of Craigleith is the queer, old-fashioned mansion of Groathill, long ago the property of that SIR JOHN

SMITH, Provost of the city in 1643, whose daughter was the heroine of that strange story connected with the Morocco Land in the Canongate (see p. 28).

Near this is

CRAIGCROOK CASTLE,

the most ancient part of which dates from the middle of the sixteenth century. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE occupied and greatly improved the house in the early years of the present century, and here his son and biographer, THOMAS CONSTABLE, was born in 1812. He began business, writes Grant (*Old and New Edinburgh*), in 1833, 'and by his taste and care did more than any other man, perhaps, to raise the printing trade in Edinburgh to the high position it now holds.' He died in 1881 (see CONSTABLE, pp. 24, 84).

Craigcrook was from the year 1815 the summer residence of FRANCIS JEFFREY. Cockburn, in his *Journal* (1846), calls it 'The Paradise of Edinburgh Villas.' 'In 1816,' he says, 'the house was not unlike its neighbour Lauriston—a keep, though not so bare. It then became the residence of Jeffrey, who, aided by Playfair, has made it what it is.

CRAIGCROOK.

Nothing could be more perfect. It has been enlarged truly in the old spirit. The domestic scenery of the outside is Jeffrey's own creation. He has had the sense to venerate old walls and gorgeous ivy, and to resist doing or keeping more than can easily be done and kept well: so old, yet so comfortable; so picturesque and so sensible; so beautifully small within the garden, but with such rich soft over-turf outside. What a wood-grown hill; the absence of prospects from the low ground compensated by such views, unrivalled even for Edinburgh, from the higher. These will

ever be its charms to strangers; but to us it is Jeffrey that we see in Craigcrook. It is here that for thirty years he has enjoyed and diffused the finest pleasures of the head and of the heart. . . . Who that has known the place in his time can ever think of it without hearing that sweet and lively voice, without feeling admiration of his genius, lost under the inspiration of his goodness' (see JEFFREY, pp. 62, 79, 105, 123, 156).

About a mile westward from Craigcrook is

LAURISTON CASTLE,

in the beginning of the last century the property of the famous financier JOHN LAW, who inherited it from his father, a wealthy goldsmith of Edinburgh, and who is said to have been born in the tower in 1671. With regard to his great schemes, the Bank of France and the Mississippi Scheme, Chambers says: 'We are far from professing ourselves the unqualified apologists of our enterprising countryman. It was criminal in him to make use of remedies of such a desperate kind as those to which he had recourse when his system first began to stagger under its early revulsions. In estimating his moral character it does not appear to us that his renouncing Protestantism under the circumstances in which he was placed, ought to weigh much against the uprightness of his intentions. Religion was with him a matter of inferior moment' (*Eminent Scotsmen*). The additions to the old square three-storied tower were made by Mr. Burn the architect for the late Lord Rutherfurd.

NORTHERN SUBURB.

HOWARD PLACE.

No. 8 will always be memorable as the birthplace of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. His parents resided here from 1849-1853, and here in 1850 he was born. 'Literature has rarely produced a more picturesque figure than Robert Louis Stevenson. The son of a famous Scottish engineer, he was destined, like his great countryman Sir Walter Scott, for a Writership to the Signet.[1] He took, however, to literature instead, and died at forty-four in Samoa, where he had gone for his health after a remarkable literary

[1] This is a mistake on the part of Mr. Clement Shorter. Stevenson studied for an advocate, not for admission to the Society of Writers to the Signet.

achievement. With a style not always rigidly grammatical, but always impressive and distinguished, he shone in many branches of literary work. He wrote travel pictures like *With a Donkey in the Cevennes*, which were incomparably superior to those of any contemporary: his plays, written in collaboration with Mr. W. E. Henley, had a power of their own, and one of them, *Beau Austin*, although not accepted by the public, is probably the greatest contribution to the drama of the era. As a critic of life and of books Stevenson has also an honourable place. I know of no better treatment of the one than *Virginibus Puerisque*, or of the other than *Some aspects of Robert Burns*. . . . It is as a novelist, however, that Stevenson fills the largest place. He is the inheritor of the traditions of Scott, with the world-pain of his own epoch superadded' (*Sixty Years of Books and Bookmen*, by Clement Shorter).

INVERLEITH TERRACE.

The house formerly standing on the site of the present No. 1 was the residence from 1849 to 1853 of WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN, and a far from comfortable one, as appears from a letter in the *Life* by Sir Theodore Martin: 'The house we occupy at present is a very small one and very ill-furnished. This winter the rains have been so violent that they have absolutely penetrated the outer wall (ours is a corner house), and the upper story is uninhabitable.' He came here on his marriage, and subsequently removed to a house in Great Stuart Street. Writing of him as he was in 1843, his biographer says: 'A more delightful companion than Aytoun was at this period it would be difficult to imagine. Full of health and vigour, and with a flow of spirits which seemed inexhaustible, his society acted like a tonic on men of a more sensitive temperament and a constitution less robust. There was a charm of humour about his talk which it would be hard to define. It was compounded mainly of pleasant exaggeration, playful allusion, unlooked-for turns of phrase, and strong mother-wit. It was always essentially the humour of a gentleman, without cynicism and without irreverence.' As is well known, Aytoun had the credit of editing *Blackwood's Magazine* after Professor Wilson's (his father-in-law's) death. As a matter of fact, Blackwood was his own editor. Aytoun was a contributor to the *Magazine* from 1839, and his *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* first appeared in its pages. He was born in 1813, and died 1865 (see AYTOUN, pp. 150, 173).

Another celebrated name in Scots literature is associated with this house. Robert Louis Stevenson's parents lived here from 1853 until 1857. Thus the period from his third to his seventh years were spent in this dwelling. Here he began that wonderful system of self-culture which made him the accurate scholar he afterwards became (see STEVENSON, pp. 56, 187).

INVERLEITH ROW.

No. 7 was for some years previous to 1843—when he removed to Morningside—the residence of the REV. DR. CHALMERS. Lord Cockburn (*Memorials of My Time*) says of him: 'There can scarcely be a more curious man. When I first became acquainted with him, he used to leave his parish of Kilmany [in Fife] twice or thrice a week to lecture in St. Andrews on chemistry. And not confining himself to physical science, he stored his mind during this first stage of his course by a general study of the principles of moral and political philosophy. . . . But it was only on being elevated by the deep religious feelings which afterwards took possession of him that his powers were developed in their full force. . . . He is awkward, and has a low husky voice, a guttural articulation, a whitish eye, and a large dingy countenance. In point of mere feature it would not be difficult to think him ugly. But he is saved from this, and made interesting and lovable by singular modesty, kindness, and simplicity of manner, a strong expression of calm thought and benevolence, a forehead so broad that it seems to proclaim itself the seat of a great intellect, a love of humour, and an indescribable look of drollery when anything ludicrous comes over him.' In Hanna's *Memoirs of Chalmers* we are told that 'his invariable mode of dealing with introductions was to invite the introduced to breakfast; very interesting groups often gathered round his breakfast-table. In the general conversation of promiscuous society, Dr. Chalmers did not excel.' In Anderson's *Scottish Nation* we read: 'His accent and appearance were both against him. The former was broad provincial Scotch, the latter was dull and heavy, and by no means conveyed any idea of the wonderful fertility and energy of his mind. In stature he was about the middle height, stout, large-boned, and muscular, but not at all approaching to corpulency. His grey eye, which in his ordinary mood had a placid expression, when excited shone with intense brilliancy; his forehead was broad and massy, but not particularly lofty, his step was

quick and eager, his gesture awkward, and his delivery monotonous; but yet, when roused from his lethargy, when fairly within his subject, these drawbacks were all forgotten in the rapid stream of his eloquence.' And so it came about that when he first preached in London, and his celebrity filled Surrey Chapel four hours before the service commenced, Canning, who was among his hearers, was heard to say after one of the preacher's true bursts of oratory, 'This is indeed true eloquence. The tartan beats us all.' Chalmers, it is said, did almost everything by numbers. His razor received one additional stroke on the strop each day up to a certain number; then daily one less. His stick was put down at each fourth footfall, and he mechanically counted the number of descents to measure the distance. He would go round his garden, and returning, say, 'Well, dearie daughts, it 's a noble instrument a garden. I've just counted all the things in flower round all the walks, and they are 320.' He was entirely indifferent about food, and remarkably abstemious, and actually entered in his journal on one occasion, 'Exceeded to-night at supper,' when all he had consumed was a large water-biscuit as thin as a wafer. He imposed on himself the problem of discovering each day a new route through the complication of streets that lay between him and the University, and keeping a record of their relative lengths. Next to the pleasure of being introduced to a new locality was that of thoroughly exploring one already known. 'I like,' he said to one of his students, 'to find out new spots in places I am familiar with. The other day I had some time to spare, so I tried if I could extemporise a new route between Comely Bank and Inverleith Row. I sauntered, rather dubious, I must confess, up a sort of cart-lane, and, before I was aware, I got involved in the accessories of a farmhouse, where I was set upon by a mastiff and obliged to turn back.' Dr. Chalmers died in 1847, aged sixty-seven (see CHALMERS, pp. 119, 200).

In No. 52 there lived long and died on 10th November 1874 a very interesting old man, LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WILLIAM CROCKAT. He was associated with Napoleon's exile and death in St. Helena. 'So long ago as 1807,' said the *Times*, when referring to his death, 'William Crockat was gazetted as Ensign in the 20th Regiment of Foot, and the first thought which suggests itself is, that from that date we are divided by a far wider interval than was Sir Walter Scott from the insurrection of Prince Charlie, when in 1814 he gave to his

first novel the title of *Waverley—'Tis Sixty Years Since.* After the peace in 1815, Captain Crockat went with his regiment (the 20th) to St. Helena, to take part in transactions to a soldier more trying than the bullets of the recent war, for as orderly officer he had charge of "the caged eagle of St. Helena," the captive Napoleon—a task which is said to have wellnigh broken the hearts of half a dozen predecessors —their orders being that twice in every twenty-four hours they should ascertain by ocular demonstration that the ex-Emperor was at Longwood. The latter died while Captain Crockat was holding the office, and he was sent home with the despatches announcing the event.' He delighted to recount his experiences with 'Boney.'

At No. **54** HORATIO MACCULLOCH, the artist *par excellence* of Scottish landscape, was living in 1850; a man of singular modesty and simplicity and warmth of heart. 'Although of robust constitution,' says the writer of his Memoir in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*, 'incessant application and out-door exposure to change of weather began to tell upon his frame, and about fifteen years before his death, after having sat working in the open air at Smallholme, he was attacked by a slight shock of paralysis, which affected his left side and the muscles of his face. . . . In the winter of 1866 he experienced a second and still more severe stroke, from which he rallied with similar readiness, and resumed his wonted occupation; but in February of the following year, the third and worst attack, which proved to be the final summons, occurred, and on the 24th June 1867 he expired in the sixty-second year of his age.' In 1862 he was living at St. Colm Villa, Trinity (see MACCULLOCH, p. 182).

EASTERN SUBURB.

PORTOBELLO

is three miles distant eastward from Edinburgh, and is reached either by railway, or by tramcar from the Post Office.

No. **18½ High Street,** next to the Church of St. Mark, was formerly known as Shrub Mount, and was the residence of HUGH MILLER in the closing years of his life. The lower part of a portion of the two-story house is turned into a shop; and the former entrance must be sought up a passage to the right. Here are two pillars which formerly faced the garden, and the entrance-hall in front of which they stand is now

divided; as is the house itself, so as to form two residences. Hugh Miller purchased the house, and added a museum for his geological and other specimens. In 1852 he began to lecture on popular science, and it is said that he succeeded in imparting to his audience something of his own absorbing and sympathetic interest in his subject. Later on, indications of intellectual disturbance became apparent at times, which were carefully concealed from his doctor until too late, and the evil had become confirmed. A dread of robbery and assassination haunted him on his walks by night from Edinburgh to his house. He had fears also for the safety of the contents of his museum. This led to the acquisition of a revolver, a claymore, and a dagger, and in sleep the weapons lay ready to his hand. Being accustomed to work far into the morning, to avoid disturbing his wife, whose health was delicate, he occupied a room at a distance from the family, and here on the morning of Christmas Day 1856, his lifeless body was found half-dressed upon the floor, and an open letter to his wife upon the table: 'Dearest Lydia,—My brain burns. I *must* have *walked*; and a fearful dream rises upon me. I cannot bear the horrible thought. God and the Father of the Lord Jesus Christ have mercy upon me. Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell. My brain burns as the recollection grows. My dear, dear wife, farewell.—Hugh Miller.' It is assumed that he was attacked by one of the horrible trances that had proved too strong for him. He had shot himself through the lung with the weapon which lay in such unfortunate proximity to his hand. Many interesting particulars of Hugh Miller are given from personal knowledge in Anderson's *Scottish Nation*. 'His habits of composition,' says the writer, 'were peculiar. His mind, with all its weight and force, and in spite of the rich intellectual stores which he possessed, wanted elasticity; and he was in general a slow and cautious writer. Before putting pen to paper on any subject, he spent a long time in deep thought, arranging, as it were, all its details within himself; meanwhile balancing the poker or the tongs in his hand or gazing musingly into the fire. . . . He was fond of athletic exercises, and took delight in such acts as leaping on the table, poising a chair by one of its hind legs in his right hand, and doing other feats of strength in which no one present could compete with him. He also took a pride in snuffing a candle by the mere wave of his arm, when no other arm, though half a yard nearer, could do it.' Miller was fifty-four years of age at the time of his death (see MILLER, p. 81).

SOUTH-EAST SUBURB.

A Newington car takes us from the General Post Office to

SOUTH BLACKET PLACE.

Newington House was the residence from 1860 until his death, a quarter of a century later, of DUNCAN M'LAREN. In a notice of his recently published *Life*, *The Times* of September 12th, 1889, says: 'Beginning as a shop-boy, he became one of the foremost citizens in a city that used to be governed by men of the robe, and prided itself on its aristocratic prejudices. And having made his way by breaching and levelling the barriers which opposed his progress, he obtained the esteem of his opponents, whose interests he had injured. They might not like his manners or his methods, but they did justice to his motives and his public spirit. In many respects he resembled his distinguished brother-in-law, John Bright.' In his youth 'he read everything that came within his reach. He seems to have grounded himself chiefly on two great volumes of an encyclopædia, and he is said to have swallowed all the contents except algebra and mathematics, which he found indigestible.' As he became more engrossed with public affairs, M'Laren withdrew gradually from the flourishing business which still bears his name. He died in 1886, aged eighty-six.

At the end of Blacket Place, the Dalkeith Road leads, on the left, to

SALISBURY ROAD.

No. 1 was the last residence in Edinburgh of DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE. In his *Autobiography*, referring complacently to his economy in the matter of rent, he says he paid only £40 a year for his house in Lauriston Lane, 'a rent which rose to no more than £42 before I stepped from being a tenant of that low-rented, old-fashioned, plain abode, to become owner and occupant of 1 Salisbury Road; whence I have a view of Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, and the remarkable crystallised trap rock called Samson's Ribs, of Duddingston Loch, with its wooded banks, swans, and picturesque church; and of the sea beyond, breaking on the shores of Aberlady Bay—a scene of the most beautiful description spread out

before me in its glory of a fine summer morning without lifting my head from the pillow.' He died in 1873, at the age of seventy (see GUTHRIE, p. 79).

No. 2, from bout 1815 to 1830, was the residence of WILLIAM BLACKWOOD. His famous *Magazine* was commenced in 1817. In a number of the year 1834 appeared an obituary notice from which we extract the following: 'No man ever conducted business in a more direct and manly manner than Mr. Blackwood. His opinion was on all occasions distinctly explained; his questions were ever explicit; his answers conclusive. His sincerity might sometimes be considered as rough, but no human being ever accused him of either flattering or of shuffling; and those men of letters who were in frequent communication with him soon conceived a respect and confidence for him, which, save in a very few instances, ripened into cordial regard and friendship.' In *Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk*, Lockhart describes him as 'nimble, active-looking, with a complexion very sanguineous; . . . nothing can be more sagacious than the expression of his whole physiognomy—the grey eyes and eyebrows full of locomotion.' William Blackwood was born 1776; died 1834 (see BLACKWOOD, pp. 86, 103, 153).

1 SALISBURY ROAD.

In No. 17 WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, D.D., Principal and Professor in the New College, Edinburgh, resided for many years. He was very fond of the seclusion of this delightful locality. Oftentimes he was overheard to remark that he never needed to go away for summer change, because he always had it at Salisbury Road. 'Dr. Cunningham's personal appearance was very typical of his moral and intellectual qualities; no one ever mistook him for any man, or any man for him. His tall form, slender in youth, early in life acquired sufficient bulk to fill the eye and convey the impression of mass and strength. In his latter days, when

the wear and tear of life were telling on him, there was a slight but manifest falling off. His height was produced by length of trunk as well as length of limb. Hence an oscillation of the upper part of the man as he walked, which bespoke him free from all care of attitudes. Hence also the peculiar swing of his person, so familiar to all who heard him speak. His "points" were often delivered with a gesture of the person and right arm, the head thrown slightly on one side, which suggested the idea of throwing a stone at some object far below. As a student, night-work was his habit. He sat commonly till two; when his lectures were in process of composition, very often until four in the morning. His lectures were contained in a large tin box. When he left home his parting remark often was, "Well, if the house takes fire, whatever you do, save my green box"' (*Life*, by Dr. Rainy). Dr. Cunningham was born in 1805, and died 13th December 1861.

Passing through Salisbury Place at the end of Salisbury Road, and turning northward up Causewayside, we reach on the left

BRAID PLACE

No. 7 was formerly the rear of Sciennes Hill House, by generally accepted tradition the residence of Dr. Adam Ferguson, the historian. It stood alone, enclosed within walls, with a gate where Gibb's dairy now stands in Sciennes Gardens, the entrance being on the first floor, by an outside stair. The place where the doorway was walled up may be seen from the court in the rear of No. 7, formerly the garden. Here Scott and Burns met for the first and last time. Scott, writing of 1786-7, says: 'I saw him one day at the late venerable Professor Ferguson's, where there were several gentlemen of literary reputation, among whom I remember the celebrated Mr. Dugald Stewart. Of course we youngsters sat silent, and looked and listened.' It is worthy of note that this region was then considered so remote that Cockburn's friends called it *Kamtschatka*. Ferguson is described as active, muscular, and well formed, with fair complexion, blue eyes, and handsome, thoughtful, intelligent features. Lord Cockburn's recollection of him in old age is with 'hair silky white, eyes animated and bright blue; his cheeks sprinkled with broken red, like autumnal apples, but fresh and healthy. . . . A severe paralytic attack had reduced his animal vitality though it left no external appearance, and he required considerable

artificial heat. His raiment, therefore, consisted of half boots, lined with fur, cloth breeches, a long cloth waistcoat, with capacious pockets, a single-breasted coat, a cloth great-coat, also lined with fur, and a felt hat commonly tied by a ribbon below the chin. . . . His gait and air were noble, his gestures slow; his look full of dignity and composed fire. He looked like a philosopher from Lapland.' He is said to have kept the paralytic symptoms in check by a vegetable diet. Cockburn says: 'Wine and animal food besought his appetite in vain, but huge masses of milk and vegetables disappeared before him.' From the same source we learn that 'his temperature was regulated by Fahrenheit, and often, when sitting quite comfortably, he would start up and put his wife and daughters into commotion, because his eye had fallen on the instrument, and that he was a degree too hot or too cold.' His *Roman History* was produced in 1783, and ten years later, Cockburn says, 'he shook hands with us boys one day in the summer of 1793, on setting off, in a strange sort of carriage, and with no companion except his servant James, to visit Italy, for a new edition of his *History*. He was then about seventy-two, and had to pass through a good deal of war; but returned in about a year, younger than ever.' He retired to St. Andrews on his return, and lived to be ninety-two, dying in 1816.

The first point of interest in the next division is at a distance of two-thirds of a mile from Sciennes.

SOUTH AND SOUTH-WEST SUBURBS.

GRANGE LOAN

turns off to the westward from the southern end of Causeway-side. On the right, a little way past Lauder Road, standing back from the road, from which it is hidden by a seven-foot wall—at the farther end of which a partial view of the house may be obtained—is

Grange House, now a ladies' school. Here died the REV. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, D.D., and Principal of the University of Edinburgh from 1761. This was two years after the publication of his *History of Scotland*, and his first arrival in

Edinburgh. 'Principal Robertson,' writes Lord Cockburn, 'and his family were very intimate with the family of my father. The Principal dined at our house very often, and lived for the last two years of his life very near us, in the house of Grange, where he died. . . . He was a very pleasant-looking old man; with an eye of great vivacity and intelligence, a large projecting chin, a small hearing-trumpet fastened by a black ribbon to a button-hole in his coat, and a rather large wig powdered and curled. He struck us boys, even from the side-table, as being evidently fond of a good dinner; at which he sat, with his chin near his plate, intent upon the real business of the occasion. This appearance, however, must have been produced by his deafness, because, when his eye told him there was something interesting, it was delightful to observe the animation with which he instantly applied his trumpet, when, having caught the scent, he followed it up, and was the leader of the pack' (*Memorials of My Time*). 'His whole life was spent in study,' says Lord Brougham (*Life*): 'I well remember his constant habit of quitting the drawing-room both after dinner and after tea; and remaining shut up in his library.' His labours were very profitable. For the copyright of his *History of the Reign of Charles V.* he received £4500, in 1779—the largest sum then known to have been paid for a single work. The *History of America* appeared the previous year. His colleague, Dr. Erskine, in a sermon preached after his death, said: 'Few minds were naturally so large and capacious as Dr. Robertson's, or stored by study, experience, and observation with so rich furniture. His imagination was correct, his judgment sound, his memory tenacious, his temper agreeable, his knowledge extensive, and his acquaintance with the world and with the heart of man very remarkable.' Robertson is described as rather above the middle size, and his form suggested a vigorous and healthy constitution, though de-

GRANGE HOUSE.

ficient in activity. His health began to fail in 1791, and it was then that he removed to Grange House for the advantage of a quiet situation and better air. His constitution was gradually undermined by jaundice, and he died after a lingering illness in 1793, aged seventy-two (see *post*).

Grange House was also the residence (1832-1848) of SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER, whose multifarious writings included geology, Scottish antiquities, historical romances, and directions for deep-sea fishing: 'an eminently liberal man, who often obeyed the impulses of humanity without due reference to maxims of political economy, or perhaps to the dictates of common prudence. I well remember, on more than one occasion after breakfasting at Grange House, that home of love and happiness, when leaving it along with him to return to town, the *tribe* of suitors—chiefly female—that beset him in the Lover's Lane, and to each of them he seemed to give a daily and expected dole, from the heavy pocket which he was not long in lightening. On my venturing to remonstrate, he said: "I only give them pence; if they walk so far for so small a sum they must be needy"' (*Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents*). It is said of him in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary* that 'he was an industrious, public-spirited man, fully conscious of the duties of his position, and indefatigable in promoting the best interests of his country.' Lord Cockburn, in his *Memorials*, gives a vivid portrait of Sir Thomas Dick Lauder: 'A flow of rambling natural talk; ready jokes, the twinkle of a mild, laughing eye; a profusion of grey grizzly hair tossed over head, face, and throat; a bludgeon ludicrously huge for civil life, especially in his powerful though gentle hand; raiment half fashionable, half agrestic; a tall, gentlemanlike, Quixote figure, and a general picturesqueness of appearance. . . . He is honourable, warm-hearted, and friendly, overflowing with equity and kindness.' His death, caused by a tumour in the spine, took place in 1848. He was fifty-four years of age.

Millbank House, in Grange Loan, was long the residence of the celebrated surgeon, PROFESSOR JAMES SYME, one of the most renowned operators in Europe. Here he entertained Thomas Carlyle when he came up to deliver his Rectorial Address in 1866. He was born in 1799, and died in 1870. He was exceedingly fond of the beautiful grounds around his house, frequently remarking that no situation in Edinburgh was finer (see SYME, pp. 113, 120).

Grange Loan leads at its termination into

WHITE HOUSE LOAN.

At the south-west corner of Hope Terrace is THE WHITE HOUSE. Here DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON is reported to have written his *History of the Reign of Charles V.*, and, according to a statement in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* of April 1820, 'on the authority of a very near relation of Dr. Blair, to whom these particulars were often related by the Doctor with great interest,' JOHN HOME resided here when writing his tragedy of *Douglas*, and HUGH BLAIR himself at the time of the production of his *Lectures*. Of Home, the only one of these three celebrities not noticed in former sections of this work, and who finally settled in Edinburgh (living at one time in Hanover Street) in 1779, at the age of fifty-six, it is said that he availed himself of an ample income to 'entertain on so large a scale, that he often had his house filled to a degree which would now be considered intolerable with permanent guests.' As an instance of his extreme carelessness in business matters, it is related that when Dr. Ferguson repaid him £200 which Home had lent him on his note of hand, he wrote that 'to talk of finding any such note among his papers was like talking of finding the lost books of Livy'; and sent in place of it a letter, 'If ever the note appears, it will be no use except to show what a foolish, thoughtless, inattentive fellow I am.' Dr. Alexander Carlyle, in his *Autobiography*, says of him: 'Home was an admirable companion. . . . He was very handsome, and had a fine person, about five feet ten and a half inches—and an agreeable catching address; he had not much wit, and still less humour, but he had so much sprightliness and vivacity and such an expression of benevolence in his manner, and such an unceasing flattery of those he liked . . . that he was truly irresistible, and his entry into a company was like opening a window and letting the sun into the room.' When Home took his play to London to show it to Garrick—who declined it as totally unfit for the stage—he travelled on horseback, and wished to carry the MS. in his pocket, but his friends, trembling for the safety of the drama, their admiration of which he describes as little short of idolatry, procured for him the loan of a couple of saddle-bags. Its production in Edinburgh, amidst the greatest excitement, as the first production there of an original work by a Scotsman, not only forced him to abdicate his own clerical functions, but got his ministerial friends who attended the performance

into trouble with the narrow-minded Presbytery of the time; one reverend gentleman being 'suspended for a month, as a mitigated sentence in consideration of his apology for conduct into which he had been unwarily led—that he attended the representation only *once*, and endeavoured to conceal himself in a corner, *to avoid giving offence*' (*Life of Home* by H. Mackenzie). Home died in 1808, at the age of eighty-six.

Clinton Road, nearly opposite Hope Terrace, leads to

CHURCH-HILL.

At No. 1, in a house which he had built, the Rev. Dr. Chalmers closed his earthly career. The housekeeper, going to his room early with a message, found him 'half erect, his head resting gently on the pillow, the expression of his countenance that of fixed and majestic repose.' He had been dead for hours, and 'it must have been wholly without pain or conflict.' Writing of his life here, his biographer, Dr. Hanna, says: 'Whatever variety the day exhibited, it had one fixed essential feature. . . . The period allotted to what he called severe "composition" never exceeded (if we except his first winter at St. Andrews) two or three hours at a time; and in ordinary circumstances there was seldom more than one sitting daily at such work. The tension of the mind during the effort was extreme; but it was never so long continued as to induce fatigue or exhaustion. During the last six or seven years of his life his daily modicum of composition was completed before breakfast, written in shorthand, and all done in bed. The preparatory ruminating and excogitating process was slow, but it was complete.' Dr. Chalmers removed here from Inverleith Row in 1843, and 'as the distance was too great for him to walk from College, he generally drove to the outskirts of the town.' An additional illustration to those given in noting his former residence, of his 'doing everything by numbers,' is seen in the following extract: 'Whilst

1 CHURCH-HILL.

walking from Wright's Houses, the point at which he was set down, to his house at Church-Hill, he one winter kept an accurate reckoning of the number of persons he met upon the road each day—curious to know whether a fixed average would be observed or whether it would vary as the days shortened or lengthened.' 'He had one morning in the week,' writes Dr. Hanna, referring to his custom of entertaining at breakfast, 'reserved especially for his students. On meeting with them in his own house, he was often at a loss to recognise them by name; and the course he took to extricate himself from the difficulty was rather singular. He had a card with the names on it of all the students whom he had that morning invited to breakfast. When all had assembled and were seated, holding the card below the level of the table, as he thought out of sight, he glanced furtively down at it, to catch the first name on the list. Then, lifting his eyes, and looking eagerly and rapidly around, he would say—"Tea or coffee, Mr. Johnstone?" hoping by this innocent artifice to identify the person so addressed, and to save him the pain of being apparently unknown or forgotten. The device was too transparent to be unnoticed: but who of his students did not love him all the more for the kindliness which dictated it?' Chalmers was born in 1780, and died in 1847, in his sixty-eighth year (see CHALMERS, pp. 119, 189).

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Printed by T. and A. Constable, Printers to Her Majesty,
at the Edinburgh University Press.

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